THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. IX.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. IX. Part I.

Art. I.—Areopagitica: *A Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England.* By John Milton, 1644.

It may, we think, safely be affirmed that nine tenths of those, who are accustomed to pronounce the name of Milton with emotions of admiration and respect, are for the most part no farther acquainted with his immortal works, than by occasionally looking over the first three books of *Paradise Lost*, and a few scattered passages of the remainder. If we allow a casual perusal or two of *Comus*, and the minor poems, it is all that the justice of criticism can concede to the generality of readers. And this we believe, in conscience, is more or less the case with the greater part of the idols of antiquity, whose works are rather regarded with superstitious reverence than with sincere and heartfelt veneration. The worship of our ancient writers is grown into an established faith. They are accordingly regarded with much apparent deference; and enjoy the ceremonial applause of many seeming votaries, who acquiesce in their claims to admiration, because they have been long hereditary, but without any active participation in the zeal which still animates the orthodox belief of a few remaining devotees. For one catholic admirer of Shakspeare and Milton, we have little doubt that Scott and Byron would enumerate twenty heretical disciples.

We do not mean to pass sentence of unqualified condemnation on the taste which prefers the freshness and enthusiasm

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of the latter, to the staid and manly vigour of the former writers. There is, doubtless, much prejudice on both sides. And much as we feel interested in asserting the reputation of our older literature, we willingly confess that its defenders are too apt to exaggerate its merits, and depreciate with ignorant partiality the excellence of later authors. Without yielding one tittle of our devotion to Shakspeare and Milton, and the host of exalted names which adorn our earlier poetry, we are not too bigotted to admit the immeasurable superiority of modern authors, in every thing relating to abstract science—and especially to politics and morals—over those of every previous age. This acknowledged and general superiority must never be forgotten for an instant in the review of our earlier writers; and we carefully disclaim all intention of attempting, in the following article, to vindicate the character of our great poet, as a political or moral speculator. We must not expect from Milton a defence of the freedom of the press built on the same principles, or argued with the same precision and perspicuity, which we should look for in the treatise of a modern jurist. The merit of the former must be sought rather in the boldness and daring singularity of his opinions as a political writer, than in their originality or truth. But this is no little merit. Right or wrong, it was no common intellect which adopted, in that fanatical and superstitious age, the doctrine of free divorce and unlimited liberty of printing. Opinions so opposite to the common notions of men, whether true or false, could only be arrived at by one who had habituated himself to the fearless admission of the conclusions of his understanding on all subjects, however hostile to the suggestions of prejudice or custom. This consideration is sufficient to inspire us with respect, even for the errors of such a thinker. And we accordingly approach the prose works of the immortal poet, although without much hope of instruction, yet with great respect for his integrity, and with more than the common share of indulgence which must be accorded to every writer of his time on topics of abstract science.

As the present article, as well as those we may hereafter find occasion to write on the subject of Milton's prose works, is intended not so much to excite the attention of our readers to the originals themselves, as to supply the necessity of perusing them; we shall make no apology for giving an ample account of their style and contents. We could not conscientiously recommend a perusal of the works themselves to any who are able and inclined to study the more perfect writings of modern authors. A brief knowledge of them is all that is desirable, either for ornament or use; and this it is our present purpose to supply. We will, therefore, proceed without farther preface to analyse the Essay, of which the title is prefixed to the present article. It is interesting in many points of view, and

for various reasons; but for none more so than the example it affords of the singular and inconclusive manner in which these important topics were handled in the days of the Protector's Latin Secretary.

The introduction of general principles into the sciences of politics and morals, is a discovery of recent date. In the time of Milton, with one or two insignificant exceptions, they had never been treated as subjects susceptible of demonstration, or to which the rules of logic could be applied with rigour or success. A few years previous to this period of our literature, these sciences, which may fairly be considered as incomparably the most important to the welfare and happiness of mankind, were still regarded as the peculiar province of the school logicians; or, what was still more fatal, of the school divines. On their first emancipation from the shackles of those ignorant pretenders to knowledge, they naturally fell into the hands of the merely literary class; men, whose minds had been humanized by the studies of the classical authors, but who were yet too much occupied with the orators, poets, and historians of Greece and Rome, to have turned their attention with success to the severer pursuits of science. In such hands it will hardly be imagined that they were considerably improved. The literary men of that time, at the head of whom Milton may undoubtedly be placed, were too sedulous and accomplished scholars, too well versed in the minute and ornamental parts of polite learning, to be accurate and rigid reasoners. In their numerous productions, the pedantic display of scholarship, and the copious stream of what was then called eloquence and fine writing, was no where disfigured by a definition, or interrupted by a syllogism, The readers of Locke and Hume will be astonished at the intrepid confidence with which the most gratuious suppositions were adopted by these authors, and which served in their turn for the ground work of more dubious conclusions. With them a passage from an ancient poet, or a citation from a classical historian, usually passed for irrefragable evidence of the certainty of any fact or the truth of any opinion. All this was highly natural, and what might be previously expected from a knowledge of the peculiar circumstances in which literature was situated at the period to which we allude. The world had been so long deluded by the juggling divinity of the schoolmen, a science which they made to comprise, by their absurd and extravagant pretensions, every topic of a political and moral nature, that we cannot be surprised at the contemptuous rejection of their whole system, by every man to whom the revival of learning had opened the plentiful sources of classic erudition. Unfortunately the Aristotelian logic had become so intimately interwoven with the theology of the schoolmen, that

it required more knowledge and discrimination than can be expected to have been possessed by any student at that time, to have separated the one from the other, and to have retained the former without adhering to the latter. This easy and natural error misled, amongst a host of immeasurably inferior minds, the author of the *Novum Organum*—after which we shall scarcely be surprised at its adoption by any subsequent writer. Almost the only author who seems to have avoided the mistake, is Hobbes; in the review of whose admirable writings this subject may be more properly resumed, and more attentively examined. To the logic of Aristotle, whatever might have been its demerits in some particulars, nothing could, of course, be substituted but vague conjecture and hypothesis, or the more groundless authority of ancient writers. This, however, was resorted to in the place of the exploded system; and although Milton himself had compiled a treatise on logic, he seems to have been sufficiently unacquainted with it as a practical science. On this grave subject of the liberty of the press, he has left us a grand oration, teeming with dignified eloquence and overflowing with historic illustration, but containing no extensive views, and founded on no general or established principles. The occasion which gave birth to this noble piece of elocution, was a resolution of the parliament conceived in these terms;—"That no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or, at least, one of such as shall be thereto appointed." Against this dangerous project, Milton, with his characteristic attachment to republican opinions, declared his decided opposition; and whatever we may be led to conclude of the insufficiency of his reasoning, we cannot withhold our admiration from the boldness and unflinching sincerity with which he has treated this great question.

According to the fashion of the time, he commences by an historical disquisition as to the degree of liberty in writing enjoyed by the Greeks and Romans. He states, with unquestionable truth, that the only productions strictly prohibited by the ancients, were private and personal libels, such as those contained in the dramatic pieces of the Old Comedy; and writings distinctly avowing a disbelief in the being of a God. As to the latter, he observes, that it was not by inference or insinuation that they were convicted of the crime of atheism; but by nothing short of a formal doubt or denial of the existence of a deity. It was doubtless found by unanswerable experience, that the curiosity produced by the suppression of an immoral book was usually much greater than that which its contents would have otherwise excited, when unaided and unenhanced by the flavour of prohibition. The books of Prota-

goras, which commenced by an open doubt of "whether there were gods, or whether not," are instanced as meriting the sentence pronounced upon them and their author, by the Areopagus—a sentence, by which the books were burned, and the author banished. But as to more recondite atheism—that which can only be inferred from the admission of certain principles, by long and intricate reasoning, and is therefore not likely to disturb or influence the mass, who for the most part are incapable of pursuing a long chain of argument, and are always disinclined from so tedious an employment—it was wisely held expedient by the magistrate, not to thrust it into public notice by public punishment. We know that a belief in the eternity of matter, was one of the most common doctrines of the ancient speculators; but we no where read that those who had discovered its creation, pursued their opponents with the vengeance of juridical persecution. Pythagoras had been a cock—a notion, perhaps, too ludicrous to have produced any mischievous effects on the moral habits of the people. Be that as it may, no one took offence at his opinions on that subject, or, as far as we read of, on any others; unless here and there a seed-merchant, whose indignation would be specially excited by the Pythagorean prohibition of eating beans. Epicurus, to avoid the danger of an unqualified avowal of his sentiments, but unable to reconcile the doctrine of a superintending providence with his atomic theory, admitted the existence of the gods, in obedience to the law, but despoiled them of every attribute by which the divine character was distinguished, even among the pagans, from that of inferior beings. His inactive deities, absorbed in easy indolence, dozed away a dreamy immortality, in the most felicitous indifference to the vices or virtues, the well-being or the misery of mankind. Without enumerating particular instances, it is sufficient to observe that every possible variety in opinion on the most important subjects—every conceivable difference in belief concerning the world, the Deity, the soul, the past, the future—those topics which are most wont by their importance to excite the interest of mankind, and by their uncertainty to generate antipathy—was indulged in by the philosophers of Greece and Rome, without any check or interruption from the legislative authorities. Nor are we informed by ancient authors, that the singular license of publication was productive of any public grievance. On the contrary, those passions of curiosity or hatred, which under other systems are augmented by restraint, and infuriated by legal opposition, were observed to evaporate in discussion, and subside beneath the omnipotent control of public contempt or ridicule.

This is a different picture from that with which we are presented within a short time after the accession of catholicism

to the Imperial throne and councils. A disposition had long been manifested by the more illiterate members of the church to prohibit, not only heretical writings, but those of their pagan opponents; especially of Porphyry and Celsus. This feeling, which had gradually strengthened and gathered ground among the clergy, burst forth in the third council of Carthage, assembled towards the close of the fourth century (A.D. 397), in the famous prohibition of the perusal of the heathen authors. The fathers of this council were not contented with denying to the laity the privilege of improving their understandings, and cultivating their tastes with the sacred relics of Greek and Roman learning; the restriction was extended to the clergy, not excepting the bishops themselves. From this period, every succeeding council enacted new penalties against those who should insult the faith and endanger the safety of the church by the perusal of *Thucydides* or *Cicero*. At the close of the eighth century, "the Popes of Rome engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgements, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with; till Martin the fifth by his bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wickliff and Huss *growing terrible*, were they who first drove the papal court to a stricter policy of prohibiting. Which course Leo the tenth and his successors followed until the council of Trent."—We abstain from following our author through the long detail in which he deduces the history of popish and protestant prohibition from the Romish council of Trent, to the English Archbishop Laud; albeit he therein presents us with "the inventors and the original of book-licensing ript up, and drawn as lineally as any pedigree." What we take more interest in observing, is the singular inutility and inconclusiveness of the whole picture of pagan liberality and popish tyranny, as it stands in the speech before us. The result which Milton has *not* deduced, at least in its proper place, from the historic detail of which we have presented an abridgement, is, notwithstanding, obvious and instructive.

Whenever so remarkable a discordance is observed in the policy of two bodies of men bearing the same name, and having ostensibly the same interests, as we have noticed in the instances of the pagan and catholic priesthood, we must look for a deeper-seated cause than the casual difference of opinion, to which Milton has been content to ascribe it. We are certain that bodies of men as well as individuals, will, in the same circumstances, have similar interests; and being actuated by similar motives, will most probably observe the same line of conduct in

the pursuit of their several ends. That the pagan priesthood would, in the same circumstances, have shared in the inclination, so constantly exhibited by the Romish clergy, of employing the influence of religion to their peculiar profit, can be doubted by no rational enquirer. The simple fact, which is admitted on all hands, of their having abstained from so employing it, is sufficient to direct us to the cause of this apparent anomaly in human conduct. The truth is, that the sacerdotal class among the ancients was totally different in its constitution, and consequent interests, from the popish hierarchy. Their personal concern in the prevalence of any peculiar dogmas, or the reception of a particular creed, appears to have been of small account. They regarded religion in the light of a state-engine only; and were rather employed in mitigating the superstitions of the people, and directing them from that turn, which might run counter to the interests of the government, than in inculcating new prejudices or fortifying the conviction of the old. Their object seems chiefly to have been to modify, if not to extirpate that dangerous enthusiasm to which the people are prone in all ages, and whose blind and ungovernable ebullitions embarrass the operations of government, and have sometimes ended in its destruction.

With this view, the promulgation of various opinions on the topic of religion would rather be encouraged than discountenanced by the sacerdotal order, and would find its only check in the intolerance of popular superstition. So far was it from the policy of antiquity to promote the influence of fanaticism over the minds of the lower classes, that the religious sanction seems never to have been applied to morals; and as the ascendancy of superstition can never be securely established, unless it be mixed up with the ordinances which regulate the daily occurrences of life; it seems quite impossible, *à priori*, that the religion of Greece and Rome could ever have become a thoroughly effectual instrument for the purposes of clerical depredation. This fact will account for the singularity of the existence of a priesthood, whose temporal interests were altogether identical with those of the people and the government. How it happened that the superstitions of Greece and Rome were never intermingled with the popular code of morals, is one of those circumstances, which, as they spring up silently, and in a long course of years, and from their nature necessarily escape the eye of the historian, can never be satisfactorily explained by any subsequent enquiry. The fact, however, having once arisen, it is easy to detect the reasons which united the interests of the religious with those of the civil ruler, and made it their mutual advantage to protect the freedom of discussion in subjects relating to theology. That the singular toleration of opinions by the ancient governments of Greece and Italy pro-

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ceeded from this cause, and from no peculiar quality in their political and sacred institutions, is evident from a particular fact, which is noticed by Milton in the present speech. On the accession of Julian to the empire, when Christianity *growing terrible*, had menaced the very existence of the pagan superstition, an imperial decree was issued, which prohibited the Christians from reading the heathen authors, and confined them to the study of their own sacred books and writers. A more arbitrary or insidious edict was never framed in a Catholic consistory; nor could any thing more plainly shew that the tolerating spirit of paganism, like that of most other systems, was produced and regulated by motives of policy and calculation.

It requires but a moment's consideration to perceive that the interests of the Romish Church were in every respect dissimilar to those of the heathen priesthood. In this case the churchman was distinguished from the magistrate, and derived his wealth and influence from distinct and opposite sources. His policy of course admitted of no enquiry into those opinions, on the unhesitating assent to which, his revenues and dignity depended. The slightest doubt or hesitation—and of course every means of satisfying such doubt or hesitation, were held up as moral offences.

From the consideration of these opposite pictures, we get another proof that those only are enemies to free discussion, whose interests are concerned in the prevalence of particular opinions;—an important conclusion, and one which cannot be too frequently repeated, or enforced by too many arguments. This is the natural result of Milton's historical illustrations, which, as they stand at present, conduce to no obvious conclusion. He has, however, in a subsequent passage elucidated the utter absurdity of the popish doctrine, to use his own language—of implicit obedience and belief without enquiry, which is alleged by many, even at the present day, to be at the least highly conducive to the moral character of the people. The whole passage is so singularly eloquent in point of style, and conclusive as to argument, that the reader will be gratified by its insertion. Speaking of the project of a censorship, he asserts, with truth, that taken apart from other collateral prohibitions, it would at the best be productive of no possible advantage.

"For if we fall upon one kind of strictness, unless our care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour would be but a fond labour; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers,

that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by our allowance shall be thought honest. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the ghittars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconeys must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gammuth of every municipal fidler, for these are the countryman's *Arcadias* and his *Monte Mayors*. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony; who shall be the rulers of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober work-masters, to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixt conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be: but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state."

Our author now proceeds to the consideration of certain objections, which are most frequently alleged against the utility of an unlicensed press.

"First," he says, "it is feared the infection may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself, for that ofttimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence, through all the arguments of Epicurus: in other great disputes, it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader; and ask a Talmudist, what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv? For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papists into the first rank of prohibited books."

This reasoning is undoubtedly unanswerable, as far as it extends. But the truth is, that the objection itself rests upon an unestablished assumption, which can never be admitted without evidence, although it has been incautiously conceded by Milton himself in the succeeding paragraph. What is understood by the "spreading of infection?" If any thing be definitively meant by that vituperative metaphor, it must be that the knowledge of heretical opinions is productive of bad effects on popular morals. If this were established, the next objections which are undertaken to be parried, namely, "that a useless

temptation is incurred by the perusal of such books," and "that the time so occupied is spent in useless vanity," would not be so easily refuted as Milton had imagined. The manner in which our illustrious author has met the former of these objections, is peculiarly illustrative of the vagueness, uncertainty, and confusion which characterised almost every attempt, at that time, to reason on these abstract subjects. It is evident, that there is one answer only which can satisfactorily destroy the assertion—and that answer consists in demonstrating the falsehood of the proposition itself. On the contrary, no attempt is made by Milton to controvert the alleged fact of the danger incurred by such temptation, successful as it must necessarily have proved. He admits it; and defends the propriety of submitting to the temptation, from the fanciful analogy he observes between this and every other instance, in which the Deity has thought fit to expose us to the allurement of certain pleasures, which are nevertheless prohibited as crimes in the moral code. The strange absurdity of this argument is the more striking, from the undaunted manner with which all its conclusions are admitted in the course of its developement. It is by no means an unguarded assertion, of which the consequences were unforeseen by its propounder. It is a fair and deliberate statement of his opinion, that no temptation can be avoided, consistently with the will of the Almighty, as discovered in the analogy of the creation. From the fact of Adam's exposure to the allurement of the primæval apple, he deduces a consistent theory of the necessity of temptation for the existence and exercise of virtue. We shall not stop to expose the sophistry of this reasoning. We believe that the end in view may be more easily attained than by the means of a theological discussion.

The unreasonable theory we have just stated is, at best, unnecessary; for the assertion, whose consequences it was meant to obviate, is itself unfounded. All history has taught us, that the publication of heretical books is productive of no immoral tendency. It seems strange that experience, the admitted guide and dictatress of all other opinions, should never have succeeded in persuading mankind of the inoperative nature of abstract dogmas on their moral actions. We may advance still further, and assert with Milton, that a prohibition of controversial books is no security against the formation and spread of schismatical opinions. For "who is so unread, or so uncatechised in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixt for many ages, only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia, ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look

into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitorial rigour that hath been executed upon books?"

The impracticability of a censorship, from the difficulty of procuring impartial and intelligent examiners, may be alleged with some appearance of reason, if we suppose its authors to be influenced by a serious and unaffected concern for the public welfare. Considered in this point of view, this plea may be regarded, as it stands in the oration before us, as a species of the *argumentum ad hominem*, not unaptly addressed to a public body, who set up the pretext of utility in defence of the prohibitory system. Farther than this, it appears to be an argument of little moment; nor, indeed, even as such can it be alleged with of much force or cogency. If it be admitted, as it must be by the advocates of a censorship on any ground, and especially on that of general utility, that in the unrestricted circulation of opinions, the injury inflicted on public morals and religion from the promulgation of error, outweighs the advantages produced by the diffusion of truth; that, in short, the press affords no adequate antidote together with its poison; the loss arising from the casual suppression of useful books, through the inadvertency or ignorance of the censors, will bear no comparative importance to the benefits derived from the suppression of erroneous and hurtful publications. This reasoning, which to us appears invincible, if it be conceded that the dangers arising from the circulation of mischievous opinions overbalance the advantages accruing from doctrines of an opposite nature, seems at the first view to be fatal to the concluding argument upon which Milton has lavished so much eloquence and erudition towards the termination of his speech. A concession of this kind will, however, not be found in the work we are now analysing, nor will it assuredly be made by any candid inquirer of the present day. Nevertheless, without a demonstration of the falsehood of such an opinion, the train of argument pursued by Milton is essentially defective. For the present we shall assume the fact with our author; reserving its appropriate proof for another place. The detriment sustained by the cause of learning and philosophy from restrictions on the liberty of printing, are detailed, in the work before us, with singular beauty of expression, and energy of thought and manner. The style, though commonly superior to the tedious and heavy prolixity which marks the productions of the greater part of the contemporaries of our author, not unfrequently assumes a tone of eloquence and vigour which might stand comparison with the best writing of modern times. The following passage appears to us a fine specimen of calm and dignified expostulation.

"And lest some should persuade ye, lords and commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order

are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honour I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought: that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope, that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun, it was a little in my favour, that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition, the same I should hear by as learned men at home, uttered in time of parliament against an order of licensing; and that so generally, that when I had disclosed myself a companion of their discontent, I might say, if without envy, that he, whom an honest questorship had endeared to the Sicilians, was not more by them importuned against Verres, than the favourable opinion which I had among many who honour ye, and are known and respected by ye, loaded me with entreaties and persuasions, that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind, toward the removal of an undeserved thraldom upon learning. That this is not, therefore, the disburdening of a particular fancy, but the common good sense of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it, thus much may satisfy."

The passage we are about to cite is not less remarkable for brilliancy of expression and imagery.

"Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the merciful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them

that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint. We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning. The light, which we have gained, was given us, not to be staring on, but by it to discover outward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitreing of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy nation; no, if other things as great in the church, and in the rule of life, both economical and political, be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin have beaconed up to us, that we are stark blind. There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their *Syntagma*. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, (for all the body is homogeneal and proportionate), this is the golden rule in theology, as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold, and neutral, and inwardly-divided minds."

Thus far we have pursued the line of reasoning adopted in this celebrated essay, in the order and connexion in which it is arranged by Milton. In spite of the disjointed and incoherent manner, so ill adapted to exhibit the full weight of argument in its clearest and most striking point of view, but which is so common a defect in the oratorical productions of all ages, as to appear almost inseparable from that mode of writing, we believe the chief reasons in favour of the freedom of the press are deducible from this "Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing." They may be stated categorically after this fashion.

It is supposed by Milton, and it would require no common portion of audacity and folly to dispute the assumption at the present time, that the institution of government should be regarded as exclusively designed for the benefit of the governed. If the contrary hypothesis be assumed, all the arguments built upon the foregoing proposition are of course overthrown with the basis on which they rested. This case, however, we shall not stop to consider. We are content, in the nineteenth century, to abandon the hypothesis to its assertors undisputed, with every wish that they may extract from it, without let or molestation, all the comfort and consolation it is likely, in the present circumstances of the civilized world, to

afford them. On the supposition that the interests of the many are the only object of government, it follows, that one of the first duties of the legislator is to watch with especial assiduity the morals and religion of the people, and to contribute, as much as possible, to their improvement. To this effect, as all morality consists in the production of the greatest quantity of happiness—to ourselves, with a scrupulous regard to the interests of others; and to others, without sacrificing more valuable interests of our own;—moreover, as this seems to be the object of religion, whose great design and scope is to operate as a sanction to morality—it becomes a matter of paramount importance, that the people should be enabled to appreciate the true means to the end proposed, with correctness and precision. To deny that the extension of knowledge is the appropriate method of enabling them to form this estimate, is a positive contradiction in terms. It is equally absurd to contend, that any useful limit can be opposed to it. That which is good in an inferior, must be better in a superior degree; nor can any thing but an obstinate determination to resist all evidence on the subject, induce a serious inquirer to dispute so well-established a conclusion; unless the definitions are incorrect from which it is deduced—and this it seems difficult to believe. On this ground, it is impossible to defend the propriety of restrictions on printing; since the press is unquestionably the most rapid and efficacious method of producing a general diffusion of knowledge. We now come to the supposition, that the people are unable to select the true from the false, the mischievous from the useful, the religious from the immoral doctrines, which it is justly stated may be equally distributed by the means of this powerful instrument. The answer to this objection requires nothing but the simple statement. If it be true, there neither is, nor can be any virtue, any system of morals, any consistent scheme of faith or religion among men. All these depend upon the fact, that mankind *are* always competent to judge with sufficient accuracy between their real and apparent interests; a faculty which we have already shown is not likely to be diminished by the increase of information.

Against the truth of this speculation, no argument can be alleged which is not founded on historical experience. What objections, erected on this basis, may be possibly advanced, we are altogether at a loss to imagine. From the most careful and diligent examination of the history of the world, we invariably observe the most ignorant and superstitious tribes addicted to the most atrocious habits, and indulging in the most criminal pleasures. The selfish ferocity of savage life is first humanized by a perception of those wants, for the alleviation of which the institutions of a social order are gradually formed. The course

of mankind, from the most uncultivated state of society to the highest stage of civilization, is uniformly preceded by an improvement in knowledge, and marked by more perfect notions of morality and more refined religious sentiments. This is the universal evidence of all history and tradition. If it be alleged, that the crimes and horrors of revolution have not once or twice, but frequently been produced by the dissemination of inflammatory writings, by the arts of perverted eloquence, or the cunning of delusive sophistry—it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the original fault is not to be attributed to the people, but to their incautious governors. There is no instance on record of such effects having followed the publication of any doctrines, in which it may not be clearly shown that the people had outstripped their government in the career of knowledge; in which it may not be proved that their increasing information was ripe for more liberal institutions, and that their altered interests demanded a better administration of the public business. If proof be wanting of the consistency of a perfect freedom of the press, with a steady and well-ordered government, and a high state of morality and religion among the great body of the people, we need only refer to that afforded by the United States.* A similar instance had never been presented to the world in the days of Milton. But his great and comprehensive intellect enabled him to perceive the fact without the aid of the example; and time and experience have fully justified the grounds of his opinion.

Of the numerous prose works of our immortal poet, the oration before us is the most valuable, both with regard to its literary merits and the deep and never-failing interest of the subject-matter. On this account we have given it the preference over many longer and more laboured treatises, which

* Prior to what was commonly called the *Sedition Act*, there never was any such thing known, under the federal government of the United States, as a criminal prosecution for a political libel. The Sedition Act was passed by Congress in July 1798. It expired by its own limitation in March 1801. There were a few prosecutions under it, whilst it was in force. It was an unpopular law. The party that passed it went out of power, by a vote of the nation, in March 1801. There has been no prosecution for a political libel, under the authority of the government of the United States, since that period. No law known to the United States would authorize such a prosecution. During the last war, the measures of the government were assailed, by the party in opposition, with the most unbounded and furious license. No prosecution for libel ever followed. The government trusted to public opinion, and to the spontaneous counteracting publications from among the people themselves, for the refutation of libels. The general opinion was, that the public arm grew stronger, in the end, by this course.

XUM

our author has bequeathed us, and which are comprised in the formidable array of three folio volumes. We have not been over scrupulous or minute in directing the attention of our readers to the inferior merits of its style, or the beauties of its composition. The passages we have had occasion to cite, in the course of our remarks, will answer every purpose of this kind, with as much certainty and more effect than the most accurate and laboured criticism. We have thought it more useful to attract notice to the subject-matter, which has ever been found one of the most serious importance, and assumes in the progress of society, century by century, year by year, and almost day by day, a more deep and pressing consequence. Although it were far from foreign to the subject, to inquire into the causes and origin of that singular revolution which, within the last fifty years, has been effected in the moral world, it will be sufficient for our purpose to advert to the state of the public mind at the present time. Opinion, which is never stationary, is now more than ordinarily active. Nor is this ceaseless agitation of intellect confined to the higher and middling orders of society; it descends to the very lowest of the people. It has left the closet of the philosopher and the divine, to improve or infect the cottage of the mechanic and the labourer; and the former, who, in their character of literary and religious teachers, so lately gave law to the latter, are no longer the undisputed standards of knowledge, but are called upon to corroborate by reason what was formerly received upon trust, and received with implicit confidence. It were idle, in such a conjuncture, to debate upon the expediency of this general diffusion of knowledge. The fact is past debating; for the knowledge is diffused. To question the utility of popular education now, were as vain as to hesitate upon the particular form in which it should be administered. It has already produced its effects; and be they good or bad, this is not the period in which we can any longer consult upon the policy of the general question. All that now remains in our power, is to endeavour to control the torrent, and direct the stream of information in the channel of order, virtue, and religion. To dream of suppressing this spirit of popular enquiry, were an error no less fatal than absurd. Any such attempt would but give new stimulus to the people, and recoil upon the heads of its contrivers. Restrictions upon printing are too late; prosecution when it procures punishment, is more than inefficacious—and when it fails, is the worst of evils. There is but one way left of counteracting the licentious press; but one sure, safe, and reasonable way, and that is by *reply*. We may neutralize and correct its errors with safety and success, by the very means which are employed to insure their promulgation and effect. Whatever has been lost by the press, by the press

may be regained. Let us hesitate long and cautiously before we are induced to adopt the mistaken notion of the policy and expediency of so far influencing that tremendous engine, as to restrict the circulation of those works, which, though chiefly calculated to produce evil, are not altogether destitute of a corresponding good. We have had so many lessons of the danger which invariably attends this petty meddling and tampering with great subjects, that the fault will be altogether our own, if we incur the hazard of another failure from such conduct.

To revert to the extensive diffusion of opinion amongst the lower orders, we may observe, that our statement is borne out by facts which are distinguishable by the most careless observer. It will probably be admitted, that the colour of this widely spreading opinion has a manifest tinge of what may be called ultra-liberal philosophy, both in politics and religion; a fact no less lamentable than true. A tendency to speculative irreligion and republicanism has long existed in this country. It may be traced in the writings of most of our early authors on politics and metaphysics; and whilst it was confined to such speculators, was considered a matter of so little consequence as scarcely to demand attention. Whenever any work of more than ordinary success or ingenuity appeared likely to disturb society, it was the custom of our earlier churchmen to suppress it by refutation; a mode of proceeding attended with the greatest advantages, inasmuch as the gentleness of the means was only equalled by the certainty of their success. Cudworth and Clarke are but two of a long list of those distinguished disputants, whose very names have become arguments for religion. This list is terminated by a name every way connected with literature and science, though unhappily no less implicated in the trivial dissentions and intrigues of party politics—it is that of Watson. The unanswerable *Apology for the Bible* is the latest instance we remember of those admirable writings in which the dialectic of the schools was employed against the enemies of religion. It is difficult to account for the present disuse of that weapon, which for a long series of years had been the never-failing instrument of success in the hands of our clerical instructors. The refutation of the *Age of Reason*, the work of the most daring and popular writer who ever turned his talents against his Maker, was full, perfect, indisputable. However dangerous the *Age of Reason* alone, however artful and insidious, bind it with the *Apology for the Bible*, and defy the credulous stupidity of the most ignorant men. The success of this work does not seem to have produced a repetition of similar attempts. In the place, however, of such attempts, a course of opposition

has been pursued, which we verily believe so far from checking the diffusion of dangerous opinions, has been among the chief causes of their increase. The new champion of loyalty and religion was arrayed indeed in a sufficiency of wig and gown; but they were those of the attorney-general. With all respect for that officer of the constitution, he has been but a sorry substitute to the natural guardians of orthodoxy, the dialecticians of the church. Will it yet be said that there is no necessity for reverting to the ancient and effective method of engaging the enemy with his own weapons, of meeting argument with reason, or repelling ridicule with satire? Shall we still hear of that extraordinary pretext, which can only be regarded as a plea for indolence or intolerance, that these works are incapable of refutation, *because* they are unsustained by argument, and rely on abuse, and ridicule, and mis-statement, and every species of art most calculated to mislead the judgement by means of the imagination? Let those who allege this reason in defence of their supineness, look well to the consequences of such an admission.

It will surely be no objection to these opinions that they are formed upon the model transmitted to us by Milton. Under one shape or another they appear to us to have been entertained by the most profound thinkers, the ablest statesmen, and the most eloquent writers of all ages, and especially in our own country; "a nation," as Milton has described it, "not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to." We are not sufficiently dogmatical to believe that our peculiar notions should regulate all the rest of mankind—"no marvel, then, though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, but these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest, perhaps, though over-timorous, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me. First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching

up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and the sublimest parts of controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

Art. II.—*The Works of* Sir John Suckling, *containing his Poems, Letters, and Plays,* 18mo. *London,* 1719.

For a perfect specimen of those "men of wit and pleasure," who were "about town" during the first Charles's time, com-

mend us to Sir John Suckling—the gay, the graceful, the accomplished—the witty, the valiant, the wise—the scholar, the courtier, the soldier, and the gentleman.

We shall have little to say of the life of one by whom life was used as a trifle and a toy, and who lost it at an age when others scarcely begin to feel that they have found it;—who lost it, however, not without having first tasted and enjoyed all its sweets, as the bee skims over the surface of a whole garden of flowers in a single sunshiny morning.

Suckling had a court birth as well as breeding; being the son of one who had been secretary of state to Charles's predecessor, and was comptroller of the household to Charles himself, when the subject of this notice was born—in 1613, as some of his biographers insist, but more probably in 1608. The accounts which tell of the extraordinary quickness of his parts, even in childhood, are somewhat contradictory; but still there seems little doubt that his early acquirements in school learning, were very remarkable. They must have been so; for he does not appear to have pursued his studies later than the age of about seventeen years, and yet he was accomplished in much of the learning of his day. It is also uncertain in what schools he acquired it. Aubrey supposes that his initiation took place at Westminster; and he says Davenant told him that he was at Cambridge for three or four years.

At a very early age, certainly before he was twenty, Suckling had travelled over a greater portion of civilized Europe, than it was usual for the youth of the English nobility to visit; and, on his return, he seems to have been received, by universal consent, as the very mirror of a wit, a courtier, and a fine gentleman; and this at a time when the qualities necessary to support these characters were a little better understood than they are now, and not a little better practised.

In 1629 (when Suckling was probably about twenty years of age, but, according to other reckonings, when he was not more than sixteen) he became a soldier, serving a short but busy campaign, under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus. From the period of his return till his death, (which happened not more than seven years after) he seems to have spent an active and busy, yet easy and careless sort of life—now playing, loving, and writing—now raising a troop of soldiers to fight for the king—now plotting and intriguing with the cavaliers to rescue Strafford from the hands of the covenanters—failing—being impeached of high treason, in conjunction with his friend and brother poet, Davenant, and flying to France for safety: where he died "a batchelor," at the age of either twenty-eight or thirty-two years, according as the differing accounts of his birth may be correct.

Such was the brief career of the person, a bouquet from whose works we are about to gather for the reader; first, however, endeavouring to characterize them generally, but reserving any particular remarks for the passages or pieces which may call them forth.

Indulging in his friend Ben Jonson's quibble, we will mention, as the first characteristic of those works, that they are anything rather than *works;* ease, carelessness, and a courtly indifference being evident in every portion of them: an indifference, however, (for the truth must be spoken) begot rather by a confident self-complacency of the writer, with respect to his own powers and acquirements, than by a coxcombical and affected disregard to the opinions of others: for though Suckling was somewhat of a coxcomb, and not entirely without an affectation of contempt for anything which was not "of the court, courtly," yet he was very far from undervaluing the opinions of others. On the contrary, it was in the opinions of others, that he lived and moved, and had his being. In fact, he was a coxcomb, without being the least of an egotist; which is one of the pleasantest characters, both for itself and others, that can be met with in this motley scene of human life. He seems to have owed this character, partly to his own constitutional vivacity and good-temper; and to have picked it up partly in France, where they are all pretty much of the same description to this day; being, *as a nation,* the most egotistical in the world, but, as individuals, the least so. Suckling felt nothing in himself deep enough to brood over and feed upon, and speculate about; and he saw nothing without him, sufficiently serious to engage and fix, for any length of time, either his sensibility or his imagination. "Pleased let me trifle life away!" was his motto; and if pleased and pleasing he did trifle it away, who shall say that his was not as good a philosophy, as that which "troubleth itself about many things," to no visible end but that of troubling others? But the reader will say, perhaps, is not this a matter of constitution and temperament? Be it so. We thank him for the solution, and proceed in our task. Suckling's verses, then, (for we are to speak of his verses first) are easy, careless, and debonnair; or, to print the word so that it may at once express the sense in which we use it—*de bon air.* They are written without any apparent effort or study; for why should *he* use efforts to please in his writings, who found that he could not speak, or even be silent, without pleasing? The next feature of them, and one that must be considered as entirely consequent on the foregoing, is that they are frequently ill formed in their structure, and, still more frequently, slovenly in their dress. He found that he could express himself with his tongue intelligibly and grace-

fully enough, without an effort, and why should he do less with his pen? But uniform clearness and polish are the fruit of care and study alone; and these were what he would not have bestowed on any thing, even if he had thought it necessary; which, in regard to his own writings, he did not. And, moreover, what may pass very glibly off the tongue, and sound very pleasantly, when aided and illustrated by look, manner, and expression, will often make but a poor figure on paper.

Next to their easy carelessness, and *polished want of polish*, we shall observe that Suckling's verses are (with few exceptions) filled with that *artificial* sensibility, which was alone *natural* to the wits and minor poets of his time; for, that they possessed great sensibility, there can be no doubt; and there can be as little, that it was not capable of developing itself in a natural manner, owing to the universal prevalence of a scholastic and metaphysical taste, and in the universal influence of this taste in forming and directing the mental habits of all those who addicted themselves to literary pursuits: and it was those alone who either attempted to write poetry, or were considered as competent to judge of its merits. Any one who should have written in what we should now call a *natural* style, would have been set down as a natural for his pains; for the faculty of writing poetry was then reckoned as an accomplishment purely, not as a gift. They had no such thing as poetical ploughboys then, and no notion of them; and of all the writings which enrich the poetical literature of the present day, none would have had the smallest chance of being popular in the days of Donne and Suckling, but some few of the shorter pieces of Moore;—those which depend for their effect, on some ingenious turn of thought, lively play of fancy, or recondite illustration, brought to bear on some not very natural or obvious sentiment. Think of some of Mr. Wordsworth's minor poems being put forth at the period we are treating of! It would have been like walking into one of their dress parties in a plain suit of broad cloth, of the present fashion, and a *Brutus* crop. In fact, *our* style of writing would have seemed as *outré*, and consequently as unnatural, then, as *their* style of dress would now. The truth is, they had, generally speaking, as much sensibility as we have, and, at least, as much taste: but art was their nature, just as nature is our art. Which style is to be preferred, for its effect on the mind and heart of the reader, is another question, and one which we shall not venture to decide.

But even for those who prefer the simplicity of the present day, we shall have to offer examples that cannot fail to suit their taste, both in regard to sentiment and expression; the most natural thoughts and feelings flowing forth in the most

natural manner, and uttered in words so fitted to them, that they may seem to be incapable of appearing in any other.

Vivacity and animal spirits are also present in much of Suckling's poetry, and they cause an almost total absence of anything like the romantic. He seemed determined to make love, as they make hay, "while the sun shines;" and as a sport, too—not a necessity or an impulse Accordingly, if one mistress was not kind, he tried another; and even if she was kind, he did the same: holding it as an incontrovertible point in Cupid's casuistry that fruition is the grave of love, past, present, and to come.

Add to the foregoing, an occasional, but not very frequent, antithetical and paradoxical turn of thought and mode of expression,—and a perfect absence of all scruples about adopting ideas and even whole passages verbatim from other poets, when they happened to suit his purpose—and we have named what strike us as being the chief superficial characteristics of this writer's minor pieces. We will only observe further respecting them generally, that, notwithstanding the lightness, ease, spirit, and *gaieté de cœur*, which they almost every where exhibit, they are not without evidences of the writer having possessed a vein of profound thought, which he every now and then turned up a portion of in the course of his light and desultory ramblings; he occasionally dropped a deep philosophical truth as indifferently as one drops a pin, without caring whether anybody picked it up or not.

We shall now proceed to lay before the reader several of Suckling's pieces; taking them without any particular regard to the order in which they occur in his works, but pointing out briefly (as we present them) the manner in which they seem to illustrate what has now been said.

The first example we shall give is a piece which he calls *A Session of the Poets*. It may be considered as partly in the nature of a good-humoured satire on his brother poets, in which some of their characteristics are made apparent by the manner in which they behave themselves, on being called to attend a session or meeting in which the laureat wreath is to be placed on the head of the worthiest. This piece is chiefly interesting on account of the notice it takes of the minor poets of that time. In this respect, however, it may be looked upon as more curious than authentic—which latter indeed it does not pretend to be—but merely a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* at his companions' and rivals' expense. Since the appearance of this piece we have had four others of a similar nature—one anonymous, printed among the *State Poems;* the Trial for the Bays, by Lord Rochester; the Election of a Poet Laureat, by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; and in our own times, (and

with all due respect to the foregoing great names be it spoken) incomparably the best, by Leigh Hunt, called *The Feast of the Poets.* The one before us is gay, witty, agreeable, and careless even to slovenliness—particularly in the versification.

" A session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it (they say)
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There Selden, he sate hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order;
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further:

And

There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's poetry;
Selwin and Walter, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age,
And he hopes they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist out-done by no man.

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bad him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry't; at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But

Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat;
His muse was hard bound, and th' issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were present there did agree,
A laureat muse should be easie and free:
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his grace
Consider'd he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Will. Davenant asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomness of's muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And

Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records either in verse or prose,
There was not one laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlet sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his snow would sell:
Will smil'd, and swore in their judgments they went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who streight stept in;
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him, how came he there?)
Was whispering nothing in some bodie's ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court:
But sir, you may thank my Lady Carlile for't:

For had not her care furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry lady muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forsooth) from the queen,
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i'th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the muses so well as his sport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publickly said
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo asked him first of all,
If he understood his own pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bayes above all the rest;
But the monsieur was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon mist, little Cid:
And having spied him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urged that he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd Faulkland that sate just behind:

But

He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry,
Though to say the truth (and Apollo did know it)
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length who but an alderman did appear,
At which Will. Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin:
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing:
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends any poets about the town."

The manner in which "Old Ben" is mentioned in this, is very characteristic; the notice of the writer's intimate friend and associate, Will. Davenant, is curious, as shewing the feeling with which such matters were treated in those days; and the reference to the writer himself is the pleasantest of all, notwithstanding its evident affectation.

Nothing can be more easy, graceful, and flowing, than the versification of what follows; and there are (as we shall see) many other pieces equally perfect in this respect: which seems to shew that this slovenliness of the first piece we have given, was admitted advisedly, not unconsciously. Perhaps he intended it as a humorous heightening of the satire of the piece—as if the merits of minor poets was a theme not calling for a very careful treatment.—But besides the elegant simplicity with which the following piece is expressed throughout, it is one of those from which, taken together, a most instructive theory of love might be formed, and that on which the writer seems not only to have acted, but to have written almost exclusively.

"'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year, and more;
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great canon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I;) the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves for love
Only to feed her pride."

We shall now give a considerable part of his best piece. Nothing can be more airy and pleasant, and sometimes picturesque and poetical. The little feet (like mice) peeping from beneath the petticoats, is delightful; so are several others of the descriptive parts; and the parentheses are the best examples we are acquainted with of the use of that figure.

" I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

* * * * * * * *

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing:
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon the Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

* * * * * * *

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisie makes comparison;
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
(Some bee had stung it newly.)
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * * * * * * *

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each servingman with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd:
Passion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth.
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O'th' suddain up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss:
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride:
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

* * * * * * *

We shall next give two or three of his delightful love songs —if such they can be called, when they are all written on the anti-romantic theory. The first is well known, and is the perfection of that kind of "easy writing," which is also "*easy* reading."

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her."

Unless the admirers of our delightful modern lyrist should insist that Suckling was imitating *him* in the following, we shall insist that *he* has imitated Suckling. To relish it fully, the reader should understand the nature of the old sport of Barley-break, on which it turns. He may find this described by some of the commentators of Shakspeare.

"Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;

Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That love and folly were in hell.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That love and folly were in hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell."

There is a fine reflective character about the following, unmixed with anything in the shape of contemptuousness or flippancy. The truth is, Suckling had a really philosophical mind, that *would* search after the truth: and perhaps the secret of his easy and happy disposition (which we so seldom find allied to minds of this cast)—is, that he permitted it to pursue this search without constraint, and then made the best of things as he found them; instead of endeavouring (as such minds usually do) to blink the matter themselves, and, not being able to do that effectually, kick against the pricks.—The style, too, of this little piece is the perfection of natural writing. There is not an inversion of any kind—not an ornament—not an epithet; there is not a word or a whole phrase that might not be used in the plainest prose, or even in common familiar conversation. And yet it is as musical as words can be, and would completely baffle the modern trick of printing it as prose, in order to depreciate its merits as verse. Who, after reading this and others we have now given, will listen, on the one hand, to those who pretend to see any necessary distinction between the language of prose and the language of verse; and, on the other hand, to those who pretend that the use of one and the same language for both is a modern invention?

"Dost see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
Am still the self same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those fires;
Oh! some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes!

She every day her man does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
Can question'd be:
What is the mystery?
Sure beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates."

There are, among Suckling's minor pieces, two of a different description from any we have extracted; and they are great favorites with *us*, (who, to "own the soft impeachment," are a little given to the romantic,) because they shew that even he—courtier, soldier, and fine gentleman as he was—could feel and write of love, as if it were not always a trifle or a toy—still less an itching of the blood—but a noble and pure, and consequently an ennobling and purifying affection of the mind. It is remarkable, too, that these pieces are addressed to a person who seems to have been at once an intimate friend of the writer, and his rival in loving the same lady. This, more than anything else could, proves to *us* (who, when the critical pen is out of our hand, profess to know something of such matters,) that the feeling in question is of what we should call *the right sort;* for we hold, as a private theory of our own, that two persons of one sex *may* love one and the same person of the other sex knowingly, not only without its weakening those bonds of friendship that may have previously existed between them, but to the manifest strengthening and tightening of them. We hold that this *may* happen; that it ever *has* happened, is more than we shall say; and that it ever *will* happen, is more than we have any desire of proving in our own persons. But these pleasant egotists, the Poets, are inciting us to follow their tempting example, which must not be. *They* have a prescriptive privilege to be egotists; which it is to be hoped we critics never shall: for poetry generally begins in egotism; whereas criticism would be pretty sure to end there.

We shall close our extracts from the minor pieces of Suckling, by giving one of those which have led to the above re-

marks. The reader will find it to be in many parts most exquisitely thought and felt, and expressed throughout with a simplicity and purity worthy of such thoughts and feelings.

" My dearest rival, least our love
Should with eccentric motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way,
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we would do
If we had what our higher flame,
Or our vainer wish, could frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And love shall only have his scope
To join with fancy now and then,
And think, what reason would condemn:
And on these grounds we'll love as true,
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chastely for these things we'll stay,
As if to-morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, past compare.
Thou shalt set out each part o'th' face,
While I extol each little grace:
Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;
And I, that she so governs it:
Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majesty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea we will sit and sigh a while,
And with soft thoughts some time beguile;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new-ways.
Thus will we do, till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath.
And then whose fate shall be to die
First of us two, by legacy
Shall all his store bequeath, and give
His love to him that shall survive;

For no one stock can ever serve
To love so much as she'll deserve."

The above piece leads us to a remark which cannot in fairness be omitted in describing Suckling's poetry. It is this,—that, notwithstanding he is freer in his opinions of women and of love, than any of his contemporaries, he is without comparison the purest and most unexceptionable of them in his mode of expression. The truth is, the *ear* is the most canting and hypocritical member of the body; and it frequently becomes delicate and fastidious in proportion as its fellow-servants become less so.

In turning to Suckling's prose, (which consists entirely of private letters, with the exception of a kind of remonstrance on what should be the nature of the king's conduct in the beginning of the Long Parliament—and an argument addressed to Lord Dorset, called "an account of Religion by Reason,")—the first observation that it occurs to us to make, is on the marked difference between his manner of addressing men and women. With the first—at least with his companions—he is *himself*—airy, gay, negligent, witty, and natural;—with the second, he is, though frequently elegant, yet laboured, antithetical, and artificial. We shall find several portions in each of these kinds, well worth extracting. Nothing can be more charming in its way, than the following bantering dissuasion from love, addressed to an intimate companion.

"JACK,

"Though your disease be in the number of those that are better cured with time than precept, yet since it is lawful for every man to practise upon them that are forsaken and given over (which I take to be your state) I will adventure to prescribe to you; and of the innocence of the physic you shall not need to doubt, since I can assure you I take it daily myself.

"To begin methodically, I should enjoin you travel; for absence doth in a kind remove the cause (removing the object) and answers the physicians' first recipe, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can, for (besides that the rarity of visits endears them) this may bring you to surprise her, and to discover little defects, which though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualify the fury of the fever: as near as you can, let it be unseasonably, when she is in sickness, and disorder: for that will let you know she is mortal, and a woman, and the last would be enough to a wise man: if you could draw her to discourse of things she understands not, it would not be amiss.

"Contrive yourself often into the company of the cry'd up beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you speak or write that style; variety will breed distraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humour.

"I would not have you deny yourself the little things (for these agues are easier cured with surfeits than abstinence) rather, if you can, taste at all: for that (as an old author saith) will let you see

That the thing for which we woo,
Is not worth so much ado.

"But since that here would be impossible, you must be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I must tell you, Jack, that mistress and woman differ no otherwise than Fontiniack and ordinary grapes; which though a man loves never so well, yet if he surfeit of the last, he will care but little for the first.

"I would have you leave that foolish humour, Jack, of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humours are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your rival still, that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; and preserve your friendship with her woman; for who knows but she may help you to the remedy.

"A jolly glass and right company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the scripture (by the way it is but Apocrypha) woman is resolved stronger than wine, yet whether it will be so or not, when wit is joined to it, may prove a fresh question.

"Marrying, as our friend the late ambassador hath wittily observed, would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live pigeons laid to the soals of the feet, a last remedy, and, to say truth, worse than the disease.

"But, Jack, I remember I promised you a letter, not a treatise. I now expect you should be just, and as I have shewed you how to get out of love, so you (according to the bargain) should teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistress Howard; but for that, I must tell you afore-hand, that it is in love as in antipathy; the capers which will make my Lord of Dorset go from the table, another man will eat up. And, Jack, if you would make a visit to Bedlam, you shall find, that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble Servant."

In giving a few examples of Suckling's more laboured and artificial style of letter writing, we shall chuse such only as have merit sufficient to almost compensate for these great defects—such as evince great activity of mind, are filled with ideas, images, and fancies; and abound in elegant compliments and most happy turns of thought and expression.

In this letter he waxes almost, if not quite romantic; and we could half persuade ourselves that he was as serious and sincere as he wished himself to be thought. And doubtless he *was* so for the moment.

"When I receive your lines, my dear Princess, and find there expressions of a passion; though reason and my own immerit tell me, it must not be for me; yet is the cozenage so pleasing to me, that I (brib'd by my own desires) believe them still before the other. Then do I glory that my virgin-love has stayed for such an object to fix upon, and think how good the stars were to me, that kept me from quenching those flames (youth or wild love furnished me withal) in common and ordinary waters, and reserved me a sacrifice for your eyes.——While thought thus smiles and solaces himself within me, cruel remembrance breaks in upon our retirements, and tells so sad a story, that (trust me) I forget all that pleased fancy said before, and turn my thoughts to where I left you. Then I consider that storms neither know courtship, nor pity, and that those rude blasts will often make you a prisoner this winter, if they do no worse.

"While I here enjoy fresh diversion, you make the sufferings more, by having leisure to consider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them, but by often considering that they are not so: for the thought that I cannot be with you to bear my share, is more intolerable to me, than if I had borne more——But I was only born to number hours, and not enjoy them——yet can I never think myself unfortunate, while I can write myself,

Aglaura,

Her humble Servant."

The two following are in a different style, and may be cited as perfect specimens of a finished courtliness—such as it would become a courtier of inferior rank to address to one who was his superior. There is nothing in Pope's Letters of this class that is equal to these:—

"My Noble Lord,

"Your humble servant had the honour to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure you that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity itself that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me, I am still the humble servant of my Lord——that I was, and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

John Suckling."

"Madam,

"The distrust I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of reading, has persuaded me to for-

bear kissing your hands at this distance: so, like women that grow proud, because they are chaste, I thought I might be negligent, because I was not troublesome. And, were I not safe in your goodness, I should be, Madam, in your judgement, which is too just to value little observances, or think them necessary to the right honouring my Lady.

"Your ladyship, I make no doubt, will take into consideration, that superstition hath ever been fuller of ceremony than the true worship. When it shall concern any part of your real service, and I not throw by all respects whatsoever to manifest my devotion, take what revenge you please. Undo me, Madam: resume my best place and title; and let me be no longer

Your humble Servant."

It only remains to speak of Suckling's *Account of Religion by Reason*; which, though its title does not indicate so much, is an attempt to answer the objections that have been made, or that may be, against admitting a belief in the Christian creed, as a matter of *reason*. This discourse possesses, as far as it goes, great merit; being written with considerable clearness, ingenuity, and force, and in a manner that seems to bespeak a sincere desire to further the cause he is espousing. It is deficient only in extent. The points which it does argue, it argues admirably well; but it leaves many untouched—as indeed it necessarily must, in treating the subject in a few pages only.—If his arguments are not all original, they are all put forward with great clearness and dexterity.

We now take leave, for the present, of this accomplished person; quitting him with feelings of the highest respect for his capabilities, both natural and acquired, and with no *dis*-respect for the uses to which he turned them: for, though he did not do all the good that he might with them, still less did he the evil. It must be recollected that he set up for nothing better than a wit, a man of pleasure, and a fine gentleman; and in these characters what mischief might he not have effected by means of the weapons he possessed, and the command he had over them. Let it not be forgotten, either, that, with all his freedom of life, and his avowed opinions on the subject of love, (to say nothing of the license of the times,) Suckling was among the purest, if not *the* very purest writer of his day that has gained any celebrity.

We propose to examine his dramas at length; but as their character is entirely different from that of any of his other works, we reserve them for another number.

ART. III.—*Vita Ignatii Loiolæ, qui Religionem Clericorum Societatis Jesu instituit; a* Petro Ribadeneira, *Sacerdote Societatis ejusdem; pridem conscripta et nunc denuo, anno* 1589, *Romæ recognita et locupletata. Ingolstadii,* 1590. 8*vo.*

De Vita et Moribus Divi Ignatii Loiolæ, qui Societatem Jesu fundavit; Libri III. Auctore Jo. Petro Maffeio, *Presbytero Societatis ejusdem; ex optimis editionibus representata. Accessit de Divi Ignatii Lojolæ Gloria liber singularis,* Josepho Roccho Vulpio, *ex eadem Societate, Auctore. Patavii,* 1727. 8*vo.*

We propose in this article to give a sketch of the life of Ignatius Loyola. In selecting him as the subject of a paper, we are induced by two considerations—1st. the personal interest attached to the biography of a man who obtained so much eminence in his generation, and so much fame since he has been numbered with the dead; and 2nd. the amazing influence exercised by the society of which he was the founder throughout the civilized and uncivilized nations of the earth. The history of such a person, the investigation of those powers of mind and of those means by which he achieved so lofty a station, is as interesting to the moral philosopher as the extraordinary domination of the Jesuits is to the student of human policy. Estimating the importance of the subject by the effect it has produced on the world, there are few matters inscribed on the rolls of history which have greater claims on our attention; and although volumes have been written by the Jesuits, and against them, sufficient of themselves to fill a library, it is impossible to discover, amongst those heated discussions in which blind credulity and bold assertions prevailed on the one hand, and an equally blind credulity or wilful calumny on the other, any thing like impartiality and justice. The jealousy which always attends extraordinary power, tracked the footsteps of the Jesuits from the establishment of the society to its suppression, with a vigilance that never slumbered, with a perseverance that never tired: thus pursued, they at first turned on their enemy, and with a bold front defied him to battle; but the conflicts became at length so numerous, and the results were so undecisive, that they adopted the policy of doing little more than watching his motions. These violent contests have now, however, in a great measure ceased, although some attempts have been made since the re-establishment of the order to revive them; and the historian may at this time discuss the merits and offences of the society with a

chance of obtaining an impartial hearing. This being the case, we have thoughts of writing a few papers on the history of the society, beginning with the life of the founder, whose example excited the spirit and whose Institute pointed the aim of the order; and we flatter ourselves, that if we make no discoveries, and produce no very important result, we shall at least show an unexaggerated and perhaps an entertaining picture.

We must commence our history in the year 1491, which was rendered important by the birth of Ignatius, who first saw the light in Spain, in the district called Guipuscoa. Being descended from an ancient family, the lords of Ognez and Loyola, and moreover well-shaped and of a lively temper, his father destined him for the court, where he was sent at an early age as page to King Ferdinand. Incited, however, by the example of his brothers, who had distinguished themselves in the army, and his own love of glory, he soon grew weary of the inactivity of a court life, and determined to seek renown in war. He applied himself with great assiduity and success to his military exercises, and soon qualified himself for the service of his prince. It is said, that on all occasions he displayed great bravery and conduct; but the writers of his life being more interested in the detail of his theological warfare, have passed over his military achievements with a slight notice, except the affair which was the more immediate cause of what is called his conversion. This was the siege of Pampeluna by the French; on which occasion Don Ignatius, then about thirty years of age, displayed great gallantry, and was wounded by a splinter in his left leg, and his right was almost at the same moment broken by a cannon shot. The wounds were for a time considered dangerous; and the physicians declared, that unless a change took place before the middle of the night they would prove fatal; it was therefore thought adviseable that the sacrament should be administered to him. This fortunately happened to be the eve of St. Peter, for whom Ignatius had a special veneration, and in whose praise he had formerly indited certain Spanish verses. This early piety, says Maffei, produced no small fruit, for before the critical time of the night arrived, the apostle appeared to him in a vision, bringing "healing on his wings." Another of his biographers conjectures that the prince of the apostles effected his restoration to health, because he had a special interest in the cure of a man destined by heaven to maintain the authority of the Holy See against heresy. However this may be, Ignatius assuredly recovered, although a slight deformity remained on his leg, caused by the protrusion of a bone under the knee. Grievously afflicted that the symmetry of his person should be thus spoiled, he determined to

have the obnoxious bone cut off, and the operation was performed almost without producing a change of countenance in the hardy soldier. Notwithstanding all his care, however, his right leg always remained somewhat shorter than the left. Restrained from walking, and confined to his bed, he requested, in order to amuse himself, to be furnished with some books of chivalry, the sort of reading which chiefly occupied the attention of people of quality at that time; but instead of *Palmerin of England*, or *Amadis of Gaul*, they brought him *The Lives of the Saints*. At first he read them without any other view than that of beguiling the time; but by degrees he began to relish them, and at length became so absorbed in the study of asceticism, that he passed whole days in studying *The Lives of the Saints*, and finally made a resolution to imitate men who had so distinguished themselves by warring against their own flesh and blood. These aspirations were succeeded by his former desire for military glory; but after various mental conflicts, and a great deal of reflexion, the charms of penance at length completely triumphed. For the purpose of gratifying this passion, he determined to go barefoot to the Holy Land, to clothe himself in sackcloth, to live upon bread and water, to sleep on the bare ground, and to choose a desert for his abode; but in the mean time, as his leg was not sufficiently well to allow him to carry his wishes into effect, in order in a slight degree to satisfy the longings of his soul, he spent part of the night in weeping for his sins; and one night, prostrating himself before an image of the blessed Virgin, he consecrated himself to the service of her and her Son. Immediately he heard a terrible noise. The house shook, the windows were broken, and a rent made in the wall, which was long after and probably may at this day be seen. These extraordinary signs are not noticed by Maffei; but his less cautious brother, Ribadeneira, relates the fact, although he is in some doubt whether it was a sign of the approbation of the Deity, or of the rage of the devils, at seeing their prey ravished from them.

Another night the Virgin appeared to him, holding her Son in her arms; a sight which so replenished him with spiritual unction, that from that time forward his soul became purified, and all images of sensual delight were for ever razed from his mind. He felt himself re-created, and spent all his time in reading, writing, and meditating on performing something extraordinary. At length he sallied forth from Loyola, where he had been conveyed after the siege of Pampeluna, and took the road to Montserrat, a monastery of Benedictines, at that time famous for the devotions of pilgrims, making by the way a vow of perpetual chastity, one of the instruments with which he proposed to arm himself in his contemplated combats. He had

XUM

not ridden far before he fell in with a Moor, with whom he entered into conversation, and amongst other topics engaged in an argument about the immaculate purity of the blessed Virgin. The Moor agreed, that until the birth of Christ Mary preserved her virginity, but he maintained that when she became a mother she ceased to be a virgin. The knight heard this treason against his lady with the greatest horror; and the Moor, perceiving the discussion was tending to a disagreeable point, set spurs to his horse and made off. The champion of the honour of the blessed Virgin was for a while in doubt whether it was required of him to revenge the blasphemies of the Moor; he, however, followed him, until he arrived at a place where the road parted, one branch of it leading to Montserrat, and the other to a village whither the Moor was going; and being mindful of the expedient which errant knights of old frequently adopted to solve a doubt, he very wisely determined to be guided by his horse, and if the animal took the same road as the Moor, to take vengeance on him; if not, then to pursue his way in peace to Montserrat. The horse being of a peaceable disposition, took the road to Montserrat; and having arrived at a village, at the foot of the mountain on which the monastery stands, his rider purchased the equipage of a pilgrim, and proceeding to the monastery, sought out an able spiritual director, and confessed his sins, which he did in so full and ample a manner, and interrupted it with such torrents of tears, that his confession lasted three days. The next step which Ignatius took was to seek out a poor man, to whom, stripping himself to his shirt, he privately gave all his clothes; then, putting on his pilgrim's weeds, he returned to the church of the monastery. Here remembering that it was customary for persons to watch a whole night in their arms, previously to their being knighted, he determined in like manner to keep his vigil before the altar of his Lady; and suspending his sword upon a pillar, in token of his renouncing secular warfare, he continued in prayer the whole night, devoting himself to the Saviour and the blessed Virgin, as their true knight, according to the practice of chivalry.

Early in the morning he departed from Montserrat, leaving his horse to the monastery, and receiving in exchange certain penitential instruments from his ghostly father. With his staff in his hand, his scrip by his side, bare-headed, one foot unshod, (the other being still weak from his wound) he walked briskly to Manreza, a small town about three leagues from Montserrat. Resolved to make Manreza illustrious by his exemplary penance, he took up his abode at the hospital for pilgrims and sick persons; he girded his loins with an iron

chain, put on a hair shirt, disciplined himself three times a day, laid upon the bare ground, and lived upon bread and water for a week. Not content with these mortifications, he sometimes added to his hair shirt a girdle of certain herbs full of thorns and prickles. He spent seven hours every day in prayer, and frequently continued a length of time without motion. Considering, however, that this maceration of his body would advance him but a little way to heaven, he next resolved to stifle in himself all emotions of pride and self love, and for this end, he studiously rendered himself disgusting, neglecting his person, and to hide his quality, assuming a clownish carriage. With his face covered with dirt, his hair matted, and his beard and nails of a fearful length, but his soul filled with inward satisfaction, he begged his bread from door to door, a spectacle of scorn and ridicule to all the inhabitants and children of Manreza. He persevered in this course, notwithstanding the suggestions of the wily enemy of mankind, who wished to tempt him to the world again, until a report was circulated that he was a person of quality, and the feelings of the people were converted from scorn and ridicule to admiration and reverence, whereupon he retreated to a cave in the neighbourhood. The gloom of his new abode excited in him a lively, vigorous spirit of penance, in which he revelled with the utmost fervour, and without the least restraint. He chastised his body four or five times a day with his iron chain, abstained from food until exhausted nature compelled him to refresh himself with a few roots, and instead of praying seven hours a day, he did nothing but pray from morning until night, and again, from night until morning, lamenting his transgressions, and praising the mercies of God. These excessive indulgencies mightily impaired his health, and brought on a disease of the stomach, which at intervals afflicted him, until the time of his death: the spiritual joys which they had formerly brought him suddenly disappeared, he became melancholy, had thoughts of destroying himself, and then recollecting to have read of a hermit who, having fruitlessly petitioned for a favour from God, determined to eat nothing until his prayers were heard, he also resolved to do the same; he persevered for a week, and then at the command of his spiritual director left off fasting, His troubles ceased, and he now began to wax into a saint. He had a vision of the mystery of the Holy Trinity, of which he spoke, although he could only just read and write, with so much light, and with such sublime expressions, that the most ignorant were instructed, and the most learned delighted. Nay, he wrote down his conceptions of this mystery, but we lament to say, that his manuscript was unfortunately lost. His visions began to multiply, the most

remarkable of which was an extacy which lasted eight days, neither more nor less. These illuminations were so convincing, that he was heard to say, that had the revelations never been recorded in scripture, he would still have maintained them to the last drop of his blood. The heavenly favours he thus received he opened in part to his ghostly directors, but with this exception, he shut them up in his own heart. His efforts to conceal himself from the eyes of men were vain, his austerities and extacies, aided by the belief of his being a man of quality in disguise, attracted crowds of people to see and hear him, and he was pronounced—A SAINT. He had gained reputation, he had secured attention, and something like a design began to appear; he conceived himself called, in his language, to the service of his neighbour, that is, to apply himself to the conversion of souls. He quitted his beloved solitude, exchanged his squalid weeds for more decent attire, and reflecting that his new vocation required health and vigour, he moderated his austerities, and clothed himself with a warmer garment, made however of coarse material.

It was at this period that Loyola composed his books of *Spiritual Exercises*, a series of meditations divided into four parts, or weeks, intended as a practical rule by which to arrive at Christian perfection. The scope of these meditations is a consideration of the end for which man is placed on earth, whether for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of sense, of acquiring glory, riches, &c., or to serve God; that as the things of this world are only means to some end, they are to be valued not by their intrinsic worth, but according to their tendency to such end, whence he concludes that they are not to be esteemed according to the good or evil they bring to the present life, but according to the advantages or hindrances we receive from them, in order to eternity. Having established this essential principle, he proceeds to the consideration of pride and disobedience, and their consequences, and thence to that of the choice of a form of life, the consideration of the passion and death of Christ, the resurrection, and in conclusion, the contemplation of spiritual love, and the perfections of the Deity. This is the brief outline of this celebrated composition, the powerful instrument of discipline, which Ignatius used in the formation of the moral and theological character of his followers. It is undoubtedly a matter of surprise, that a person so uneducated as he was at this time, should have produced a work, which although tending to asceticism, is distinguished by considerable practical wisdom; and as might be expected, doubts arose as to his really being the author of it. On this point, however, nothing satisfactory has yet appeared.

Notwithstanding that the necessary consequence of actions like these was to attract the attention of the world, he is described as being desirous of withdrawing himself from the notice and esteem of men, and he resolved to carry into execution a design, which he had long nourished, of visiting the Holy Land. He accordingly proceeded to Barcelona, where he embarked on board a ship about to sail for Italy, landed at Gayeta in 1523, and proceeded on foot to Rome, where he received the Pope's benediction, and obtained permission to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. From Rome he went to Venice, where he embarked, and arrived at Jerusalem, on the 4th of September, in that year.

Here his heart was touched with the most tender devotion, and he began to deliberate whether he should fix his residence on the illustrious soil of Judæa, and apply himself to the conversion of the infidels. For his greater satisfaction he consulted the superior of the Franciscans, who had the care of the Holy Sepulchre; the superior remitted him to the Father Provincial, who counselled him to return to Europe, but Ignatius having some scruples about abandoning his design, answered to the Provincial, that nothing but the fear of displeasing God should make him leave the Holy Land. "Why then," said the Provincial, "you shall be gone to-morrow; I have power from the holy see to send back what pilgrims I please, and you cannot resist me without offending God." Ignatius submitted without another word, left Jerusalem on the following day, and arrived at Venice about the end of January, 1524. A Spanish merchant at this place forced him to take fifteen or sixteen reals, but on his coming to Ferrara he gave a real to the first beggar that held out his hand, a second came, and he gave him another. These liberalities drew all the beggars to him, and he refused none so long as his money lasted, and when he had done, he began to beg himself, whereupon they cried out, *a saint, a saint!* He needed no more to make him leave the place; he continued his journey through Lombardy to Genoa, where he embarked for Barcelona. During his voyage from the Holy Land, he had reflected a good deal on the subject of converting the infidels, and considering that without the aid of human learning his efforts would be comparatively inefficacious, he determined to put himself under the care of Ardebalo, the master of the grammar school at Barcelona. He was now thirty-three years of age. On his arrival at Barcelona, he fell to the study of the rudiments of the Latin language, and went every day to school with the little children; but whilst his master was explaining the rules of grammar, he was deeply engaged with the mysteries of faith. This distraction of attention he ascribed to the powers of darkness, and made a vow to

continue his studies with greater application, nay, he requested of Ardebalo to require the same task from him as the rest of the boys, and if he did not perform it, to punish him as he punished them, by reprimands and stripes. We do not learn whether the master was necessitated to quicken his scholar's diligence in the way suggested, but it is certain that he now proceeded in his studies with much greater facility. About this time he read the *Enchiridion Militis Christiani* of Erasmus, which had been recommended to him, but finding that it wanted fervour, and in fact, diminished his devotion and exercises of piety, (and was probably reducing him to a reasonable Christian) he threw away the book, and conceived such a horror of it, that he would never read it more, and when he became General of the Jesuits, ordered that the society should not read the works of Erasmus. Being re-established in health, he renewed his austerities, but for the sake of study, retrenched a part of his seven hours of prayer. John Pascal, a devout youth, the son of the woman with whom he lodged, would frequently rise in the night to observe what Ignatius was doing in his chamber, and sometimes he saw him on his knees, at others, prostrate on the ground, and once he *thought* he saw him elevated from the earth, and surrounded with light, or as Butler expresses it in his *Hudibras*,

> " Hang like Mahomet in th' air,
> Or Saint Ignatius at his prayer."

But whilst Ignatius was labouring after his own perfection, he did not neglect that of his neighbour, employing those hours which were not devoted to study, in withdrawing souls from vice, by striking examples and edifying discourses. Remarkable instances of his success are related, and on one occasion his interference cost him to his inward delight a sound external bastinado, which occasioned fifty days of sickness and pain. Having continued nearly two years at Barcelona, he was advised to pursue a course of philosophy at the University of Alcala, to which place he went accompanied by three young men, whom he had brought into the way of virtue, and who had desired to accompany him: to them he added a fourth on his arrival at Alcala. He had no sooner arrived than he began to study with such extreme eagerness, applying himself to many sciences at once, that his understanding became confused, and his labour produced no fruits. Disheartened with his little progress, he employed his time in prayer, in catechising children, and attending the sick in the hospital. The marvellous changes effected by Ignatius in Alcala through his preaching and remonstrances, at length gave rise to a rumour that he was either a magician or a heretic, which coming to the ears of the inquisitors at Toledo, they were induced to believe that he was an Illu-

minato, or Lutheran, and in order to investigate the matter, they came to Alcala to take his examination upon the spot. After an exact inquiry, Ignatius was pronounced innocent, but was admonished by the Grand Vicar, that he and his companions not belonging to any religious order, must not dress in uniform habits, and he forbid him to go bare-foot, with both which commands he complied, and ever after wore shoes.

Although discharged from one accusation he was very soon afterwards subjected to another: amongst his followers were two ladies of quality, Maria de Vado and her daughter, Louisa de Velasquez, both widows: from the time of their conversion they had resolved to perform something extraordinary, and being fired with the example of the saint, they thought nothing could be finer than to clothe themselves like mendicants, and travel about begging their bread, visiting hospitals, &c. Notwithstanding that Ignatius, whom they consulted, dissuaded them from such an undertaking, they secretly departed on a pilgrimage. As soon as this event transpired, a great clamour was excited against him, he was arrested and carried to prison. But whilst a strict inquiry was being made into these matters, the ladies-errant came back after a two-and-forty days' ramble, and having upon a judicial interrogation manifested the innocence of Ignatius, he was discharged on the 1st of June, 1527. The sentence of enlargement was accompanied by two restrictions; one, that he and his companions should wear the ordinary habit of scholars, and the other, that they should abstain from expounding the mysteries of religion until such time as they had studied four years in divinity. Ignatius having some doubts of the legality of the last command, notwithstanding it was pronounced by the Grand Vicar, applied for advice to the Archbishop of Toledo, who recommended him to go and study at Salamanca, at the same time exhorting him to continue his pious functions towards his neighbour. He had no sooner arrived at Salamanca than he applied himself with his usual zeal and fervour to the conversion of souls, was again lodged in prison, and after a full examination, again set at liberty. These troubles determined Ignatius to continue his studies at Paris, where he arrived in February, 1528, having left his companions at Barcelona, with a design, however, that they should follow him when he had prepared for their reception. His poverty compelled him to take up his lodging at the Hospital for strangers, and to seek for a subsistence in the alms of charitable Christians. Although these circumstances retarded his studies, they did not hinder him from pursuing his scheme of conversion, which he prosecuted with such success upon three young Spaniards, that having undergone a course of the Spiritual Exercises, they sold all they had, and gave their money to

the poor. The friends of the youths were mightily displeased, and the affair made a great noise—he was accused before the person who then exercised the function of Inquisitor at Paris, but nothing reproachable being found either in his doctrine or conversation, he was dismissed without even a reproof. His extreme poverty, and the difficulty of obtaining alms, induced him in the interval of study to travel into Flanders and England, to obtain relief from the Spanish merchants, who were domiciled in those countries. After remaining eighteen months at Montagu College, Ignatius went through a course of philosophy at the college of St. Barbara, the master of which (John Pegna) conceived great indignation against him for withdrawing the students from philosophy to devotion, and complained to Govea, the Principal of the college, of this disorder, who, having an old grudge against Ignatius, readily entered into his views. A custom at that time prevailed, for the purpose of punishing those scholars who had corrupted their companions, of assembling the college in the hall at the ringing of a bell, and the Regents being prepared with rods in their hands, gave each in turn a lash to the delinquent. To render Ignatius infamous, they determined to inflict this punishment upon him, but he having received intimation of the intended castigation, although he was covetous of it for his own perfection, yet, considering that if he should be thus publicly denounced as a corrupter of youth, he would be the less able to effect the spiritual good of his neighbour, he resolved, if possible, to avoid such an exposure; in short, his zeal for the good of souls prevailed over his love of mortification, and while all things were preparing for the flagellation, Ignatius went to the Principal and so satisfactorily explained the reasons of his conduct, that Govea led him into the hall, and, it is said, falling down on his knees before the accused person, asked his pardon, and declared him a saint. Pegna's hostility was forthwith changed into affection, and in order to improve the saint he put him under the tuition of Peter Faber, a Savoyard, a poor youth, but of good talents. His course of three years and a half being ended, he was judged fit to proceed Master of Arts, whereupon he began his course of divinity. At this time the zeal of Ignatius for the conversion of souls so much increased that he conceived himself specially appointed to establish a society for that end, and that he was to chuse them himself out of the University at Paris; for the three disciples he had converted in Spain had deserted him. In casting his eyes around him with this view, the man he fixed upon for his prime apostle was Faber, who possessed all the requisite qualifications. This person, though he had made a vow of chastity when only twelve years of age, had very violent temptations, and had some difficulty in bringing

his senses under proper dominion: the infirmities which flesh is heir to were, however, finally subdued by a practical course of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the lessons of his new preceptor.

Ignatius next undertook to gain one Xavier, a gentleman of Navarre, who possessed a sprightly wit, a generous soul, and great purity of manners; but was vain and ostentatious, and ambitious of ecclesiastical preferment. The first step he took for this purpose, was, to insinuate himself into his good opinion by commending his natural parts, applauding him in public, and making it his business to procure him scholars; and having proceeded thus far, he opened, in some measure, his design and finally obtained him for his disciple. The next conquests he made were James Laynez, who was twenty-one, and Alphonso Salmeron, who was only eighteen years of age; both had studied at Alcala, where they had heard of the saintly reputation of Ignatius. To these were added, Nicholas Alphonso, another Spaniard, surnamed Bobadilla, from the place of his birth, and Simon Rodriguez, a Portuguese gentleman. Having obtained these six disciples, (remembering the inconstancy of his former companions) he determined to secure them by some positive engagement; and for this purpose, he one day, after they had undergone a preparation of prayer and fasting, called them together, and explained to them his intention of forming himself as far as he could upon the model of Jesus Christ, in labouring for his own perfection, and devoting himself to the great end of human redemption; for which he knew no field that offered a more plentiful harvest than Palestine. He concluded his discourse by a vow to make a voyage to Jerusalem, and renounce the things of this world. They, with one voice, declared their concurrence in the design, and acknowledged Ignatius for their father. It was also determined, on the suggestion of their leader, that in case they should not be able to procure a conveyance from Venice to the Holy Land within a year, they should be released from that part of the vow which related to Palestine, proceed to Rome, and offer their services to the Pope, to be sent into what part of the world he pleased. These arrangements were made in the month of July, 1534, in the forty-third year of Ignatius's age: and in order to allow them sufficient time to perfect their studies, he fixed that they should leave Paris, for the purpose of joining him at Venice, in January, 1537. Lest their fervour should in the mean time abate, the vow was shortly afterwards solemnly and ceremoniously ratified at Montmartre, and was agreed to be repeated on the same day, at the same place, in the two succeeding years. To these disciples were added, sometime afterwards, Claude Le Jay, John Codure, and Pasquier Brouet, making the number of the Com-

pany to amount to ten persons. About this time, Ignatius being afflicted with indisposition, partly from his austerities, and partly from the climate of Paris, was advised by his physicians to try the benefit of his native air; an advice which he the more readily adopted, partly because three of his companions had some business to transact in Spain before they could absolutely renounce all their worldly goods; and partly that he might repair the scandal of his youth by his present virtuous demeanour. Having committed the care of the society to Faber, he departed for his native country; making use, however, of a horse, on account of the weakness of his foot. He went to Azpetia, a town near the castle of Loyola, where the clergy, hearing of his approach, assembled to receive him. He refused, however, to take up his abode with his brother at the castle of Loyola; and instead of making use of the bed and provisions which he sent to him at the hospital, he chose to lie on the bed of a poor man, taking care, however, every morning to disarrange the other as if he had slept in it; and distributed the provisions he received from Loyola amongst the poor, and begged his bread about the town. Once only he went 'upon compulsion,' to visit the inmates of Loyola; the sight of which renewed the memory of his former life, and inspired him with an ardent love of mortification. In consequence he forthwith put on a sharp hair shirt, girded himself with a great chain of iron, and disciplined himself every night. He catechised the children, he preached every Sunday, and two or three times in the week besides; until, the churches not being able to contain the great crowds who came to hear him, he was obliged to hold forth in the open fields, 'et auditores arbores complere cogerentur.' The first time he preached, he told the assembly that he had been, for a long time, grievously afflicted by a sin of his youth:—he had, he said, with other boys broken into a garden, and carried off a quantity of fruit; an offence for which an innocent person was sent to prison, and condemned to pay damages. "I therefore," he proceeded, "am the offender; he is the innocent person: I have sinned—I have erred!" and he called before him the man, who by chance was present, and gave him, before the public, two farms, which belonged to him. We shall pass over the particular circumstances of success which attended his preaching: it will be sufficient to apprize our readers, that as soon as he preached against the immodest attire of the women, it disappeared; that the same day he denounced gaming, the gamesters threw their dice into the river; that the courtezans made holy pilgrimages on foot, and the blasphemers ceased to curse.

Having effected the object of his visit, he proceeded to Valencia, where he embarked for Genoa, and finally arrived at Ve-

nice at the latter end of the year 1535; having encountered the usual quantum of perils by sea, and perils by land. He employed himself in his accustomed manner, until he was joined by his companions early in the month of January, 1537; to whom he presented James Hozez, who had performed the spiritual exercises, and become a disciple. After employing themselves for a short time at Venice, in attending the sick and instructing the ignorant, Ignatius sent his ten companions to Rome, to ask the Pope's benediction on their journey to the Holy Land, and his permission to receive holy orders. They were presented by Peter Ortiz, to Paul III. who was accustomed to have questions of science and theology discussed before him while at table; and having requested to hear them dispute, they spoke with so much modesty and erudition, that the Pope was absolutely charmed. He not only gave them permission to make the voyage to the Holy Land, and such of them as were not priests to receive holy orders from any bishop whomsoever, (a permission of which they immediately availed themselves) but made them a present of sixty gold crowns. As there was no immediate opportunity of proceeding to Palestine, they prepared themselves for saying their first masses; and for that purpose they withdrew into solitary places, where they remained for forty days, fasting and praying. Ignatius was most ardent and exemplary in these holy practices, and wept to such a degree, that he was in danger of losing his sight from the copiousness of his tears: 'propter nimiam lacrimorum copiam graviter ex oculis laboraret.'* The new priests and their companions distributed themselves in different parts, ministering in their vocation, until the expiration of the year, and of one part of their vow.

The year having expired, and there being no prospect of fulfilling that part of their vow which brought them to Venice, they resolved that Ignatius, Faber, and Laynez, should go to Rome, and represent to the Pope the intentions of the company; and that the rest should, in the mean time, be distributed into the most famous universities of Italy, to plant the seeds of piety in the minds of the young students, and to increase their own numbers with such as God should call to them. Before they separated, however, they established a few general rules, which they engaged themselves to observe, and which contain the rudiments of the Institute; the nature of which we shall afterwards have occasion to describe. Ignatius, accompanied by his two companions, accordingly proceeded towards Rome. During his journey he was favoured with a vision, which, as it is by some of his biographers supposed to have con-

* Maff. L. II. c. 4.

firmed, if not suggested the name of the society, we ought not to omit. Having entered into a chapel by the road side, to indulge his religious fervour, he beheld, in the midst of his devotions, the image of God with his son Jesus Christ bearing the cross; the Father, commending Ignatius and his companions, delivered them into the special protection of his son, who assured him that he would at Rome crown them with his favour. Ignatius was, on his arrival there, graciously received by the Pope, who accepted of the offers which he made to him. About this time Hozez, one of his disciples, died; but his place was soon supplied by Francis Strada, a young Spaniard, whom Ignatius prevailed upon to enter into the society.

The attention of the founder was now turned with anxiety to the more complete organization of the society by establishing a set of rules for its government and conduct. For this purpose he summoned his ten companions to Rome, and explained to them the necessity of their being formed into a religious order before they could achieve any important undertakings; whereupon several conferences took place on the subject of their Institute, for although Ignatius had already conceived the model, he would do nothing without the consent of his brethren. While thus occupied, Ignatius and the rest of the society were called upon to oppose the progress of a celebrated preacher belonging to the order of Augustine hermits, who was active in the dissemination of the doctrines of Luther. Their success was so complete, that the disappointed friar employed a person who had been refused admission into the society, to accuse Ignatius of being a heretic, and of having been burnt in effigy at Alcala, Paris, and Venice. By a fortunate coincidence, the persons before whom he had been accused at those places were, at that very time, at Rome, and bore ample testimony to his orthodoxy and his accuser's perfidy. Ignatius demanded that the sentence should be judicially recorded, which, after considerable delay and difficulty, he effected; persisting in his endeavours to obtain it, even against the opinion of some of his friends, for he regarded it not so much his own cause, as that of Christ and his companions.* Copies of this sentence were dispersed in different parts, even as far as Spain.

The Institute being completed, he presented an abstract of it to Pope Paul III. who remitted the examination of it to three Cardinals, one of whom made great opposition to it as an unne-

* "Vir sibi ipsi inglorius, Christi autem fratribusque honoratissimus."—Rib. L. II. c. 14.

At vero Ignatius in posterum longe prospiciens, eoque judicio non tam suam quam Christi Domini causam agi prudenter animadvertens."—Maff. L. II. c. 8.

cessary novelty; but by some influence (heavenly, the biographers say), the cardinal suddenly changed his opinions, the Pope confirmed the Institute and also the society, under the title of *The Society of Jesus*, on the 27th September, 1540. The Pope authorised them to make constitutions, or *bye-laws*, for the good of their neighbour, their own perfection, and the glory of God; but limited the number of the professed to sixty,—a restriction which, two years afterwards, he removed. His Holiness now called into action the proffered services of the new society. Several of them were despatched into different parts of Italy on the necessary business of the church;—Faber accompanied Ortiz, who had received orders from Charles V. to be present at the Diet of Worms; and at the request of John III. of Portugal, Xavier was sent by Ignatius to the East Indies, and Rodriguez to Portugal, where he became superior of the college of *Coimbra*, founded as a nursery of preachers for the New World. The sanction of the holy See being thus obtained for the Institute, Ignatius considered that the next important step would be to choose a Superior; and, for this purpose, he, with the permission of the Pope, summoned to Rome such of his companions as were able to attend. After the usual kind of preparation the society met, and all the votes were found to be for Ignatius, except his own, which he gave to him who should have most suffrages, but still excepting himself. Ignatius, however, refused to accept the office of General, on the plea that he, who was not able to conduct himself, was not fit to conduct others. This refusal, as generally happens in such cases, only confirmed the society in their choice; but, in deference to him, they agreed to a new election, which, after four days of fasting and prayer, was again determined in his favour. His disinclination, however, still continued; and it was not until he had obtained the sanction of his confessor that he consented to accept the charge of the company, which he did on Easter-day, 1541. They made their profession the same week, the Society to Ignatius, as their General and Chief, and he to the Pope himself. They engaged to observe perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience; besides a special obedience to the Pope, with regard to missions: and they obliged themselves to catechise children.

Having effected this important measure, the General next turned his attention to the formation of a code of regulations for the government of the Society. The mode he adopted in writing his Constitutions, was of the most patient and painstaking kind. He first examined every article, and set down all the reasons for and against its adoption; and having exactly weighed them on each side, and spent some time in prayer, he chose or rejected the article according to the strength or weakness of such reasons. Upon one occasion,

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when, after ten days' consideration, he had made up his mind on one article, he still continued to meditate upon it for thirty days together.

As these Constitutions must have considerable influence in determining the character of the founder, we think it necessary to give a brief account of the most striking parts of them. He commences by pointing out the object of the order, which was not only the cultivation and salvation of their own souls, but those of their neighbours; and proceeds to consider the two different forms of life, the contemplative and active.—In the first he includes mental prayer, the examination of conscience, the reading of scripture, spiritual retirement, &c.; and in the second, every thing that might contribute to the perfection of their neighbours,—preaching, catechising, missions among Christians and infidels, maintaining controversies against heretics, the direction of conscience, the instruction of youth, visiting prisons, &c. He then proceeds to the principal qualities essential to obtain admission into the society, — such as good nature, fair talents, a vigorous constitution, a well made person, and an engaging carriage: and although rank or fortune are not to be considered, when destitute of these qualities, he recommends them not to be overlooked when they are united to them. The strictest and most minute scrutiny is enjoined into the connections and character of the candidate, as, for example, whether he was born in lawful wedlock, what was the situation of his family, whether he was an only son, and had any engagement of marriage, or otherwise. The founder also prescribed a narrow examination of his disposition; and, to render that examination more perfect, the candidate is interrogated with the greatest freedom by the Superior, who is directed to observe the most profound secrecy on the subject. If, after these preliminary steps, the candidate is judged worthy of admission, he is asked whether he be willing to be admonished by the Superior of all his faults; and whether he himself be willing to inform him, in the spirit of charity, of the faults of others when required. These interrogations being satisfactorily answered, the novice enters upon the spiritual exercises, and assumes the ordinary habit of the society. During the novitiate, which lasts two years, the novice does not study at all, except learning something every day by heart, in order to cultivate the memory. So that the first two years are exclusively devoted to piety and charity; in short, to the acquisition of solid virtue, more especially humility, and self-denial. The third year, the novice entered upon the study of human learning, which, in due course, embraced all that rendered man learned and accomplished, not even omitting the lighter graces

of exterior behaviour; but, at the same time, regulating their application in such a manner, as to preserve their constitution in full health and vigour. Remembering the impediments which his own exercises of charity, his ill-timed devotion, and voluntary poverty had caused to his progress in learning, he directed that the students should not be employed abroad, that the time of their prayers should be limited, and that the colleges of the society should have foundations. But considering that study and speculation might abate the religious fervour of the novice, he appointed another year of novitiate, in which he should devote himself to the exercises of a spiritual life, without the least regard to human learning.

This constituted the first degree of the Society, under the title of Scholars Approved. The second degree is, the Spiritual Coadjutors, who make all the vows, except the special vow of obedience, with respect to missions; and the third, the Fathers Professed. In order to preserve the purity and utility of the society, the General reserved the power of dismissing such persons as were either dissolute, or caused dissension, or contrived anything against the Order. He also directed that such as were, through idleness, wholly useless, or had essential impediments, (but not corporal infirmities only) should be discarded. And for this purpose, although the Scholars Approved are bound to the society, and the use, but not the right, of their property taken away, they, as well as the Spiritual Coadjutors, shall have dispensations from their vows, and their property be punctually restored to them. In order to avoid singularity, and to gain his disciples admission into all ranks of society, he did not prescribe any uniformity of habit; but ordained that it should be decent, and according to the usage of the country in which they lived, so that it were not contrary to religious poverty: and on the same principle of giving full effect to his establishment, he determined not to command any austerities, leaving it to every one, to act in that matter as his health and employment would permit. With respect to the Fathers Professed, who constitute the essential part of the society, he obliged them never to seek after any superiority in the society, and to maintain an exact observance of evangelical poverty; not permitting the professed houses to have any revenues, although he allowed the novitiates and colleges to enjoy them; and he also prohibited them, not only from seeking, directly or indirectly, any ecclesiastical dignities, and from soliciting any offices, but from accepting them without the command of the head of the church.

We now come to the General of the society, whose authority he directed (influenced, probably, by his early notions of military

discipline) should be absolute, and for life; two provisions equally desirable for the purpose of carrying into effect great enterprises. He was invested with the power of making Provincials, Superiors of professed houses, and Rectors of colleges and novitiates: and that the General might be perfectly acquainted with the state of the society, and be enabled to select proper instruments for his design, the Superiors were obliged to send him, once a year, an account of those under their charge; and every three years, a catalogue of the ages of every person in the province, with an account of his talents, and his progress in learning and virtue; but whenever a member of the society was about to be admitted to his degree or elected to a superiorship, an extraordinary report was made; and, that the information might be such as the General could rely upon, it was made by three different persons, who had no communication with each other.

In describing the qualities necessary for a General, Ignatius is said to have undesignedly drawn his own character. To the General were assigned, as his co-adjutors, five assistants, bearing the name of their respective countries, men of experience and application, chosen by a general congregation of the whole society: their office was to assist him in his charge, and in some measure to observe his conduct, so that if he deviated from his duty, they had the power of calling a general congregation, to depose him; or, if the evil would not admit of delay, they had power to depose him themselves, having previously by letters taken the suffrages of the provinces. Besides this, the General, as have all the superiors, has near him a discreet person, chosen by the society, whose business it is to admonish him of any fault he may commit, but with all possible respect and moderation. Ignatius also established a variety of other rules to preserve the union, obedience, and dependance of the society; and, that the provincials and rectors might have frequent and ready communication with him, and that every one might address him when he pleased, he ordained that the General should have a fixed habitation, and that his ordinary residence should be at Rome.

Such is the outline of the once far-famed Institute of Ignatius, than which nothing can be conceived better calculated to organize a powerful and effective body of men, with cultivated minds and subdued passions, possessing the gravity and decorum of the cloister without its sullenness and reserve, and the suavity and accomplishments of the world, without its vices or frivolity. That there were exceptions to this character is not to be doubted, but such exceptions were rare; and even in cases where vice had set her seal on the heart of the priest, she veiled herself under an exterior of decency and modesty: and where

ambition had fired the imagination, its flames were shrouded within the temple of his own breast. But, if his example was less likely to offend, his designs were more difficult to penetrate, and his misconduct more difficult to detect; consequently dismission from the society was less likely to occur. The founder, however, as far as possible, provided against such an evil, by the scrupulousness and care with which the candidates for admission were examined; and cautious indeed must have been the youth who could have so far veiled his natural disposition, as to suppress any indications of his illicit tendencies, if they really existed, during the whole period of his novitiate, in a place where there were numerous eyes upon him, sharpened by observation and experience in the knowledge of character, to watch and report them. These regulations display profound policy; but the wisdom of Ignatius is no where more conspicuous than in those provisions which he made for the education, not only of the novices, to which the attention of the society was for four or five years after its establishment chiefly confined, but of all such youths as chose to enter themselves in their colleges.

The first college of the Jesuits in Europe, for Xavier had already been put in possession of the seminary at Goa, was founded by Francis Borgia, in the year 1545-46, at *Gandia*, and thither were six professors sent by the General; and two years afterwards colleges were established at Messina and Palermo in Sicily. The importance of such establishments to the increase and success of the society, is too obvious to require pointing out; but it may not be uninteresting to the reader, to give a few of the heads of his system of scholastic discipline. The first thing to be attended to was to render the children docile, and to subdue untractable tempers; and for this purpose, impartiality was required in the master, and the hope of honourable distinctions, or the fear of mortifying humiliations, were to be held out to the scholars, a mode of treatment much more efficacious than blows. Gentle means were first to be tried, exhortation and friendly reproach, but on no occasion contumelious language, haughtiness or affronts; the master was not to use either invective or words towards any of the boys which would degrade them in the eyes of their companions or themselves.

In inquiring into trespasses, too minute an investigation was to be avoided; and for the prevention of great faults, small ones must be sometimes overlooked; but, if in any case the infliction of corporal punishment was considered indispensible, the hand of some indifferent person must be called into action: the hand of the master should only be used to impress gratitude and respect. In the distribution of rewards, no other distinction than that of merit was to be regarded; the very suspicion of partiality to

rank or fortune would frustrate the effect of rewards, and create jealousy, indocility, and disgust. The master's equal attention was due to all; he must never check the activity of any by indifference, nor wound their self-love by contempt. But, in planting the seeds of human learning in the minds of the students, the principles of religion were to be carefully impressed upon their hearts. Nor was any thing omitted in the Institute that might perfect the system of education, and render men not only fit for the closet, but for intercourse with the world; to make them not only learned, but well-bred, polished, and gentlemanly. For this purpose, the master was to watch with care every trespass against the rules of civility and good manners, to correct falsehood, detraction, and swearing. It was his duty to form the manners of his pupils to decency, modesty, and politeness; to correct their errors in language, their faults in pronunciation, their awkwardness in gesture, their coarseness in behaviour; no less than to cultivate their understanding and regulate their imagination. All the learning and polite literature of the time was taught in their schools, and upon the best system. The various duties of the founder did not prevent him from promoting study amongst the members of the society, and, that he might himself judge of the progress made by them, he directed the professors of the colleges to send him the theses of philosophy and divinity, together with the compositions in prose and verse of the young regents, without their being looked over or touched by any body else. By masters thus prepared, by pupils thus formed, well might the influence and numbers of the society increase; well might Lord Bacon exclaim, *Consule scholas Jesuitarum.*

The fame of Ignatius and his society now spread throughout Europe; the pope demanded two of its divines to assist in his name at the Council of Trent; an office to which Laynez and Salmeron, both young men, (the first being only thirty-four, and the other thirty years of age), were assigned. Thither also was Le Jay, then employed in making head against the Lutherans in Germany, sent by the Bishop of Augsburg, in the character of his legate. They were all much admired for the learning and eloquence they displayed before the assembled divines, and Le Jay, whilst at Trent, was nominated to the bishoprick of Triest, which he not only himself refused to accept, but besought the General to use his greatest influence with the Pope to sanction his refusal; the General ultimately succeeded in preventing the promotion of Le Jay, and subsequently that of Laynez to the rank of a Cardinal. This was undoubtedly acting up to the spirit of the institution; and, although it deprived the Society of some apparent, it eventually contributed to consolidate and increase its real

power. The fame of the society not only attracted male votaries, the most illustrious of whom was Francis Borgia, but female devotees. Gratitude towards his former patroness, Isabella Rosella, who took a resolution of leaving the world and living under the obedience of the society, induced Ignatius to take charge of her and two Roman ladies, who had joined her. But he soon repented of this mode of shewing his gratitude and gallantry, and was heard to say, "that the government of these three devotees was more troublesome to him than that of the whole society." He, therefore determined, with all possible expedition to get rid of so troublesome a charge, and not satisfied with that, he obtained the pope's apostolical letters, exempting the Jesuits from the government of women, who, either in community or singly, should desire to put themselves under the obedience of the society.

Whilst the affairs of the society were thus prospering in Europe, (except in France, where great opposition was made to its introduction), and whilst its founder saw it spreading over Asia, Africa, and America, he, in the jubilee year 1550, expressed, at a general meeting of the fathers in Rome, his desire to lay down the generalship; a proposition to which they would not for a moment listen, and he was therefore obliged to submit to retain it a little longer. His infirmities continuing to increase, he assembled the fathers once more, and enjoined them to nominate some person to ease him of the weight of government;—in obedience to this injunction they named Jerome Nadal, who was approved by the General, who left the whole care of the affairs to his Deputy, reserving to himself only the superintendance of the sick. These were so many preparations for his departure from the world, an event which was shortly afterwards to take place. He expired on the last day of July 1556, keeping his dying eye fixed on the welfare of the society, and dictating with his last breath, instructions for its more perfect obedience.

Although this sketch of the life of Ignatius Loyola bears no proportion to the details which have been given of it by about twenty biographers, it is, we conceive, sufficiently ample to enable the reader to form a correct judgement of his character. It has been thought that the society of Jesuits owed its origin to the enthusiasm, rather than the policy, of its founder.* Let the reader trace him from his conversion to his death, follow him through his rigorous infliction of self-punishment, his fastings until exhausted nature was ready to sink under his severe austerities, his voluntary beggary, his growing reputation for sanctity, his flight from public notice and reverence whilst he pursued the very means to obtain them, his being stamped a saint, his ap-

* Robertson's *Charles V.*, v. iii. b. 6. Bayle, Art. *Loyola.*

plication to human learning, the unfolding of his views, the alteration in his austerities, in his habits of life and mode of dress, and he will probably be of a different opinion. Enthusiasm was doubtless the inspiring fountain at which he first drank; not so much, however, the enthusiasm of an ardent and noble mind, as a preternatural excitement caused by the sort of reading to which accident invited him, working on a debilitated and feverish frame. His enthusiasm, after the first ebullition, seems to have had a method in it; it led him to just so much voluntary suffering as was necessary to gain him the reputation of a saint, and it was probably at that species of fame that he at first aimed: his affected humility was ostentation; his pretended seclusion, notoriety; he did not conceal from his left hand what his right hand did, he distributed the alms he had acquired to beggars, and as soon as he had done began to beg himself, to the admiration of the professors of mendicity; and it was no wonder they should cry out A SAINT, A SAINT! He did not retire into trackless deserts like the 'eremites' of old, but like a retiring beauty, suffered his flight from the world to be seen, and was shocked when he was followed. Whilst rendering himself an object of loathing and disgust, and attenuating his body to the proper point of sanctity, it was swelling with holy pride and inward gratulation; but as soon as this part of his object was once accomplished, he threw off his tattered robes, and iron chain, he diminished his hours of prayer, and grander prospects and mightier power began to open before him. Not that he would have hesitated to continue them for the purpose of preserving his reputation or securing an important object; but what is to be remarked, is, that those things which he had formerly considered indispensable, were now no longer thought so, and that without any change of the circumstances which originally made them necessary, and it is not sufficient to resort to visions to account for the change. For, although an enthusiastic imagination might see such things 'in dim perspective,' the whole of the conduct of Ignatius marks him to be a cool persevering and calculating politician*, and the visions themselves ceased, when no longer required to spread his name and consolidate his power. Though influenced by motives of ambition, they were not those of wealth or rank, but of real, substantial power; and, although some obscure thoughts of framing a religious Order might have obtruded upon his meditations at Manreza, it is probable that the precise nature of it was only gra-

* Though his biographers considered him of an ardent temperament, his physicians thought him of a phlegmatic constitution.

dually unfolded, and not completed until he was about to leave Paris. It is not a little curious, that after having made a vow to go to the Holy Land, he should have relinquished the enterprize, on the ground, that he could not get a ship at Venice: a man of his zeal and carelessness of personal convenience, who preferred rags to a royal robe, a filthy exterior to wholesome cleanliness, insults to courtesy, and danger to security, such a man one would have thought might have contrived to have accomplished the journey, if he had really wished it. But it may be, that Ignatius liked better to be a saint in Europe than a Pilgrim in Palestine. If it be inquired whether a member of a noble family, and a soldier, might not have sufficient room for his ambitious views in the camp; it may be answered, that he was a younger brother, apparently without much property, had then attained the age of thirty, and might probably be without any great hopes of preferment. But it is alike impossible to describe the limits to which enthusiasm or craft may extend its actions. Supposing, however, that Ignatius was influenced to his course of asceticism by a temporary enthusiasm, it is itself an irregular impulse, which by its own nature cannot endure for any length of time, and it is by no means uncommon to see that which commences in fanaticism, end in worldly policy or hypocrisy.

This view of the character of Ignatius is strengthened by his subsequent proceedings. His Institute, (for there seems no reason to doubt that it was his), is not the work of "a shatter-brained fanatic", as will be seen from the brief account we have given of it; and the directions he gave for the education and course of life of his companions, is equally different from that character of him as from his original example of the duty of a holy life. They were educated in all accomplishments necessary to facilitate their commerce with the world. They were recommended to accommodate themselves to the dress, and cultivate the good opinion of the inhabitants of the country where they were resident. Although modesty and decorum of demeanour were inculcated, the fathers were at the same time instructed to be sober without sullenness, and cheerful without levity: in short, their business was to mix with the world, and engage in its interests and concerns. He exercised the absolute power over the society which a man of talent could alone have done. He reprimanded Rodriguez, removed him much against his inclination from Portugal, and at length brought him on his knees, only for having relaxed the discipline of the College of Caimbro. In the same manner he humiliated Laynez, on all hands confessedly a man of superior intellect, for declining the office of provincial of Italy, which he was, however, ultimately obliged to accept. Indeed, perfect obedience

to the General was one of the principal duties of the society, the inculcation of which he thought so important, that he wrote an Epistle on the subject, addressed to the Portuguese; and it is somewhat extraordinary, that one of the objects of his addressing it to them was to mitigate the indiscreet fervour of their devotions. His deep policy in the organization of the society is sufficiently manifest, and how well it was adapted to its end is clear from its surprising success. One of the master-pieces of his policy was to found a German college at Rome for the education of German missionaries, to oppose the doctrines of Luther in their native country, from different parts of which he collected students, who in due time were sent forth to fight the battles of the Holy See; a policy afterwards successfully imitated with respect to England, in the establishment of the colleges at Douay and Rheims. He directed a different and more popular mode of preaching, and was himself noted for the plainness and intelligibility of his discourses. He treated the attacks made upon the Order, notwithstanding their violence, with temper and discretion. He laid the foundation of a society, which obtained more real power and influence than any other that ever existed before or since his time. To conclude, he was undoubtedly the immediate cause of much good, and perhaps the remote one of much harm in originating the society of Jesus.

The consideration of the progress of the society in different countries, the good it effected, and the injuries of which it has been accused, will form the subject of future articles.

ART. IV.—*Cabalistarum Selectiora obscurioraque dogmata, a* Joanne Pico *ex eorum commentationibus pridem excerpta, &c.* 12*mo. Venet.* 1569.

Abolita divinæ Cabalæ mysteria, contra Sophistarum logomachiam defensa. Autore Jac. Gaffarello. 4*to. Paris,* 1625.

Conjectura Cabbalistica; or a Conjectural Essay of interpreting the Minde of Moses according to a threefold Cabala. 8*vo. London,* 1653.

Œuvres de Guillaume Postel, *&c. &c. &c.*

The declining reverence for antiquity which marks this enterprising age, is a standing topic of regret to all orthodox old ladies and old-lady-like old gentlemen, to whom any abuse or error comes amply recommended under the epithet of ancient

or established. In their eyes, and we fear not in theirs only, antiquity makes all things *venerable*. Venerable is every incident of the old time; and most venerable are ancient abuses. But, alas! abuse after abuse, and error after error, are following each other so rapidly to the family vault, that at the present rate of disappearance we shall shortly have nothing left to venerate at all. It is time to put a stop to this frightful progress of improvement, which is daily undermining the most cherished absurdities of our predecessors, and threatens at no distant period to bury every remaining inconvenience bequeathed to us by our wise ancestors, under an odious mass of new-fangled happiness and knowledge. We have lately resumed, with this intention, the study of the schoolmen and the fathers of the church. The latter are extremely venerable, but surprisingly dull. The former are also venerable, and somewhat less tedious; especially Johannes Picus Comes Mirandulanus, and the cabalists of the middle ages.

Pic de la Mirandole—for such is the "facetious phrase" to which a merciless Frenchman has frittered his sonorous name—was renowned for a striking singularity, imitated no more by the feeble spirits of our latter days. It was said of James the Second, that he threw away three kingdoms for a mass: Picus of Mirandola bartered an Italian principality for a schoolman's gown and pulpit. George the Fourth, not a year ago, abandoned his noble library to his people; two centuries and a half before, the more illustrious Mirandola deserted *his* subjects for a library. Disdaining the low ambition of political reputation and power, he sought a learned celebrity in the disputatious arena of philosophy. Already master of two-and-twenty languages, he offered, at the age of twenty-four, to dispute, *de omni scibili*, in the schools of Rome. We have no doubt that Charles the Eighth, who took possession of his principality in his absence, was totally unable to have maintained an argument against him in any thesis of the universal science!—he was solely occupied in taking towns, whilst Picus was engaged in the nobler pursuits of knowledge. In consequence of his bad taste, the former has left nothing but his name, whilst the latter has eternized his memory by one of the biggest folios in the British Museum. Charles invested a fortress or scaled a wall, whilst Picus proved the infinity of an angel *secundum quid*, or discussed the ticklish problem, "whether all things were written in heaven for him who could read them?" Prefixed to his works is a list of 1400 general conclusions, which were more celebrated then than the discoveries of Locke and Hume have been at a later period.

Of all his labours, none were more profound or more generally useful than his treatise on the Cabala. Thirteen of his

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propositions on this head were censured by Innocent the Eighth. The ground of these censures, as is usual in such matters, seems scarcely more tenable than that of Mirandola's propositions. The arguments of his infallibility savoured strongly of the Indian logic. The Brahmins condemned a certain heresy, which asserted that the earth was borne by a dragon, because, as all the orthodox agree, it has always been supported by an elephant. Mirandola recanted, but complained with some appearance of reason of the incompetent knowledge of his censors. Of one who was eminently zealous against the abominable *Cabala*, he ventured to inquire, if he knew what the Cabala was—"To be sure," replied the confident theologian, "he was a heretic, who wrote against Jesus Christ."* In its conduct to the princely disputant, the court of Rome did not swerve from its usual policy. "He who is not with us is against us," is its maxim; and it acts upon it with undeviating exactness.

Mirandola's attachment to the Cabala was entirely owing to his zeal for the Romish church. It is true, he attributed the cabalistic books, which he had purchased at a great expense, to Egra and the Jewish prophets. But his mistaken ardour for these supposititious works, arose from a firm persuasion that they comprised a body of Jewish doctrine, prophetically compiled by the ancient Jewish doctors. He discovered, or what amounts in these cases to the same thing, he thought he had discovered, in the fictitious Cabala, the mysteries of the Trinity, the incarnation, the redemption of mankind, the passion, death and resurrection; the doctrines of baptism and purgatory; the substitution of the Gospel to the Jewish law; in short, the whole body of the Catholic Christian divinity.†

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* "Horrendum enim istis patribus videtur hoc nomen, et ex ipso pene sono timendum, ita ut forti sint ex ipsis, cui Cabalistas non homines, sed hircocervos potius vel centaurum, vel omnino monstruosum aliquid esse suspicentur: quinimo audi rem ridiculum, cum semel quidam ex eis interrogaretur, quid esset ista Cabala? Respondit ille, *fuisse perfidum quendam hominem et diabolicum, qui dictus est Cabala; et hunc multa contra Christum scripsisse.*" Apolog. pag. 116. Joannis Pici Mirandulanæ Concordiæque Comitis, Theologorum et Philosophorum, sine controversia, Principis, &c. &c. opera quæ extant omnia.—Fol. Basileæ, 1661.

† To those who are desirous of obtaining a more accurate account of Giovanni Pico of Mirandola, we regret that we cannot recommend the compilation of the Rev. W. Parr Greswell, curate of Denton, in Lancashire. Not to mention the careless and unmethodical manner in which the few anecdotes he has brought together are presented to the reader, it is obvious that Mr. Greswell is deficient in more impor-

What we know of the Cabala is altogether Jewish. Those, however, who have found leisure and inclination for the inquiry, are divided as to its real origin. Some such there are who pretend, like the Free-masons, to have traced the birth and progress of this science from the Creation to the Christian æra. There is a way amongst incautious arguers of proving too much for their purpose, and amongst unwary scholars of knowing too accurately to produce a confidence in their knowledge. So is it with the critics we allude to. Their evidence is so decisive that it amounts to no proof at all. We are assured by more ignorant and credible witnesses, that the eastern priesthood of all religions were skilled in a mysterious science, which they carefully withheld from public knowledge, and whose objects were probably the same with those of the cabalistic philosophy. What the dogmas of this science were, how they were delivered, and to whom, and for what purpose, we are entirely uninformed. Thus much we may venture to affirm, that this sublime and secret science, like every other, in every age, which deals in mystical doctrines and unintelligible terms of art, is a species of the great genus HUMBUG. There is but little of ancient philosophy which cannot be classed under the same head. But wherever we meet with an exoteric and esoteric doctrine, we need not hesitate a moment in assigning them to the capacious limbo, where the Talmudic doctors and the Platonic divines are sweating side by side with Jacob Behmen and Joanna Southcote.

A system like that we have just mentioned, universally prevailing among the nations by whom the Jewish people were surrounded, could not long be concealed from that credulous race. We have no objection to admit, that the Cabala was early embodied in the Hebrew philosophy; but we cannot allow its Jewish origin, when we meet with this easy method of explaining its adoption into the mass of Rabbinical reveries.

Yet more upon this point. It is certain that the cabalistic *philosophy*, (we use the technical term), was not invented among

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tant qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He appears to be altogether unacquainted with the scholastic philosophy—even with its technical terms; and as the life of Picus of Mirandola is chiefly interesting from the light it throws upon the philosophical disputations of his age, we could scarcely mention a greater fault in his biographer than the ignorance of those intricate subjects. Mr. Greswell's Memoir is mainly composed of extracts from the correspondence of Politian, Nicolaus Leonicenus, Hermolaus Barbarus, Alexander Cortesius, and others of inferior note; which, in spite of their imposing air, have little of learning but its dullness, and only excite regret that so much research should have been directed to so little purpose.

the Jews of Palestine. The written and oral traditions of the ancient Hebrew divines were restricted to comments on the law and explanations of the ritual. There is no appearance of the cabalistic science in Palestine till the time of the Essenians. We learn from Philo Judæus and Josephus, that this sect of dreaming fanatics preserved a superstitious secresy on certain philosophical and religious mysteries.

We are far from insinuating that the introduction of the Cabala was owing to the spread of the Essenian mysticism. We know that no profane catechumen was initiated into their sacred absurdities. The Jewish philosophers were indebted for this sublime science to an individual of the seed of Abraham, who stands in need of all his eminence to redeem the cacophony of his name. Simeon Schetachides imported from the temples of Egypt the first elements of the Cabala. We cannot but regret that the difficulty of articulating his name should have proved so fatal to his glory. None have more reason to accuse the inflexibility of the European larynx than the Jewish sages. Their fame has past away from before our faces; and owing to their unhappy names, will probably never be revived till the restoration of their children to Jerusalem.

Of the Cabala there are two divisions, the practical and the contemplative. The latter is the art of interpreting the Scriptures by the aid of a secret tradition, through which the sublimest truths concerning the nature of things, the Deity and other spiritual essences, are laid open to sincere believers. It teaches a mystical metaphysic, much upon a level with Kant's, but superior to Reid and Dugald Stewart's. It affords the only means of acquiring a real knowledge of physics; and as it explains the phenomena of matter by the theory of occult qualities, it is doubtlessly well adapted to the advancement of natural science.

But the practical Cabala is more attractive. By a judicious combination of the words and sentences of Holy Writ, it enables the adept to perform the most astounding prodigies. There seems strong reason to suspect that his highness Hohenlohe has been dabbling in the practical Cabala.

The professors of this science assert that the names of objects have a certain reference to their secret qualities; and in the case of men and women, are in a manner the reflection of their souls. If this be true, what a reprobate, filthy soul is that of Schetachides! It is argued that God, who made the various forms of matter, and established relations between all, is also the creator of names. Whence we easily infer "from the analogy of the creation," that a mutual relation exists between names and the things they designate. Further; there were sounds in the ancient music which struck the senses so forcibly

that they were known to generate or extinguish insanity, love, or valor; some they inspired with mad and extatic joy, and others they affected with despair. These notes must have been pregnant with a secret virtue to have wrought these supernatural effects. Why then deny a similar and more potent efficacy to the names of God, and the words of Scripture? The argument is conclusive. Besides, the names even of men are written on the face of heaven. Is it probable they would be there inscribed, unless they influenced the nominees by an occult and powerful agency? No man can shut his eyes against reasons of this urgent force. In fact it is asserted that Moses employed the Cabala in his contest with the Egyptian sorcerers. By the same art did Elias draw down the fire of heaven, and Daniel close the jaws of the ravening lions.

The practical Cabalists affirm that the magisterial arrangement of certain words gives birth to supernatural events. The words best adapted to this purpose are those of the Hebrew, the holiest of the holy dialects; and the miracles are more stupendous when wrought in the very name of God. If the word express only a quality or emanation of the Deity, the miracle is proportionably smaller. On this account the *Sephirots*, or the names of God, are commonly preferred. These are seventy-two, and are collected from three verses of the fourteenth chapter of Exodus. It is not always necessary to employ the name of the Deity; that of the devil may be used with considerable effect. If any one, for instance, should be seized with thirst in the night and swallow water; he will not fail, according to the Cabalists, to be afflicted with vertigo and inflammation of the eyes. To remedy this inconvenience, the patient must write the Hebrew word *Schiauriri* in the form of a square upon his forehead. Schiauriri is the demon of vertigo and inflammation of the eyes; and indeed we might guess the character of this ugly devil from his ugly name. We strongly recommend the reader to use this prophylactic remedy, whenever he has occasion to drink cold water in the night.

The contemplative Cabala is subdivided into the symbolical and philosophical. The former is a method of symbolical interpretation of Scripture, which the Hebrews pretend to be of great antiquity. By the transposition of letters, syllables, and words, they affect to elicit from certain passages an interior and mystical meaning altogether different from the obvious one. This method of criticism must be one of incalculable value, although it is by no means confined to the Jewish Cabalists. It is, however, far inferior to that branch of the contemplative science which is graced with the epithet of philosophy. This is also a traditional science, and teaches a sublime and mysterious metaphysic concerning spirit and matter, God, angels, and

man. There are two kinds of it naturally pointed out by the diversity of its objects. The *mercava*, or the Chariot, is an inquiry into the divine essence and perfection; and is so called because the Cabalists assert that Ezekiel explained its chief mysteries under the type of the miraculous chariot, described in the first chapter of his prophecies; all which may be true for aught we or any body can affirm. The *bereschit*, or the beginning, is concerned in the more ignoble study of the world, its mechanism and accidents. *Bereschit* is the first word of the book of Genesis, and seems therefore appropriately chosen to designate the science of the creation. This division was familiar to Maimonides, who makes a great show, as if intending to explain the secret; and perhaps, all that is explicable he *has* explained, although we cannot extract much from his account. This, however, seems certain; that the *bereschit* should only be promulgated in the presence of two persons. Subjects so venerable, from a profound and sacred unintelligibility, should not be too openly discussed, or mentioned before profane listeners. If Plato, says the learned Rabbi, and other ancient philosophers have enveloped the secrets of nature in metaphysical expressions, thrice dubious and inexplicable should be the language in which spiritual mysteries are imparted to ears of flesh. Of the *mercava*, or Ezekiel's chariot, not a word must be hesitated by the master even in the presence of his disciples; an admirable precept, when we reflect that the latter were as likely to penetrate into the arcana of the art without his assistance as with it.

A great Cabalist was once requested to explain the secret of the chariot. He inquired of the questioners what they knew of the creation of the universe. They told him at great length all they had to say on the subject; indeed at much greater than the minute portion of their knowledge warranted. When it came to the master's turn to expound the *mercava*, he refused to communicate a syllable on that sacred subject; and alleged in his defence, the words of the Song of Songs,—"Honey and milk are under my tongue." The imprudent questioners were quite satisfied with this apposite answer, and made no further attempts to penetrate the mysterious *mercava*.

We read of sundry instances of the infliction of condign vengeance on the presumption of students who attempted to interpret Ezekiel. Some were slain by celestial fire, and others by celestial thunder; all in such manner as manifested the displeasure of Heaven. In consequence of repeated instances of presumptuous curiosity and awful chastisement, the doctors deliberated on the propriety of withdrawing the sacred book from the hands of the vulgar; a plan adopted by the Romish Church in later days, in order that the ignorant, by "not meddling with matters

that are too high for them," may neither interpret the political and religious *mercava* of the papacy, nor incur the punishment of attempting it. In the presence of adepts it was lawful to explain these mysteries. A rabbi driving the ass of his master, the Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Sauai, asked his permission to discuss the subject of the *mercava*. The son of Sauai dismounted, and took his station beneath a tree on the wayside; for it is particularly forbidden to expound the mysteries while sitting astride an ass. As soon as the disciple spoke, the fire of heaven descended, and the neigbouring trees and bushes became vocal with the hundredth psalm.—" Make a joyful noise, all ye lands." So sublime are the mysteries of the *mercava*, and so imbecile the Hebrew commentators!

No work has ever been written on the vision of the chariot. Maimonides gives the good reason, that they who reveal the secrets of the law—or rather of its depositories, the holy college—provoke the divine resentment; while they who conceal them are rewarded with heavenly favor.—In other words, the latter are visited with the predial tithes, and the former are sent into hopeless curacies. In spite of this, Maimonides himself promised an explanation. This, however, in the end, stands in need of as much elucidation as the chariot itself, and has of course divided his disciples into numerous sects and parties. The whirlwind issuing from the north, has by some been represented as typical of Nebuchadonosor, who took the holy city and destroyed the temple. According to the same interpreters, " the likeness of the four living creatures," were the four angels who presided each over a portion of the four-fold division of the globe. The monarchical principle in those times shot out into four divisions, and each claimed a guardian angel. The wheels were symbolical of the empires, whose beginning, progress, and decline were regulated by the presiding demon. The " wheel in the middle of a wheel" denoted the ruin of ancient kingdoms, by the advancement of new monarchies. Babylon was swallowed up in Persia; Persia in Greece; and the empire of Alexander was merged in eternal Rome. This is a literal interpretation, the mere outside shell of the *mercava;* too obvious to satisfy the genius of an accomplished doctor, and too intelligible for the taste of a rabbi. According to these, the four creatures are so many forms of celestial intelligences. The one wheel was the primary matter, and the four were the four elements. " Deeper and deeper still," and they discover the essence, attributes and perfection of the Deity, the nature of angels, and the condition of the soul after death. Morus, an illustrious Cabalist, believed he had lifted the last veil, when he read the announcement of the Messiah in the first chapter of Ezekiel. That, however, had been previously discerned by divines who laid no claim to

cabalistic prophecy; although their unaccountable sagacity would have given them a colourable pretension to its oracular gifts.

As a specimen of cabalistic subtlety, we subjoin a dissertation on the unutterable name of *Jehovah*, from an adept in the science. All the appellations of the Deity arise from that sacred word, as the branches of a tree from its trunk; itself being the hidden source of ineffable and endless wonders. Every letter of which it is composed, is charged with miraculous influence, which is distributed in various portions among the sacred *Sephirots*. The *jod*—the letter *j*, which corresponds with the Arabic *Ya*, and whose orthöepy is as puzzling to Hebrew scholars, as its cabalistic qualities are perplexing to Hebrew doctors—this *jod* is one of those things which the material eye hath never seen, nor the intellectual contemplated. To comprehend its nature and essence is impossible; to pry into them by the aid of meditation, impious. When a doctor is asked what it is, he replies *Not;* as if it were in fact nothing, being equally incomprehensible as non-entity. Of entity it enjoys no quality but a name. From one end of heaven to the other may the thoughts of man expatiate; they may dive into the ocean and pervade the earth; but the light of the jod is inaccessible—the primitive existence of the jod defies investigation; the thrice-sacred jod is destined for ever to be the choke-pear of human understanding. We must believe without examining its nature; and submitting our stubborn reason to the influence of faith, acquiesce in the mysteries of the jod. Jod is supreme; but the remaining letters which compose the unspeakable *Jehovah*, are of infinite importance and dignity. They imply the unity of a creative Being, from which four mighty rivers take their rise—the sacred *Schetinah*, the quadruple majesty of God. So means Moses, when he says, that the river which watered Eden was divided into four lesser branches. The whole word *Jehovah* comprises the universe itself, material and spiritual. He, therefore, who pronounces it, puts into his own mouth, amongst other things, the earthly world, beasts, birds, and fishes, and "all that it inherit." Hence we cannot be too cautious in uttering this terrible tri-syllable—a precept inculcated in the third commandment, which many have mistaken as a prohibition to call God to witness on slight occasions, and for bad purposes; but which was really intended to prevent the deglutition of the universe by any impious wretch, who, having the all-containing word *Jehovah* between his teeth, might choose to swallow it in mere wantonness, and convert the world into a *bonne bouche*, as the giants did the hills of Thessaly.

There is another important secret connected with this astonishing word. Many people are ignorant that a man who

enunciates its sacred syllables, moves the heavens and the earth as his tongue wags, and confuses the order of the creation. Mortals are insensible to this effect; but the host of heaven observe it, and ask, in astonishment, of each other, the cause of the universal trepidation. They reply that it is the work of M. or N. an impious mortal, who amuses himself by uttering the sacred name, and jostling the angels.

Now it luckily happens that this name is the proper appellation of the Jews. Nothing, according to them, is so agreeable to the Deity as the title of Jehovah; and the Hebrews, on account of that appellative, are especially favoured by heaven. For this reason they are honoured in every nation; for this reason their lips are thick, their eyes piercing, and their beards bushy; hence their success in trade; hence their prosperity on 'Change; hence Rothschild's loan to Louis, and hence the re-establishment of legitimacy and the Inquisition in Spain, which will burn every mother's son of them who utters the name of his nation, and thus secure mankind from the ill effects of a universal shaking, from a dislocation of the poles, and a general jumble of the planets.

The reader will scarcely give us credit for being in earnest in the greater part of the preceding relation. We were never more so. If our account of these Rabbinical *deliramenta* be chargeable with inaccuracy, it is not on the score of exaggeration. We could add much more to prove it, if we thought it useful or entertaining. If the reader chance to think otherwise, he may consult the original works, while we say a few words of their authors.

These were, perhaps, more utterly childish and irrational than any other writers of any other time or nation. Their absurdities are destitute of the only merit of such performances—the tendency to excite laughter. They are simply and continuously dull. With more than the extravagance of what must be called oriental *philosophy*, the rabbinical writings have none of its brilliant imagery and fanciful decoration. They are filled with ill-contrived allegories, spun out to an insufferable length, and subtleties wire-drawn from a monstrous metaphysic. We look in vain for the elegant fictions of the Greek, or the ingenious fables of the Arabian poets and mythologists. There is nothing like them but Swedenborg; and the mis-shapen carcase of *his* philosophy was animated with more devotion. No elegance of style or conception; no grace or ingenuity: they are sterile as their native soil; or, when productive, like the plains of Judæa, teem only with miraculous harvests. Every subject, over which, amongst every other people, the genius of poetry has delighted to scatter its embellishments, they have disfigured with repulsive fictions. The passage of Styx, and

the boat of Charon, are at least picturesque and humorous; the bridge of Al-Sirat, finer than the most extenuated thread of a famished spider, and stretched fearfully over the lake of Eblis, is, perhaps, sublime—at least as much so as such fables may be: the indestructible bone Luz, is silly, if not disgusting. Butler, the rival of Rabelais in curious and recondite learning, has told us that—

> "The learned Rabbins of the Jews
> Write, there's a bone which they call Luz,
> I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
> No force in nature can do hurt to;
> And therefore, at the last great day,
> All th' other members shall, they say,
> Spring out of this, as from a seed,
> All sorts of vegetals proceed;
> From whence the learned sons of art
> *Os sacrum* justly style that part."

This is no fiction of the inimitable humourist; the passage is copied from a book to which few have access, and fewer read. "Ossiculum illud," says Hoornbeeck, in his book, contra Judæos, lib. viii. cap. v. p. 556,—"Ossiculum illud dicunt rore quodam cœlesti molliendum et extendendum ad instar fermenti quod in totam se massam diffundit, *vel quemadmodum granum aliquod tritici in cristam se exporrigit.*" Adrian, says Manasses Ben-Israel—and adds, with much fervor, a wish that all *his* bones may be confounded for his scepticism—had some doubts about the indestructible Luz. The rabbi, Jehosuah, the son of Hanini, endeavoured to convince him by attempting to grind Luz in a mill, burn him in a furnace, dissolve him in water, pound him on an anvil—but all to no purpose. Luz retained his shape, and Adrian his incredulity.

Seraphical doctors! if such are the recondite mysteries to be read in the face of heaven, well might Postel exclaim, "I should pass for a liar, were I to say that I have read in heaven, in Hebrew characters, every thing in nature:—God, however, and his Son are witness that I do not lie; although I must confess that I have only read *implicitè!*" Far be it from us to dispute this grave assertion; but we will tell him we have read in his works, and no where more plainly than in the sentence just quoted; we have read it, too, "non implicitè et absconditè sed patentiùs et expeditiùs," that Ferdinand Mendez Pinto is a liar only of the second magnitude, compared with him.

ART. V.—*A New Voyage round the World, describing particularly The Isthmus of America, several Coasts and Islands in the West Indies, the Isles of Cape Verd, the Passage by Terra del Fuego, the South Sea Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico; the Isle of Guam one of the Ladrones, Mindanao and other Philippine and East India Islands near Cambodia, China, Formosa, Luconia, Celebes, &c., New Holland, Sumatra, Nicobar Isles; the Cape of Good Hope, and Santa Hellena; their Soil, Rivers, Harbours, Plants, Fruits, Animals, and Inhabitants; their Customs, Religion, Government, Trade, &c.* By William Dampier. *Illustrated with particular Maps and Draughts. The Second Edition corrected.* London, 1697. 8vo.

Voyages and Descriptions, in three Parts, viz. 1. *A Supplement of the Voyage round the World, describing the Countries of Tonquin, Achin, Malacca, &c., their Product, Inhabitants, Manners, Trade, Policy, &c.* 2. *Two Voyages to Campeachy, with a Description of the Coasts, Product, Inhabitants, Logwood-cutting Trade, &c. of Jucatan, Campeachy, New Spain, &c.* 3. *A Discourse of Trade-winds, Breezes, Storms, Seasons of the Year, Tides, and Currents, of the Torid Zone, throughout the World. With an Account of Natal in Africk, its Product, Negroes, &c.* By Captain William Dampier. *Illustrated with particular Maps and Draughts. To which is added, a General Index to both Volumes. The second edition,* 1700.

A Voyage to New Holland, &c. in the Year 1699. *Wherein are described the Canary Islands, the Isles of Mayo and St. Jago, the Bay of All Saints, with the Forts and Town of Bahia in Brasil, Cape Salvadore. The Winds on the Brasilian Coast. Abrolho Shoals. A Table of all the Variations observed in this Voyage. Occurrences near the Cape of Good Hope. The Course to New Holland, Sharks' Bay. The Isles and Coast, &c. of New Holland. Their Inhabitants, Manners, Customs, Trade, &c. Their Harbours, Soil, Beasts, Birds, Fish, &c. Trees, Plants, Fruits, &c. Illustrated with several Maps and Draughts, also, divers Birds, Fishes, and Plants not found in this part of the World, curiously Ingraven on Copper Plates.* By Captain William Dampier, London, 1703. 8vo.

Could we recal the enthusiastic sensations which once operated like a spell upon our minds, when

> " Forerunner of the day,
> The dazzling star of wonder shone;
> By whose enchanting ray,

Creation open'd on our earliest view,
And all was beautiful, for all was new ;"

with what delight should we dwell on the perusal of a Book of Voyages and Travels, more especially those which originate in chivalrous enterprise, are prosecuted with daring intrepidity, and maintained with enduring perseverance. But the cares, the concerns, the realities of the world have, in a great measure, deadened the romantic feeling, and age has dimmed the lustre of those glowing tints which colour life but once. However, there is a pleasure yet in store; for, as we trust our ideas are enlarged by intercourse with mankind, and our understanding matured by reading and reflection, the solidity of our present enjoyment will compensate for the bright visions of the morning of our boyhood. There, perhaps, never was an age more productive of glory to the naval annals of our country, than the Protectorate, when our fleets were struggling for, and ultimately gained the dominion of the seas; and while England, torn by the contests of civil faction, and suffering under the horrors of intestine war, gallantly defended her rights, and preserved her superiority among foreign nations. The Spaniards had already made themselves masters of Mexico and Peru, and becoming rich with the spoils of those countries, were establishing their colonies and building cities and towns; and thus offered too tempting a prize to be rejected by the adventurous spirit of the times. A number of vessels were fitted out by the merchants, and though bearing the distinguishing appellation of " privateers," were, in fact, no better than robbers and pirates; plundering and committing depredations wherever they came. The Spaniards, vastly superior in numerical force, yet dreaded their approach; and while possessing power to repel invasion, were ever shrinking from the contest, and frequently suffered a mere handful of men to drive them from their posts, and destroy their possessions. The communication between the Northern and Southern Oceans, (as they were then called), by the Isthmus of Darien, facilitated their projects, both by sea and land; so that little armies marched across the country to the shores of the South Sea. Here embarking in canoes, they generally seized upon the first large vessel they met with, and, having fitted her to answer their purpose, immediately commenced their operations on the western coast of America; performing feats of valour so extraordinary, that, were they not strongly corroborated by undoubted authority, they might be deemed tales of romantic fiction. After collecting whatever spoil they could obtain, and generally suffering severe hardships, they returned home to England, by traversing the Pacific Ocean, passing

among its numerous islands to those in the Chinese seas, and thence round the Cape of Good Hope, making a complete circum-navigation of the globe.

The manner of the work before us is in the style of a plain blunt sailor, and strongly displays his usual characteristics. The matter is the unembellished remarks of a powerful understanding, and an observant mind, unaided by regular education, but endeavouring to supply its wants by the information and knowledge of others. The Voyage round the World was not undertaken for the purposes of discovery, but the consequence of peculiar circumstances, arising out of a connexion with the Buccaneers; and it is worthy of observation, that a considerable portion of our geographical attainments in the New World was derived through the means of these lawless ravagers, who laid the foundation of those important acquisitions which have since been made.

It has been generally supposed, that when the mariner is once immured within his wooden walls, and the white sails are expanded to bear him to distant climes, (often for months without seeing land,) time must hang heavy on his hands, and that consequently no individual has a more favourable opportunity for reading and reflection. This idea is in some measure erroneous; for every day at sea, as well as on shore, brings with it its laborious duties; particularly in the merchants' service, where there are but few hands, and these necessarily in constant occupation, from the captain who commands, to the seamen who obey. In the Royal Navy, however, from the number required to manœuvre the guns and work the ship, (in first rates upwards of 1000 men), the duty is more divided; every officer having his particular station according to his rank, attends to the execution of the Commander's orders, in his own division or department. Here all classes have considerable leisure, but, it is so broken in upon by occasional, and the quick return of ordinary duty, as to prevent a connected chain of thought or uninterrupted application to any literary pursuit. One half the crew alternately relieve the other every four hours on deck, and those who have the watch cannot, of course, leave their duty without subjecting themselves to punishment. The officers in succession are eight hours below and four on deck. But, if even they were disposed to study, the means are so circumscribed, for want of room, that they seldom carry more than a Bible or Prayer-book. A man-of-war receives as little of luggage as possible, that she may be at all times clear for action, and that nothing may obstruct the free circulation of air, so important to the seaman's health. Thus the whole of poor Jack's worldly possessions (besides his ham-

mock) are enclosed in a canvas bag about three feet deep and eighteen inches in diameter. An officer may enjoy the privacy of his cabin, but cannot boast of quiet retirement; for as the screens, (or, as they are technically called, bulk-heads), which separate him from the mess-room, are only painted canvas, silence can seldom be obtained; so that the book is soon deserted for general conversation, and the muses too frequently discarded for an old song. Yet true genius sooner or later surmounts the obstacles which oppose its progress, and will flourish even amidst the noise and confusion of a sailor's life. This is very strongly exemplified in the volumes before us, where the author overcomes every difficulty, and presents a series of descriptions and narrations during very long voyages, (one of nearly twelve years), in which he must have encountered numerous disadvantages that would have overpowered an ordinary mind.

Many writers have endeavoured to sketch the hardy son of the ocean, who sings and whistles to the storm; but few with any success. Smollett has certainly been happy in some of his portraits, which, no doubt, were drawn from life, and though they may be perhaps considered as too highly coloured, yet they are in general faithful in their keeping, and abound with characteristic touches. But a sailor is the oddest compound in existence: his manners, his habits, his feelings, his language, are peculiar to himself alone. He displays the most noble and exalted virtues, when roused into exertion; and but too frequently indulges in gross habits and degrading vices. He is a child in sympathetic feeling, yet a stern hero in the hour of danger: undauntedly faces and defies death upon deck, amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; and yet, shrinks with indescribable apprehensions, on shore, at the sight of a coffin: undergoes the most severe privations, and is engaged in incessant toil, to obtain the wealth which he dissipates with generous profusion and thoughtless extravagance. He will listen to a tale of distress (if not too long) with affected apathy, while the tears are starting from his eyes; often accost the object of his compassion with imprecations, and swearing he or she does not deserve a "copper," give a guinea; only requiring in return, that the party relieved shall not bother him about gratitude. Interrupt him not, and he will talk for ever: ask a few questions, and you hear no more: seem to believe every thing he says, and you will gain a true statement; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with preposterous falsehood. Though fond of society, his greatest punishment is to be cast into polite company, who are either his superiors in rank or education. Writing is his aversion; and, generally, all letters that quit the ship

are penned by the same hand, precisely in the same style, with only the alteration of names. He is eager in his desire of gaining information, yet averse to all study, which is as incompatible with his genius, as Euclid would be with the humours of a dancing master. Ready at all times for any enterprise, whether sanctioned or not by the law of nations, so that it does but promise something in which he can display his peculiarities.

William Dampier was born in the county of Somerset, in the year 1652, and was the descendant of a very respectable family. He was not originally intended for the naval profession; but living at the time when the name of Blake (the Nelson of the day) was the pride of England, and the terror of her foes, his young heart swelled with the enthusiasm of joining the gallant band. Being left an orphan, he commenced his nautical life about the age of eighteen by a trip to France, and thence to Newfoundland; but, disliking the rigour of this climate, shortly after his return sailed in an Indiaman to the island of Java. In this voyage he gained some knowledge of navigation, and returned home a short time previous to the attack by Sir Robert Holmes on the Dutch Smyrna fleet in 1672, which, from a feeling of jealousy and avarice, terminated neither in the advancement of that officer's honour nor fortune. Dampier remained some time unemployed, till, sailor-like, weary of the shore, he entered into the service of his country, under the brave and resolute Sir Edward Sprague, and fought in two engagements against the Dutch; being compelled, through illness, to remain a spectator of a third, which proved fatal to his gallant captain. At the close of the war, he accepted an offer to manage a plantation belonging to a Colonel Hellier, in the island of Jamaica; and sailed, in 1674, being then twenty-two years of age. The first land they made was Barbadoes, the easternmost of the Carribee Isles.

When the English landed here shortly after 1625, they found it the most savage and destitute place they had hitherto visited; without beasts of pasture or prey, with neither fruit nor herb, nor root fit for supporting existence. This unpromising appearance did not deter some individuals from attempting to settle; and by unremitting perseverance, as the climate was good and the soil fertile, they at last contrived to make it yield them support. They first endeavoured to raise tobacco; but this not answering their expectations, they planted cotton and indigo, which gained them considerable profits. Very little sugar was made till 1650, when many persons disliking the usurpation of Cromwell, raised all the money they could get on their estates, and furnishing themselves with necessary materials, quitted England for Barbadoes, where they erected sugar-works, and became extremely prosperous. It now abounds

with all the tropical fruits, and there are great quantities of cattle. The poultry are considered to have a finer flavour than those of Europe.

The next islands our voyager made were St. Lucia and St. Vincent. Passing between them, and observing a smoke on St. Lucia, they landed, and purchased pine-apples, plantains, and sugar-canes of the natives, and some of the latter came aboard in a canoe.

"These often repeated the words 'Captain Warner,' and seemed to be in some disquiet about him. We did not then understand the meaning of it; but since I have been informed, that this Captain Warner, whom they mentioned, was born at Antigua, one of our English islands, and the son of Governor Warner, by an Indian woman, and bred up by his father after the English manners: he learned the Indian language also of his mother; but being grown up, and finding himself despised by his English kindred, he forsook his father's house, got away to St. Lucia, and there lived among the Carribee Indians, his relations by the mother's side; where conforming himself to their customs, he became one of their captains, and roved from one island to another as they did. About this time the Carribees had done some spoil to our English plantations at Antigua, and therefore Governor Warner's son, by his wife, took a party of men and went to suppress those Indians, and came to the place where his brother the Indian Warner lived. Great seeming joy there was at their meeting; but how far it was real the event shewed, for the English Warner providing plenty of liquor, and inviting his half-brother to be merry with him, in the midst of his entertainment ordered his men, upon a signal given, to murder him and all his Indians, which was accordingly executed."

This island is situated about 80 miles to the N.W. of Barbadoes; it was very wealthy in large timber trees, fit for all uses. The English had repeatedly endeavoured to settle a colony here, but without success, on account of the depredations of the Carribee Indians, but at last they accomplished their design.

Leaving these islands, they fell in with the east end of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo; from thence they steered away for Jamaica, and brought to the island the first news of the peace with the Dutch. Our author set out for Colonel Hellier's plantation, the way to which, he observes, was formerly a considerable distance about, round a large mountain, but they discovered the present passage by coasting along till the river ran between a rock that stood perpendicularly steep on both sides. This they with much difficulty climbed over; but a dog, unable to follow them, found a hole, and crept through the rock; this afterwards being excavated by means of gunpowder, a hollow was formed big enough for a horse with a pack, and high

enough for a man to ride through. At this plantation Dampier remained but six months, and then engaged at another; but his restless spirit could not long continue in one place, so that he took his passage to Port Royal in a sloop; and on his arrival shifted into a vessel that traded round the island, and by these means became acquainted with its various creeks and bays; but after six or seven months, becoming tired of this, he shipped in a ketch, (a small two-masted vessel), bound to the Bay of Campeachy, to load logwood. These territories were claimed by the Spaniards, and they had watch-towers on the coast, where the Indians kept a constant look out for the privateers. The Indian fishermen having frequently been compelled to act as pilots to the English and French, no sooner discovered a sail than, in order to avoid the task, they sunk their canoes below the level of the water, just keeping their own heads above till the danger was past. In a fortnight they arrived at Trist. Their cargo to purchase logwood was rum, which they speedily disposed of among the wood-cutters, who were then about 250 men, mostly English. Our countrymen were not at first acquainted with the value of this wood, for after the taking of Jamaica, when they were cruising in the Bay, they found many barks laden with it, which they either sunk or burned, till one of the captains having captured a ship, brought her home to England, and sold the wood at a great rate, though before he valued it so little, that he used it for firing during the passage. On his return to Jamaica he discovered the place where it grew, and it soon became worth 90, 100, or 110 pounds per ton. The Spaniards employed the Indians in cutting it at Champeton River; and the English, if they met with no prize in the bay, would run for the river, where they were certain of finding considerable piles ready cut, which they did not fail to turn to their own advantage, to the great injury of the Spaniards, who were at last obliged to send troops to guard it, and to prevent further depredations. But the English by this time knew the trees in their growing state, and searched the coasts of the Main till they discovered large groves of it, first at Cape Catoch, where they commenced cutting, and nearly cleared the grounds along the coast. They then found out the Lake of Trist, in Campeachy Bay, where they had continued to the time of our author's arrival.

The ketch having completed her cargo at the latter end of September, they quitted Trist for Jamaica, and after escaping from the pursuit of the enemy, encountering several severe gales, and suffering great hardships from the want of provisions, they had the additional misfortune to strike on the rocks off the Alcranes, at which islands they anchored to repair damages. After two or three days they again sailed, working to windward

and passing through the Colorado Shoals, they got between them and the island of Cuba. They had now been two months from Trist, and were yet a considerable distance from their port, with a foul wind and scarcely any food; however, they contrived to reach the Grand Caymane. This island lies about forty-seven leagues W.N.W. from the west point of Jamaica; about twenty leagues distant from this, are the Little Caymane and Caymane Brack. They are all well stored with turtle, and were much frequented by the people of Jamaica, who came hither to catch them. At the present day, the Grand Caymane has a population from two to three hundred, who are descended from the old Buccaneers. This little colony is considered the most peaceful and happy in the West Indies, the climate and the kind of food which are particularly salubrious, rendering the inhabitants healthy and vigorous, and prolonging their life to a very advanced age. Their island produces the necessaries of life, beyond what is required for their own consumption. Being hardy and intrepid sailors, they are excellent pilots for these dangerous seas, and from their situation as well as activity and humanity, have frequently been the means of saving immense property, and what is more valuable, the lives of those who in all probability would otherwise have perished. Their chief employment, however, is fishing for turtle. A great number of these creatures lay their eggs in the low and sandy shores of this island. When they have done laying, they quit this spot for the larger islands, and in four or five weeks' time acquire that fatness so highly prized by our worthy court of Aldermen. At the time of our author's visit, it was uninhabited.

They found neither water nor provisions, but saw many crocodiles on the Bay, some of which would scarce move themselves out of their path. They staid here but three or four hours, and then stood over to the Isle of Pines, a small island, lying on the south side of Cuba. Between Pines and Cuba, are many small woody islands, with channels for ships to pass between. In these parts, alligators and crocodiles are very numerous, the last will sometimes follow the canoes with their mouths wide open, and are considered the most daring in all the West Indies. There is a considerable difference between the alligator and crocodile, though both are called Caymane by the Spaniards. It is reported, that they love dog's flesh better than any other whatsoever

"This I have seen with my own eyes, that our dogs were so much afraid of them, that they would not very willingly drink at any great river or creek where those creatures might lurk and hide themselves, unless they were (through necessity) constrained to it, and then they would stand five or six foot from the brink of the creek or river, and

bark a considerable time, before they would venture nearer, and then, even at the sight of their own shadows in the water, they would again retire to the place from whence they came, and bark vehemently a long time; so that in the dry season, when there was no fresh water but in ponds and creeks, we used to fetch it ourselves, and give it our dogs, and many times in our hunting, when we came to a large creek that we were to pass, our dogs would not follow us, so that we often took them in our arms and carried them over."

After they had gained the S.W. point of Pines, they encountered a heavy gale which detained them several days, when they once more attempted to reach Jamaica, but the wind continuing unfavourable, and being totally destitute of food, they held a council whether it would not be better to bear up before the wind for South Keys, a cluster of islands to the eastward of Pines. The only dissenting voice was Dampier's, and, accordingly, they up helm and steered away N.W. with flowing sheets. He turned into his cabin, excessively dissatisfied, assuring them they would all be starved, but in a short time, he was cheered by hearing the glad sound of Land! Land! The first they saw, was Blewfield's hills in Jamaica, and hauling to the wind, stood in for it, and soon after saw all the coast, not being more than six leagues from it. The following afternoon, they anchored at Negril, the westernmost point of Jamaica, after a passage of thirteen weeks, a greater length of time than it requires in the present day to sail to the East Indies. Indeed, when we reflect on their imperfect knowledge of navigation, and the unhandy, shattered vessels in which they often embarked, we are only surprised at their ever accomplishing a voyage at all. But these difficulties could not subdue the ardour of a spirit like that of Dampier. The acquaintance he had formed with the logwood-cutters, opened to his view a source of emolument, as well as a prospect of gratifying his desire for information; and though, perhaps, he could not have chosen a more hazardous or fatiguing employment, yet he resolved to join the adventurous band, and, accordingly, providing himself with the necessary implements, he again quitted Jamaica, and arrived at Trist. Here he was hired by a company of six men (who had one hundred tons of wood ready cut,) at the rate of one ton per month, to assist in conveying it to the coast, and with the promise of admission to the joint concern on the accomplishment of the engagement. The logwood-cutters are represented as sturdy strong fellows, and as labouring excessively hard; but when the ships came from Jamaica with rum and sugar, they were too apt to mis-spend both their time and money. Their huts were slightly built, but well thatched with palm leaves to prevent the rains from soaking in. Their bedding was raised

about three feet and a half from the ground on a wooden frame. Another frame covered with earth to dress their victuals on, and a third to sit at, by way of a table, composed their stock of furniture. In the West Indies there are only two seasons, the wet and the dry.

"During the wet season, the land where the logwood grows is so overflowed, that they step from their beds into the water, perhaps two feet deep, and continue standing in the wet all day till they go to bed again; but, nevertheless, account it the best season in the year for doing a good day's labour in."

Dampier kept to his work of cutting till rendered incapable, by what is called the chegoes* getting into his leg, which were, however, extracted by a negro, who received in compensation a white cock, as the cure was effected by means of some supposed incantation. Scarcely was he recovered from this, when a violent storm reduced them all to great inconveniences, and at last they were compelled to quit the place in their canoes, as the highest land near them was three feet under water. Our author was deprived of the means of continuing his labour, and compelled to become a wanderer for nearly twelve months, cruizing about the bay and its shores to seek a subsistence, in company with some privateers, visiting all the rivers from Trist to Alvarado, and making descents among the villages to procure provisions. Thus it appears, that the first connection of Dampier with the Buccaneers was occasioned by imperious necessity, and no doubt it was at this time, while engaged in their habits of lawless plunder, that he imbibed many of their principles, a circumstance he feelingly laments in the latter part of his life. But even here his active genius prompted him to make every minute observation on the various places to which their roving disposition led them. Thus we have some correct descriptions of the harbours, creeks, and rivers of the bay, together with those indications which are of the highest importance to the navigator. At Alvarado, with two vessels having eight guns and sixty men in the whole, they took the fort, losing eleven in the attack, but were compelled to abandon it on appearance of seven sail of Spaniards with fourteen guns, and between four and five hundred men. With this formidable body, they, however, engaged, and ultimately made their escape.

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* A sort of worm occasioning great swelling and severe pain: it is common to the negroes of Africa, and frequently the cause of amputation of the affected part.

The effects of the storm which had reduced our author to this course of life, having abated, he again applied himself to his industrious occupation; and after continuing hard at work for some months, and becoming intimately acquainted with the nature of the trade, he determined to return to England, for the purpose of obtaining every thing requisite to carry on the business, and support a traffic with the natives of the interior. Accordingly he quitted the Bay of Campeachy, touched at Jamaica, and landed on his native soil, in the month of August, 1678.

Though the authority of Dampier is superseded in modern geography by the more recent circumnavigations of Cook, Byron, and others; yet it is but justice to remark, that *these* have been greatly indebted to the correct information, which he gives, particularly of the numerous islands in the Pacific Ocean. The name of Cook will ever be registered in the annals of a grateful country; and there are some yet living, who treasure in their mind the remembrance of that excellent man. A pleasing memorial, which death alone can destroy. He, however, quitted his country in the professed characters of a sailor, a commander, and a discoverer. The eyes of the civilized world were upon him, and honor, integrity—all that is excellent or dear to man in his progress to honest fame, incessantly urged him on in his scientific course. Not so with Dampier, unknown, unsupported, and in a humble station, engaged in daring enterprise with men of desperate character, who had no other control than their own intemperate will, no other gratification than the indulgence of unbridled passions—he wrote and described without a prospect of his labours meeting the public eye, but merely because his genius prompted him to treasure up the stores of knowledge he had gleaned in every clime.

His voyage round the world (as we have before observed,) was not undertaken for discovery, but he made it subservient to this purpose, and by his accurate soundings, through intricate channels, between islands but little known, and in seas that had scarcely ever been visited, has conferred a lasting obligation on the navigator.

In the commencement of the year 1679, our author took his departure from England, and arrived at Jamaica with a cargo, which he disposed of, intending to prosecute his voyage to Campeachy, with such commodities as would be most acceptable to the logwood-cutters; but altering his plan, he continued at Jamaica during the remainder of the year, and purchased a small estate in Dorsetshire.

About Christmas, he prepared to return to England, but was induced to go a short trading voyage first, to the Main.

Soon after setting out, they came to an anchor in Negril Bay, where finding several of the Buccaneer leaders, (Coxon, Sharp, Sawkins, and others,) the men all left the vessel to join them in an expedition they had planned, and after two or three days, Dampier was persuaded to go with them too. The first expedition was to Portobello, which being accomplished, it was resolved to march by land over the Isthmus of Darien, after some new adventures in the South Seas. Accordingly they landed on the 5th April, near Golden Island, one of the Sambaloes, to the number of between three and four hundred men, carrying with them provisions for their support, and toys to gratify the Indians. In about nine days they arrived at Santa Maria, which they took, and after a rest of three days, again pursued their march to the coast of the South Sea, where they embarked in canoes and periagos. On the 23rd of April, they were in sight of Panama, and made repeated attempts on Puebla Nova, in which their commander in chief, Sawkins, with many of their companions, were slain.

They now changed their course for Peru, touching at several islands, and taking the town of Ylo on the coast. About Christmas, they reached the Isle of Juan Fernandez, (to which place, we are in some measure indebted for the interesting and popular tale of *Robinson Crusoe.)* Here Captain Sharp, who had been chosen their leader on the death of Sawkins, was by general consent deposed, and Watling chosen in his stead ; but shortly afterwards, on their attacking Arica, they were repulsed with great loss, and Watling was killed. This band of marauders now returned to the Isle Plata without a commander, and contentions arising respecting the re-election of Sharp, it was agreed to separate, the majority in favor of Sharp keeping the ship, the rest resolving to return overland across the Isthmus, and among these latter was Dampier. On April 17th, 1681, they parted company. The smaller party, consisting of forty-seven, embarked in the launch and two canoes, purposing to make for the river of Santa Maria, about 200 leagues distant. The following day they captured a small bark, in which they pursued their intended route, and escaping from the Spaniards, who had long been watching for their return, they landed on the 1st of May, and after a march of twenty-three days, during which they suffered the most severe hardships, and were nearly starved, they accomplished their journey, and went on board a French privateer: Dampier's vessel afterwards joined a fleet of eight sail, composed of English and French, all bent on plunder. But through the different opinions and obstinacy of the commanders nothing was carried into execution. Dampier, with his companions, was on board a French vessel, but disliking the company, he persuaded Captain Wright to let them have a

prize he had taken. Their fleet being scattered, they cruized about the islands without accomplishing any thing, till, to the eastward of Carthagena, Captains Wright and Yanky had a smart engagement with and captured a valuable prize. This, however, proved a source of contention, both captains claiming it, but at last it was determined in favor of Yanky, who took possession; and Dampier's vessel being sold, he engaged with Captain Wright, who exchanged his own bark for Captain Yanky's. After this they took several other prizes, and not being able to dispose of their cargoes, they shared them and separated. Dampier and his party arrived in one of these vessels at Virginia in July, 1682. Here the wealth which they had acquired was very soon dissipated, and Cooke having obtained the command of a prize, and fitted her out as a privateer, proclaimed his intention of sailing for the South Seas, to cruize on the coasts of Chili and Peru, to which party Dampier and his associates readily joined themselves. Their crew soon amounted to seventy men, who were bound by certain restrictions, on account of the length of the voyage; the most remarkable was that, enjoining temperance and sobriety.

August 23rd, 1683, they bid farewell to Virginia, and stood for the Cape de Verd isles, and after encountering a tremendous gale, made the isle of Sal, noted for its salt ponds. Among these islands they continued for some time, and attempted to cut out a ship from Port Praya, at St. Jago, but the superior force of their opponent deterred them from the enterprise. From hence they stretched over to the coast of Africa, and touched at a negro town to the southward of Sierra Leone, near the river Sherbro, where they purchased provisions, and took in water for the voyage. In the middle of November, they again pursued their course for the Straits of Magellan. On the 28th of January, 1684, they made the Faulkland isles, but did not stop. Missing the Straits of Magellan, through unfavourable winds, they fell in with those of Le Maire, on the 6th of February, but on account of the dangerous, short, breaking sea, stood round Cape Horn. On the 14th, they encountered a violent storm, which continued with little abatement till the 3rd of March, when it came to the eastward, and enabled them to run into the South Seas. During this gale, they saved twenty-three barrels of rain water, beside what they used in dressing their victuals, and possibly these heavy rains may in some measure account for that phenomenon observed by Cook, that the ice in high southern latitudes yielded fresh water. In latitude 35° S. they joined company with the Nicholas, twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Eaton, and both ships made sail for Juan Fernandez, where they anchored, March 23rd, and found a Moskito Indian, who had been left behind when Dam-

pier visited the place three years before, at the time Sharp was deposed, and Watling declared commander. The Spaniards, aware of some one being on the island, had made repeated attempts to discover him, but without effect. He had converted the barrel of his gun, with much ingenuity, into various implements for fishing, as well as lances for striking goats. On the first approach of the ships, he observed them very narrowly, and being convinced they were English, immediately prepared a comfortable meal for those who should land.

This island is described as particularly healthy, and possessing numerous advantages, the sea around it abounding in fish. The seals are so plentiful that it is remarked, "there are always thousands, I might say, possibly, millions of them, either sitting on the bays, or going and coming in the sea round the island."

Were we to follow Dampier through all his predatory excursions we should far exceed our limits. Even he himself has been very delicate in mentioning them, fully sensible that they would reflect any thing but credit on his character; indeed, though he seems to have had no objection to engage in, and share the spoil of their enterprises, his mind nevertheless appears never to have lost its attachment to scientific pursuits. His descriptions of the Western Coast of America are given with precise exactness, and though some who have followed his track in later times have pretended to detect trivial errors, yet it is possible that this may have proceeded from incorrectness on their parts, as most of his observations are scrupulously correct. The peninsula of California was at this time supposed to be an island, and the coast to the northward of it scarcely at all known. On examining the map of the world, prefixed to the first volume, we find that he extends the land indefinitely across the North Pacific Ocean, between the latitudes of 42° and 48°, but without uniting it to either continent. Sir Francis Drake had been no farther than 43° N. The late attempts to discover the N. W. Passage have met with but little more success than they did upwards of a century ago. Dampier suggests, that were he engaged in prosecuting the discovery, it should be from this part of the ocean, and we must own ourselves inclined to adopt his opinion; at least, we consider that should another expedition be fitted out, it would considerably promote our knowledge of these dangerous parts if ships were at the same time to attempt the passage both from the eastward and westward, while another party endeavoured to make their way to the Arctic Ocean by land. It is true that the excessive difficulties encountered by the indefatigable Captain Franklin, are enough to appal a stout heart, but it must be remembered, that if proper supplies had been stored at the different stations,

the distress would have been considerably diminished; and without meaning to utter one syllable against that gallant officer, for whom we entertain the highest respect, we do consider that there was a falling off somewhere which might be remedied. There are persons who condemn the attempt altogether, but these are neither lovers of their country, nor of science. The high character that England bears as a maritime power imperiously calls upon her children to maintain it, and whether her flag waves triumphantly over the ensign of the enemy, or floats in the shivering breezes of the Polar sea in the more peaceful occupation of discovery, each should be equally valuable to a British heart. It is much to be regretted that the Antarctic Ocean has been so little explored. Cook penetrated as far as 71° 10' S., and we believe this is the nearest approach that has been made to the south pole; at least, it is the only one given on our modern globes. But to return to Dampier.

They quitted Juan Fernandez on the 8th of April, and stood over to the main, occasionally touching at various islands, and taking several prizes, in one of which they found an immense image of the Virgin Mary, curiously carved in wood, but unfortunately the vessel had previously landed what would have pleased them much better: viz. 800,000 pieces of eight. At the Gallapagos they scrubbed the bottom of their ships, and an Indian engaging to convey them to Rea Leja, they concluded on going thither for plunder. Captain Cook, who had been long ill, died, on their nearing Cape Blanco, and Captain Davis took command. It is a remark which seems to us worthy of consideration, that persons who have been labouring under disorders at sea, generally expire on approaching the land. The captain's remains were conveyed on shore, and while being interred, two Spanish Indians were captured, who had been sent to watch their motions. From these they obtained information of a herd of cattle, or farm, about three miles distant. Dampier with several others went towards it, but disputes arising whether they should kill that same night, or the following morning, he with a few others returned on board. The remainder were afterwards attacked by the Spaniards, who burned their boats, and compelled them to retreat to an insular rock, where they must have perished had they not been timely rescued by their companions. The ships now made for the town of Mangera, but on their approach the inhabitants forsook it, leaving only an old friar and two Indian lads, who became prisoners, but, however, they obtained no advantage from their capture, and soon after the two ships parted company. On the 2nd of October, while lying at the isle of Plata, Captain Swan, in the Cygnet of London, arrived, who had been

fitted out by eminent merchants of the British metropolis, to trade with the Spaniards, or Indians, in the South Seas, but meeting with a company of privateers, who had crossed the isthmus to seek a ship, his men compelled him to receive them on board, to which he consented, despairing of being able to execute the purpose of his voyage. There was likewise a bark that they had taken, which was commanded by Captain Harris, who had been their leader over land. The 2nd of November, in the evening they sent away 110 men to Paita, who landed at six o'clock on the following morning, about four miles to the southward of the town, and after a short struggle, without the loss of a single man, took possession of it, but they found it emptied both of money and goods, and even without a meal of victuals. For the ransom of the town they proposed a supply of provisions, which not being complied with, they set it on fire, and quitted the place. Their next attempt was upon Guiaquil, but in this they failed, from the want of spirit among the leaders, but they seized a bark, with cloth, and three others laden with 1000 negroes (young men and women.) Selecting forty of these to perform the laborious work of their ships, they turned the remainder on shore. Quitting this place, they proceeded for the river St. Jago to get canoes. Here they landed and ranged the country, without obtaining any thing of much value, but intercepted the packet boat, containing intelligence from the President of Panama, that the armada had arrived from Old Spain, and requesting the Plate fleet to hasten its departure from Lima.

This occurred on the 1st of January, 1685, and they immediately prepared to clear their ships, that they might be in readiness to engage the convoy. On the 14th of February they finished careening and sailed towards Panama. Their force consisted of the two ships, two small tenders, a fire-ship, and a prize. While at Tobago an attempt was made by an Englishman in the Spanish service to set them on fire, but through good fortune they escaped by cutting their cables. The following morning, while regaining their anchors, they were thrown into consternation at seeing a large fleet of canoes full of men advancing towards them. These proved to be Buccaneers, who had travelled over the Isthmus of Darien. There were 200 French, and 80 English, commanded by a Captain Gronet. The Englishmen joined themselves to the two ships, and the Frenchmen were ordered to man the prize. Shortly after this, another large party who had travelled the same road were received on-board, so that their force was augmented to 960 men in two ships, mounting great guns, and eight smaller vessels with fire arms. On the 28th of May, 1685, they discovered the Spanish fleet of fourteen sail, besides several periagos, rowing

with twelve or fourteen oars a piece. Six sail were large ships. The Admiral, forty-eight guns, 450 men. The Vice Admiral, forty guns, and 400 men. The Rear Admiral, thirty-six guns, 360 men. A ship of twenty-four guns, and 300 men; another of eight guns, 200 men. Two great fire-ships, six ships with small arms, having 800 men, besides 2 or 300 in the periagos.*

But this disparity did not daunt the courage of the privateers, who bore down upon the Spaniards, and exchanged broadsides till, night coming on, they forbore further engagement. Gronet, and his French crew (308 in number) disgracefully sheered off, without coming into action at all. Naval tactics were then in their infancy, and the art of manœuvring a fleet but little known; however, there appears to have been a most unpardonable neglect among the Buccaneers, and a degree of scientific ability displayed by the Spaniards, by getting the weather gage during the night. The next morning the Spaniards came down upon them; and now having the advantage, by being to windward, the privateers were glad to make all sail and be off, keeping up a running fight throughout the day; and making a complete sweep round the bay of Panama, they anchored again in the evening at the very place they had quitted in the morning. "Thus (says Dampier) ended this day's work, and with it all that had been projecting for five or six months; when, instead of making ourselves masters of the Spanish fleet and treasure, we were glad to escape them; and owed that, too, in a great measure, to their want of courage to pursue their advantage. What loss they had I know not; we lost but one man."

On the 30th, at day-break, they saw the Spanish fleet about three leagues to leeward, at anchor, and shortly after they got under weigh and went to Panama. Gronet excused his conduct, declaring his men would not let him engage; but this did not satisfy the others; he was consequently cashiered on their arrival at Quibo. Some were for taking away the ship they had generously given him; but, at length, he was suffered to keep it with his cowardly crew, but they were sent away to another place.†

The Buccaneers' hopes of enriching themselves by the Plate fleet being wholly annihilated, they determined on some land expedition; and while one party were constructing canoes for the purpose, 150 men were dispatched to attack Puebla Nova, where Sawkins fell in 1680. They took the town

* They became acquainted with this precise information of the strength of the enemy from the accounts of the prisoners whom they took afterwards.

† There is a French account of this circumstance published, which, *of course*, materially differs from Dampier's.

with much ease, but found no provisions. On the 5th of July they were joined by another ship, under Captain Knight, who had been cruizing in a westerly direction, but had got nothing very valuable except a good ship. He had heard of the engagement, and came purposely to seek them.

On the 20th of July, having finished their canoes, they quitted Quibo in four smart ships, and four smaller vessels, with 640 men, purporting to make a descent at Rea Leja, and advance twenty miles into the country, to plunder the city of Leon. This place has been described by an early writer (Mr. Gage) as " the pleasantest place in all America;" and he terms it " the Paradise of the Indies." On the morning of the 9th of August, 520 men, in thirty-one canoes, quitted the ship about eight leagues from the shore. In the course of the day and following night, they encountered several heavy tornadoes, which had nearly proved fatal to their expedition; but escaping these dangers they landed at day-break, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Townly, who led the van, with only eighty men, entered the city. He was briskly charged by about 200 cavalry, who all retreated on seeing two or three of their number fall; and this example was followed by 500 infantry, leaving quiet possession to Townly and his little band. The other detachments shortly after arrived. One of their party, an old man, eighty-four years of age, who had served in Cromwell's army, had been compelled to remain on the road through fatigue. The valiant Spaniards discovered and surrounded him, but he refused to take quarter and discharged his gun, so they shot him dead from a distance.

Their endeavours to procure a ransom for the town proving ineffectual, they set it on fire, and drew off their men to Rea Leja. Here they remained a week, when some of their destructive crew set fire to this place likewise, so they embarked and left it burning. Captain Davis and Captain Swan now broke off consortship, Davis intending to return to the coast of Peru, but Swan meaning to go further to the northward; and here Dampier displays an instance of his desire of knowledge.

" I had till this time been with Captain Davis, but now left him and went aboard of Captain Swan. It was not from any dislike to my old captain, but to get some knowledge of the northern parts of this continent of Mexico; and I knew that Captain Swan determined to coast it as far north as he thought convenient, and then pass over for the East Indies; which was a way very agreeable to my inclination."

Davis, with four sail, quitted them on the 27th; but Swan remained some time longer to fill water, and cut fire wood. They were all severely visited with fevers, supposed to have

been caught on shore, as this place had suffered much from a malignant distemper, a short time previous to their arrival. On the 3rd of September they sailed, with four vessels and 340 men, steering away to the N. W. On the 7th of November they made Acapulco, having repeatedly landed in their voyage, for supplies of provision. Their intention, in the present instance, was to cut out a ship from the port of Acapulco, Captain Townly being much in want of one. Accordingly, with 140 men, in twelve canoes, he entered the harbour under cover of the night; and, after rowing in abreast the Lima ship, they deemed the project of carrying her out impracticable, so abandoned it, making sail again to the westward; and, on the 11th of December, were in sight of Cape Corientes. The intermediate time had been employed in ranging the coast and country with various success. At this period our author was attacked with a fever and ague, which afterward turned to a dropsy, a disease said to be prevalent in this part of the country.

Here they proposed cruising for the Manilla ship, occasionally sending from 100 to 200 men on shore, to procure food. In these excursions they were frequently attacked, sometimes losing three or four of their party in the encounter; but by dint of perseverance they contrived to cure sufficient beef for two months, and provide a tolerable quantity of maize.

At the commencement of January, 1686, Townly left them to return to the southward. Swan, continuing still to the northward, invaded the town of Santa Pecaque, to get provisions. They found considerable quantities, but owing to the want of subordination in the party, fifty of them were killed by the Spaniards; and among these was the ingenious 'Ringrose,' the author of a History of the Buccaneers, and more particularly that part of it relating to the adventures of Captain Sharp.

After this disastrous event they attempted to reach California, but not being able to accomplish it, they run for the Marias, and careened. Fully sensible that all their golden visions were at an end, Swan proposed sailing to the East Indies, which, after some altercation, was agreed upon. Their stock of victuals for such a voyage was very small, consisting chiefly of maize; however, on the 31st of March, they took their departure from Cape Corientes, and, after undergoing the greatest privations during the passage, they happily saw Guam (one of the Ladrone islands) on the 20th of May, having only three days' scanty provision left. Here they obtained plentiful refreshment from the Spanish governor, and then pursued their course for St. John's, one of the Philippines. The principal of these islands is Luconia, where Magellan was slain by a poisoned arrow, in 1521. On this island stands the capital city,

XUM

Manilla. From St. John's they went to Mindanao, and we have a copious description of its productions, customs, government, &c. Those who had preserved their portion of plunder now found an opportunity of disposing of it very speedily, which they did not fail to take advantage of, till the improper conduct of Captain Swan, and the deceitful behaviour of the Sultan's brother, combined with the licentiousness of the men, (a great many living constantly on shore, squandering their money, and those who remained on board getting continually drunk) occasioned a mutiny among the people; who seized the ship and quitted the place, leaving * Captain Swan and some others behind, on the 14th of January, 1687. Dampier positively denies all previous knowledge of the plot, and devised various schemes to quit the vessel; which, however, he could not effect, and was compelled to continue with them nearly seventeen months; during which they visited most of the numerous islands, from the coast of China to New Holland, sometimes rioting in luxury, at others, subsisting on a small portion of rice, and nearly reduced to a state of starvation. This roving from place to place afforded him an excellent opportunity of indulging his natural propensity, and appears to have been one great inducement for his remaining with this mutinous crew so long. The inhabitants on many of the islands they touched at, had never before seen Europeans; and no doubt this was the first discovery of these places, which appear like specks thickly scattered on the face of the ocean. His account of them is extremely curious, but much too long to detail here; indeed scarcely any thing appears to have escaped the notice of our author, nor does he ever lose sight of objects beneficial to his profession as a mariner

On the 6th of May, 1688, Dampier quitted these marauders, at the Isle of Nicobar, and was joined by two English of the crew, and five others who had been taken prisoners. These seven purchased a canoe, about the size of a London wherry, in which they embarked on the 15th, and on the 20th arrived at Sumatra, suffering severely from storm during the passage, which brought on sickness and fever, so that they were scarcely able to stand.

At Acheen they were kindly received by their countrymen; and on his recovery, Dampier was persuaded to join a merchant ship, under a Captain Welden, trading among the islands and through the Straits of Malacca. In this employ he continued till March 1689, and then was compelled through illness to remain on shore at Acheen. In two months he was

* This unfortunate man was killed, some time afterward, by the natives, at the instigation of the Sultan's brother.

sufficiently recovered to join a sloop, as mate, and afterwards served in several other vessels, until he became acquainted with a Mr. Moody, at Madras, (where he remained six months), when he was persuaded by that gentleman to accompany him to Bencoolen, and become gunner of the fort. This Mr. Moody had purchased, at Mindanao, a curiously painted prince and his mother, who were now consigned to the charge of Dampier. The woman died, but the son was brought to England, and long shewn in this country as a marvellous wonder. At this fort he remained till the 25th January, 1691, when he got on board an English ship, homeward bound. They had not been long at sea before the men began to droop, supposed to be occasioned by the badness of the water, and nearly thirty died before they reached the Cape of Good Hope, the rest being in a very weak and debilitated state, insomuch that they were scarcely able to manage the vessel. At the Cape, by proper attention and nourishment, many of them recovered; but so reduced in number was the crew, that they were compelled to remain some time for want of hands. On the 23d of May they sailed, and touching at St. Helena, arrived in the Downs, 16th September, 1691.

The relation of Dampier's adventures during this long voyage, appears to have brought him under the notice of government; and a ship, called the Roebuck, was fitted out, in which he might be enabled to prosecute farther discoveries, or substantiate the accounts of those already made, particularly of New Holland. This immense island, or rather continent, had not long been discovered, and was the source of much ingenious speculation and conjecture. It was, however, reserved for after ages to determine its insular position. It was first seen by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in 1642, and was afterwards visited by Davis, Dampier, and others, till, in 1770, Cook sailed completely round it, and gave to the various parts those names which they still retain. On the benefit we derive at present, from occupying part of it as a place for condemned criminals,* it is not our business to remark; but we may contemplate the perseverance of our countrymen, with some degree of astonishment, when we consider, in the course of a few years, how many important changes have taken place; it is delightfully gratifying to the British sailor, after traversing the pathless ocean, thousands of miles away from his home, to find a miniature representation of his country on the shores of Van Dieman's Land.†

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* The first settlement of convicts at Port Jackson took place in 1788.

† This had always been considered as forming part of the con-

Dampier sailed from the Downs, January 14th, 1699,* taking his departure from the Start. They made Cape Finisterre on the 19th, the Canaries on the 28th, and anchored on the 30th at Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe.

"The forts here could not rescue the Spanish galleons from Admiral Blake, though they hauled in close under the main fort. Many of the inhabitants that are now living remember that action, in which the English battered the town and did so much damage; and the marks of the shot still remain in the fort walls."

At this place they took in wine and other refreshments, and then stood for the Cape de Verd, where they arrived February 11th, touching at Mayo and St. Jago for water. From thence they proceeded to the coast of Brazil, and anchored at Bahia. Having obtained a supply of provisions, and subdued a mutinous spirit among his people, our author took his departure; and on the 3d June made the Cape of Good Hope, and thence pursued his course for New Holland, which they saw on the 1st August, in latitude about 26 S. His efforts at discovery on this coast were not attended with much success. Shark's Bay, where he anchored, retains the name which he gave it, and there are other places still known by the name of Dampier's Land. But the dangerous navigation alarmed his men, so that he was deterred from prosecuting his real intentions. In some parts he erroneously supposed what was actually the main land to be a chain of islands, stretching from E.N.E. to W.N.W. Tasman had laid it down in his map as the coast of New Holland. It is now called De Witt's Land. The few natives they saw were in a completely savage state. He quitted these inhospitable shores in September, and discovered an island near New Guinea, to which he gave the name of New Britain.

The difficulties he had to encounter, with but few hands, in dangerous seas, where the shoals and coasts were utterly unknown, induced him to victual at Batavia, and then proceed on his voyage home; but his ship springing a leak when off the island of Ascension, foundered at sea, and they with great

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tinent, till the loss of a vessel on an island to the northward of it, occasioned many persons to go from Port Jackson to the assistance of those who remained by the wreck. In excursions for this benevolent purpose, it was discovered to be separated from New Holland by a wide channel, which was explored in an open boat, in 1798, by Mr. Bass, surgeon of a colonial sloop of war, and thence obtained the name of Bass's Straits.

* How the intermediate time from his arrival had been employed we are not informed.

difficulty got on shore. Here they were found by an East India ship, which took them on board and brought them to England.

The volumes before us give no farther account of this extraordinary man, whose name was a terror to the Spaniards; but we are enabled from other authority to state, that he again joined the Buccaneers, and commanded a fine vessel; but from untoward circumstances, arising principally from the * treachery of his officers and people, he was reduced to great distress, and returned almost naked to his owners. Yet even in this state of adversity his previous actions obtained for him the highest respect, and he had the honour of being presented to her majesty Queen Anne. After this, he became pilot to Captain Wood Rogers, in the Duke, and engaged in another expedition, being his fourth excursion to the South Seas. It was in this voyage they discovered Alexander Selkirk, (the original Robinson Crusoe of De Foe,) on the Isle of Juan Fernandez. This individual was born at Largo, in the county of Fife in Scotland; and previous to his remaining on the island, had been master of the Cinque Ports, under Captain Stradling. He was considered the most able and intrepid seaman among the freebooters. The occasion of his being left ashore was a quarrel with his captain, and the shattered state of the vessel. After a few days, however, he was desirous of returning, but Stradling refused to take him on board. Thus left alone and desolate, he sat night after night, and day after day, watching the periodical return of the Buccaneers; sometimes with a glimmering of hope, but more frequently abandoning himself to the agony of despair, and never satisfying the cravings of nature till compelled by extreme hunger; but man is the creature of habit, and Selkirk, after seven or eight months, became accustomed to the solitude, and shook off his melancholy. He built himself two huts of pimento trees, thatched with grass, and covered with goats' skins. These were stored with all the wealth he possessed, viz. his clothes, bedding, musket, some powder and ball, a kettle, a knife, several books, among which was the *Bible*, and his nautical instruments. In his larger hut he lived, and slept; frequently employing himself in reading and prayer, and occasionally giving vent to the fulness of his heart in singing psalms, so that he afterward observed he was a better Christian during his solitary retreat from the world, than ever he had been before, or he feared ever should be again. The smaller hut was reserved for cooking and other purposes.

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* Some of his cotemporaries attribute his failure to the overbearing and imperious disposition he manifested to those who were under him.

Among his amusements to while away the dreary hours, was cutting his name on the trees, with the date of his landing, and the duration of his confinement; looking forward to the time when it might possibly meet the eye of a countryman, perhaps, after his remains had mouldered into dust.

He was at first much annoyed by cats and rats, which had from time to time run away from the ships that touched at the island, and become very numerous. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes, while he was sleeping; but the cats became domesticated, and soon delivered him from the more destructive vermin. He had also tamed some young kids, and taught them a number of tricks for his diversion, frequently singing and dancing with them and his cats. His principal food was goat's flesh, and cray-fish, dressed in various ways according to his taste. When his powder failed, he hunted the goats down by speed of foot; for his simple mode of living, with the continual exercise of running, had rendered him amazingly swift in passing through woods, and agile in climbing the hills and rocks. On one occasion, however, while pursuing the animal with great eagerness, he caught his game on the brink of a steep precipice, concealed from his view by tangled bushes, so that he fell from the height, and was so much injured as to lay, as he supposed, for twenty-four hours, without sense or motion. On reviving, he found the goat lying dead beneath him. This accident confined him nearly a fortnight to his hut. A circumstance something similar in its nature, but more fatal in the result, occurred about fifteen years since, on an uninhabited island in the South Seas. A ship was wrecked, and only two individuals escaped; one of them, an African, the other an Englishman still living, at present an officer in the royal navy, and employed in a situation of considerable scientific importance. These two lived tolerably comfortable for the first twelve months; but shortly after this, being engaged in hunting, the African fell from a great height and was literally dashed to pieces. We have heard this narration from the lips of the survivor, who remained a considerable time after this melancholy event, on the island, lonely and sad, till happily relieved by the casual arrival of a whaler.

But, to return to Selkirk. He had kept a regular account of the number of goats he had killed, which amounted to 500, he had caught many more, marking them on the ear, and then restoring them to liberty. The insipidness of his meals, without bread and salt, was at first a great inconvenience, but Dampier having, in a former voyage, sowed some turnips, they now produced very abundantly, spreading over several acres of ground: he had also a plentiful supply of cabbage, from the cabbage-palm; and these being well seasoned, with the fruit of the pi-

mento, soon gave a relish to his food. His clothes and shoes were speedily worn out. To remedy the first defect, he made a coat and cap of goat skins, and shirts from linen he had with him, using a nail by way of needle, and the ravellings of a worsted stocking for thread; but he was compelled to go with bare feet, and the soles got, in time, so hard as to enable him to ascend the sharp rocks without material inconvenience.

During his confinement, he had seen several ships pass the island; but only two, which were Spaniards, came to an anchor; but he preferred the risk of dying unheeded and alone, to surrendering himself into their power: dreading, that they would either put him to death, or send him as a slave to the mines. The Spaniards, however, discovered, pursued, and shot at him; but he escaped by climbing a thick tree, at the foot of which several of them stopped.

This extraordinary man was well known to Dampier; but on his first coming on board, had so forgotten his language that he could scarcely understand him. He only articulated half the syllables of most words that he uttered. Some liquor was offered him which he refused, having been so long accustomed to water. He was received on board the *Duke*, and afterwards served as mate in that ship, during the voyage, being then about thirty years of age. The *Duke* returned to England at the beginning of October, 1710, and the profits of this voyage were estimated at £170,000.

Subjoined to the second volume, we have an interesting and general account of the trade winds, the land and sea breezes, storms, seasons of the year, and the setting of the tides and currents in the Torrid Zone. But as they are only useful to the seaman, and we have already gone to the full extent of our article, we shall forbear touching on those subjects, and close our review.

ART. VI.—*A Collection of Acts and Ordinances of general use, made in the Parliament began and held at Westminster, the 3d Day of November, Anno* 1640, *and since, unto the Adjournment of the Parliament begun and holden the* 17*th of September, Anno* 1656, *and formerly published in print, which are here printed at large with marginal notes, or abbreviated, &c. By* Henry Scobell, Esq. *Clerk of the Parliament.* London. *Printed by Henry Hills and John Field, Printers to his Highness the Lord Protector.* 1658.

A late ingenious writer, in calling public attention to the very important subject of the enormous and overwhelming in-

crease in the size and number of our modern Acts of Parliament, assigns as one of the principal causes of the evil so animadverted on, " the negligence and unskilfulness with which they are drawn up."

" On entering," he says, " upon this part of the subject, it might be thought reasonable that a few instances of the most frequent and glaring faults which occur in the language or concoction of Acts of Parliament should be selected, in order to substantiate the justice of the charge which has been now made. But after having opened the Statute Book at many different places, it seems superfluous to undertake the task. Take up whichever volume of it you will, at whatever page it opens, and however plain the subject may be to which the enactment relates, you are overwhelmed with a degree of verbosity and tautology, of which it is not easy to speak in terms of becoming moderation, and which, with all deference to the authority for such ' damnable iteration,' is believed to be quite unparalleled in any other book. If it were not utterly impossible to entertain the supposition, one would be tempted to think that, instead of expressing its meaning with clearness, the legislature had some end to serve by involving it in the greatest possible obscurity and prolixity. Indeed it would be unaccountable, how men of such rank and education as those which compose the two houses of parliament, should have so long suffered such shapeless productions to be ushered into the world under the authority of their names, unless it had been long demonstrated by experience, that the most enlightened bodies frequently feel no shame in sanctioning that in their collective capacity, for which there is not one among them would endure to be responsible in his private character." *Miller's Enquiry into the present State of the Statute and Criminal Law of England.* p. 47.

For our own parts, we are not particularly attached to the office of finding fault, where we do not find that we can suggest a remedy; and we are much afraid that these defects of carelessness and exuberance, with which the legislature of the present day is so justly chargeable, are the almost necessary appendages to the blessings of quiet times, and a settled, lawful, and generally popular government. In such a state of things there is a regular drowsy routine, in which matters of formal business are suffered to proceed, that admits of no improvement, and consequently incurs the great probability (at least) of progressive deterioration. Public men are too much at their ease to find time for attending to non-essentials. It is enough that the wheels are set going, so as to serve for all necessary purposes—they little care for the neatness of the machinery; and, whether it be an Act of Parliament or a Bill in Chancery, so long as the end is secured, the means are not worth the pains of considering.

It is to periods of doubtful right or flagrant usurpation

that we should look for wise laws ably and pithily suggested. Some of the best in our statute book are those passed during the short reign of the tyrant Richard; and the voluminous mass of "orders and ordinances," made by the authority of the self-existent sovereign parliament, during the suspension, and after the overthrow of the kingly power, though all abrogated by one sweeping clause of a single Act at the Restoration, deserve to be yet referred to and consulted more generally than is the custom, both as the best running index to the history of the times, and also as models of style in enactment, if not of legislative wisdom and equity.

Under this impression, we shall solicit the patience of our readers, under what many may be disposed to consider as the infliction of a very dull discourse, while (assuming, for our purpose, a degree of prevailing ignorance on the subject, which we in truth believe to be wide to the extent almost of universality) we proceed to furnish them, from a book of not very ordinary reference, with a few specimens of the legislative spirit which prevailed in the usurping parliament; and, whatever may be thought of the justice or fitness of the proceedings, we think they will be found to furnish good cause for exultation, in the manly and vigorous tone which they breathe, and by which they still seem to characterize our plain, brave, thoughtful, and stiff-necked ancestors.

Let us take for our first example the first Act in the volume—that of 16 Car. I. cap. 1.—For triennial parliaments.

"A Bill," says Clarendon, "which took up a long debate; there being many clauses, in case the crown should omit the sending out of writs, derogatory to majesty, and letting the reins too loose to the people: yet, since it was evident that great inconveniencies had befallen the kingdom by the long intermission of these conventions; and that that intermission could not have happened, if there had not been some neglect of what had been settled by former laws; therefore there was some colour of reason for those clauses, by which the crown could in no case suffer, but by its own default."

We shall transcribe only the preamble.

"Whereas, *by the laws and statutes of this realm*, the parliament *ought to be holden at least once every year*, for the redress of grievances, but the appointment of the time and place for the holding thereof hath alwaies belonged, as it ought, to his majesty and his royal progenitors. And whereas, it is by experience found, that the not holding of parliaments accordingly, hath produced sundry and great mischiefs and inconveniences to the king's majesty, the church and commonwealth, for the prevention of the like mischiefs and inconveniences in the time to come, Be it enacted," &c.

XUM

This indeed is a bold assumption, right manfully put forth —nor less so was the provision which followed it—that, in case the king neglected to call a parliament for three years, the peers might assemble and issue writs for choosing one; and in case of neglect of the peers, the constituents might meet and elect one themselves.* Yet Clarendon remarks upon it, that "it found an easy passage through both houses; and by his Majesty (who was satisfied with such a frequency of meeting with his people as once in three years might be more convenient than prejudicial to his service, and believed that by his consenting to this Act, the proceedings in the parliament would be more moderate) it had a favourable reception, and was enacted by him the next day after it had passed both houses." (Clar. Book III. p. 282.) The mild tone in which the Act is here spoken of, is very different from what we should expect in a crown lawyer, did it not seem to demonstrate the very unsettled state of opinion as to the constitution and prerogatives of parliament which at that time prevailed. Whitelocke, however, states, that "the King was not without some difficulty (as it was reported) persuaded to give the royal assent to it;" and he also intimates, that the committee for the Bill *had taken a great deal of pains in the framing of it*." (p. 40.)

We submit the following to the humane and philanthropic members of the African Society, and advocates for the abolition of the slave trade, and negro emancipation.

17 Car. 1. c. 31. "For the relief of captives."

"Whereas, many thousands of your Majesty's good and loving subjects, with their ships and goods, have of late been surprised and taken at sea, (as they were in their lawful trading), by Turkish, Moorish and other pirates; and some of them, to free themselves of the cruel and barbarous usage of those pirates, have renounced the Christian religion, and turned Turks; and others, yet kept in bondage, are used with so extreme cruelty, as they are in great danger thereby to lose their lives, unless they shall forsake the Christian religion: and divers of your poor subjects kept in homage, (being expert and skilful mariners), are usually employed at sea against others your good subjects, and prove very prejudicial to them, and hurtful to the trade and merchandize of your Majesty's dominions: And whereas, as well your Majesty's subjects as strangers, exporting or importing their goods and merchandize into this kingdom, have, ever sithence your Majesty's access unto this crown, been charged with the payment of great sums of money, under the name of custom, and that without the consent of parliament, which, had they been legally taken, ought to have been chiefly employed to the safeguard of the seas, and preservation of your

* See Blackstone's Comm. vol. i. p. 151.

good subjects in their trade of merchandize, from the spoil of pirates and other sea robbers, but have been exhausted by evil ministers, and not applied to their proper uses, so that your Highness's good subjects have been exposed to the merciless cruelty of those pirates and barbarous infidels.

"And the Commons taking into further consideration your Majesty's pressing wants, and great occasions of monies, in these times of distemper, as well in the kingdom of Ireland as other kingdoms of foreign princes, so that there will be required some further aid, to enable your Highness to effect so great a work, besides the present tonnage and poundage now granted to your Majesty, have therefore, for this present pressing occasion, and for a time hereafter limited, taken into their resolutions a further way of raising a supply of money, for the providing and setting forth to the seas a navy, as well for the enlargement and deliverance of those poor captives in *Argier*, and other places, if Almighty God shall so please to give that blessing unto their enterprises, as also for the preventing of the like future dangers unto your good people, their persons, ships and merchandizes; do therepray," &c.

And so it proceeds to impose a duty of one per cent. upon all customable goods, to be levied for the space of three years ensuing, and received by the lord mayor and chamberlain of London, or their deputies, to be by them laid out in setting forth a fleet of ships for the aforesaid purposes. One fourth of all seizures, &c. to the mariners, another fourth to the owners of the ships, and the other two fourths to such uses as should be appointed by two several committees of the two houses, who are made accountable for the monies to be raised, and the application thereof. Lastly, it *(very wisely)* provides, that "this present Act shall not be drawn into example, but that your Majesty would in time to come be pleased to intrust such ministers, as may faithfully employ the monies raised by tonnage and poundage unto the right and proper uses, for the guarding of the seas, and safety of merchants, which will advance the honour of your sacred Majesty abroad, and procure the safety, peace, and happiness of your Highness's loyal and faithful subjects at home."

Of so much more vital interest were the concerns which occupied the nation at this ominous crisis, that this very curious Act of Parliament has escaped (as we believe) the notice of every historian of the time. It is certainly not mentioned by Clarendon or Whitelocke, nor by May, in his *History of the Parliament;* and we are not at present aware of the circumstances under which it was introduced, or of the consequences which followed its enactment. Perhaps we have only ourselves to blame, and that a little more research would have rendered us better informed on the subject.

XUM

We say nothing of those well known Acts for abolishing the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, for taking away Bishops' Votes, against Ship Money, and others, which struck deepest into the roots of the kingly power and prerogative, before the period of the final rupture between the sovereign and his parliament. On the 22d of August, 1642, the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and from that time the two houses took upon themselves to "ordain," without even the shadow of the king's authority. The state of Ireland was one of the earliest cares of parliament, as appears by the following preamble to an ordinance, "For new loans and contributions, as well from the United Provinces, as from England and Wales, for the speedy relief of the miserable and distressed estate of the Protestants of the kingdom of Ireland."

"Whereas, the gasping condition of the Protestants in Ireland is too much manifest, their estates devoured, their lives daily sacrificed, not only to the malice of their and our bloody enemies, the Popish rebels, but likewise to the more unavoidable executions, starving, cold and hunger; their sorrows hardly to be equalled, nor their utter destruction possibly to be prevented, but by the great and undeserved mercy of God, upon some speedy supply of their grievous necessities. In a deep sense and confession of their sad estate, and not so much doubting the charity of all good Protestants here, (which hath been so fully manifested before), as to use many arguments to invite them to a more liberal contribution and loan, for the present relief of those of our own blood and profession, and to hinder the rebels from being sharers in the execution of those devilish plots, which they and their adherents in England have devised, and too far effected amongst us, (who can expect no safety here, if that kingdom be not preserved unto us, that hath so near a relation and dependence upon this); and for the more speedy raising, collecting and disposing of such supply as God shall incline the hearts of his people to afford their brethren in Ireland; which can be no otherwise procured at this time, by reason of the unhappy distemper here. The lords and commons in parliament do hereby order and declare," &c.

This is almost equally moving and pathetic with the famous lamentation of Old Gildas, (the British Jeremiah), over the state of his countrymen when abandoned by their Roman protectors, and left a defenceless prey to those worse than papists, the Picts. We hear nothing like it in our Statute Book, during the whole period of our late struggle with the Gallic despot; even while we most piously bemoaned ourselves every Sunday after the Litany, as expecting "to be swallowed up quick, so wrathfully was he displeased with us;" and it really seems an extraordinary oversight in those who sanctioned that most judicious and apposite form of prayer, when they neglected to frame their acts for raising the war-taxes on the same lachryma-

tory model, which would doubtless have gone a great way towards reconciling all classes of his majesty's subjects to so painful a burthen.

Whatever were the sins and offences of the usurping parliament towards its contemporaries, their baleful effects have long ceased; and after generations have had, and will have in all ages to come, reason to bless its memory, as having laid the foundations (albeit in blood and anarchy) of the freedom we now enjoy, and of the happy constitution under which we have risen to our present height of splendour, dominion, and virtue. For one of its acts, however, our execrations alone are due to its memory—that which, under the garb of sanctity and pure religion, destroyed or mutilated so many venerable monuments of the taste, munificence, and piety of our ancestors. "Oliver's soldiers" have universally acquired the credit of every mischief done, or supposed to have been done, under the sanction of this barbarous ordinance—and, if "Oliver's soldiers" had nothing else to do than to chip off the noses and break the arms and legs of any king, saint, and prophet, whom tradition asserts to have fallen under their sacrilegious mallets, they would have found ample employment. Time, (the Great Destroyer,) together with the inevitable accidents of so many centuries, is, doubtless, answerable for a very considerable portion of the sins so indiscriminately laid to their charge; and the Reformation may divide the remainder with the Long Parliament and Commonwealth; taking to itself, however, by far the largest share of the booty. Even for the ultimate residue, Old Noll and his myrmidons are probably answerable only to a very small extent; since the ordinance, under cover of which all these acts of tasteless fanaticism were committed, was passed at a very early period of the war, and long before Cromwell had rendered himself any way considerable. As it is that, the consequences of which affect us at this day more severely than those of any other act of the period, we make no scruple to insert it.

Anno 1643, cap. 17. "*Monuments of Superstition or Idolatry to be demolished.*" The Lords and Commons in Parliament, taking into their serious considerations how well pleasing it is to God, and conduceable to the blessed reformation in his worship, so much desired by both houses of parliament, that all monuments of superstition or idolatry should be removed or demolished; do ordain, that in all, &c. churches and chapels; as well cathedral and collegiate as other, &c. *All Altars and Tables of stone*, shall (before Nov. 1, 1643) be utterly taken away and demolished; and also, *all Communion Tables removed from the east end of every such church, chapel*, &c. and chancel of the same, and placed in some other fit and convenient place of the body of the said church, chapel, &c. or of the chancel itself; *And that all rails whatsoever*, which have been erected near to, before, or about any

altar or communion table, shall before the said day be likewise taken away, *and the chancel ground* of every such church or chapel, &c. which hath been, *within twenty years last passed,* raised for any altar or communion table to stand upon, shall before the same day *be laid down and levelled,* as the same was *before the said twenty years last past;* and that *all tapers, candlesticks, and basons,* shall, before the said day, be removed from the communion table in every church, &c. and neither the same, nor any such like, shall be used about the same, at any time after the said day: *and that all crucifixes, crosses, images, and pictures of any one or more person or persons of the sanctity, or of the Virgin Mary, and all other images and pictures of saints,* or *superstitious inscriptions* in or upon all and every the said churches, &c. churchyards, or other places to any the said churches, &c. belonging, or in any other open place, shall before the said 1st of November, be taken away and defaced, and none of the like hereafter permitted," &c.

The Ordinance then goes on to direct "who shall repair the places, and at whose charge," and to inflict penalties in case of default, &c., with a saving clause, "not to extend to any image, picture, or coat of arms in glass, stone, or otherwise, set up or graven only for a monument of any king, prince, or nobleman, or other dead person, *which hath not been commonly reputed or taken for a saint*"—(*Quære,* if, under this clause, the monument even of *Old Noll* himself would have been safe from sacrilege?)

Of all the public acts of this period, however, none were of so much general interest at the time, or at the present day will be found to possess so much historical importance, as those for carrying into effect the financial measures of parliament; and, when the nature of the struggle is considered, together with the violence of political animosity and personal hatred which it engendered, we shall find more reason to praise the moderation and equity of the provisions made, than to condemn the injustice and harshness which, no doubt, in very numerous instances attended the execution of them. These measures have been frequently the subject of indiscriminate censure by historians, who have not been at the pains to examine or comprehend them. This, at least, is so strongly our impression, that we imagine we may render no unacceptable service to the cause of truth, by presenting our readers with a brief analysis of them—and we flatter ourselves, that even the staunchest cavalier or malignant of the present generation, will feel an honest pride in the superiority resulting to the English character, from a fair comparison of these proceedings with the bloody proscriptions and undistinguishing forfeitures of the French revolutionists. In this examination we shall be aided by a small Collection, in quarto, of "All the several ordinances and orders made by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, concerning sequestring the

estates of delinquents, papists, spies and intelligencers, together with instructions for such persons as are employed in sequestring of such delinquents' estates. *Very useful to those whom it doth or may concern.*"—Published by order of the House of Commons, 1650—a compilation which contains all the acts relating to the subject, in regular series, some of them not to be found in Scobell's Collection.

The earliest of these acts bears date the 1st of April 1643, (31st March, according to Scobell)—which, it will be recollected, was about the time when the treaty then on foot at Oxford, which (by Whitelocke's account) had been supposed to be in the best train for a successful issue, was suddenly stopped in its progress by the king's informing the parliament commissioners, "that he had altered his mind," as to the answer before agreed to be made to their propositions. The preamble is as follows.

"The Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, taking into their serious consideration the heavy pressure and calamities which now lie upon this kingdom, by this unnatural war raised against the parliament; and that notwithstanding all their faithful and uncessant endeavours for the preserving of his majesty and the whole kingdom, from the mischievous and restless designs of Papists and ill-affected persons (whose aim is the extirpation of our religion, laws, and liberties:) yet, their counsels and practises are still so prevalent with his majesty, and the hearts of many people so misled and beguiled by their false pretences and insinuations, that nothing can be expected but ruin and desolation, unless God in mercy prevent it, and incline his majesty's heart to the faithful advice of his great councel of parliament, which hath ever been, and is (under God) the chief support of his royal dignity, and the security of all that we have or can enjoy. And for that it is most agreeable to common justice, that the estates of such notorious delinquents as have been the causes or instruments of the public calamities, which have been hitherto employed to the fomenting and nourishing of these miserable distractions, should be converted and applied towards the supportation of the good subjects therein, who have hitherto borne the greatest share in these burthens."——

And it then goes on to "ordain," that "the estates, as well real as personal," of certain ecclesiastical dignitaries (namely, the archbishops and twelve of the bishops) therein particularly mentioned; "and of all such bishops," &c. &c. &c. "and of all other person or persons, ecclesiastical or temporal, as (1.) have raised, or shall raise arms against the parliament, or (2.) have been, or shall be, in actual war against the same, or (3.) have *voluntarily* contributed, or shall, &c. *(not being under the power of any part of the king's army at the time of such contributing)* any money, horse, plate, arms, ammunition, or other aid or assistance, for or towards the maintenance of any forces raised against

the parliament, or for the opposing of any power raised by authority of parliament; or, for robbing, spoiling, plundering, or destroying any of the king's subjects, who have willingly contributed, or yielded obedience to the commands of both houses of parliament; and (4.) of all such as have joined, or shall join, in any oath or act of association against the parliament; or (5.) have imposed, or shall impose, any tax or assessment upon his majesty's subjects, for or towards the maintenance of any forces against the parliament; or (6.) have, or shall use any force or power to levy the same,"—— shall be forthwith seized and sequestred into the hands of the several persons in the schedule to the same act named as sequestrators and committees for the several counties, cities, and other places therein specified, and of such other persons as should thereafter be appointed. And the said sequestrators or committees, " or any two or more of them in each county, city, or place respectively," are thereby authorised and required" to take and seize into their hands or custodies, as well all the money, &c., and personal estate, as also all manors, lands and hereditaments, rents, revenues and profits, of the delinquents before specified, and two parts of all manors, (&c. &c.) of all papists, " and to let, set and demise the same from year to year;" with powers to call before them all stewards and agents, &c.; and, to send for and take any books and writings, &c., for the purposes of enquiry and valuation; to enter and receive rents, &c., and distrain for nonpayment; to sue for debts due to delinquents, and give discharges; to call to their assistance the trained bands, volunteers, or other forces of the district in case of resistance; and to punish by fine *(not exceeding* £20.*)* and imprisonment, such as they may find refractory in such service. The monies raised are directed to be paid into the hands of the treasurers at Guildhall, and employed " to the use and for the maintaining of the army, and forces raised by the parliament, and such other uses as shall be directed by both houses of parliament, for the benefit of the commonwealth." The sequestrators and committees abovementioned, to have allowances " for their necessary charges and pains," at the discretion of parliament, and to be indemnified; with power of appeal to both houses by any persons finding themselves aggrieved by any act of sequestration, their agents or deputies.

The foregoing is, we believe, an accurate statement of the principal provisions of this celebrated ordinance, the foundation and key-stone of all subsequent enactments. The schedule containing the names of the sequestrators is to be found in the small quarto collection, but wanting in Scobell; and the list comprises persons of the first respectability, as to character and station, in the several counties. In that of Devon,

(for instance) we find four baronets, four knights, ten esquires, (all of ancient families), and the mayor of Plymouth, for the time being; and, in that and the other counties, many of the most distinguished and active members of the house of commons.—St. John, Martin, Whitelock, Cromwell, Hollis, Grimstone, Fairfax, Hotham, &c. &c. Many of these are named as sequestrators for more than a single place or county.

Under date of the 14th of the same month, (of April, 1643), we meet with an order, "that such particular persons of the committees or commissioners," appointed for raising monies for the parliament's service, "as shall refuse to join in or sign any warrants, or meet the rest of the committees or commissioners, or to act upon the said ordinances," &c. "and shall not be detained by sickness or other inevitable impediments, shall be reputed and taken as persons ill-affected to the service of parliament:" and "that the names of all such persons for refusing or neglecting this service, shall be returned to the house of commons by the residue of the said committee or commissioners; that, thereupon, the house may take order that the said persons' estates shall be seized, according to the ordinance for sequestring," &c. It is observable, that this order was passed immediately on the final breaking off of the Oxford treaty, and it was probably induced by the conduct of several individuals, who had hitherto professed their attachment to the parliament; but, upon this fatal occasion, either from a sense of duty, or calculation of advantages, adhered to the king.

This is followed by an order of the 21st of April, "That if any person, tenant or other," shall (after notice thereof,) pay to the archbishops and bishops mentioned in the first ordinance, "or to any such bishops, deans, deans and chapters, prebends, archdeacons, or any other person or persons, ecclesiastical or temporal, as have raised, or shall raise, arms against the parliament, or have been, are, or shall be, in actual war against the same, or have voluntarily contributed, or shall, &c. (not being under the power of,) &c.—following the general words of the ordinance, in the description of the several classes of delinquency—"any rents, profits, fees, or other advantages of emolument due to them, or any of them, payable or chargeable upon any of their lands or offices; that such payment shall be counted as non-payment, and they shall be liable, and shall pay the same to such as, by authority of both houses of parliament, shall be authorised to receive the same."

In and about the month of August of the same year, the Earls of Holland and Bedford, the Earl of Clare, and other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, members of both houses, left the parliament and went to the king at Oxford,

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whereupon (Aug. 19) it was ordered, " That such members (of the house of commons) as shall wilfully *neglect their service in the house*, by departing the cities of London and Westminster, or otherwise, without particular leave first obtained from the house, *shall be reputed and taken in the same condition as those that ought to have their estates sequestered*, and shall have their estates sequestered accordingly, for deserting the service of the commonwealth in the time of imminent danger." And to this (bearing date the same day) succeeds, " An ordinance of the lords and commons, for explanation and further enlargement" of the first ordinance, whereby it is declared, " That, in the number of such delinquents and papists who shall come within the former ordinance, and to all intents and purposes to be proceeded against as notorious delinquents and papists, expressly described therein, shall be reckoned," *(first)* " all such as voluntarily absent themselves from their usual places of abode, &c. and have gone, or shall go, to any of the king's armies, and there continue, and shall not, within ten days after seizure or sequestration, &c. shew cause, (to be allowed by the committee of the county, &c.) of such their absence, &c." (2d.) All such as shall fraudulently embezzle, conceal, or convey away, without valuable consideration, any part of their goods, money or estate, thereby evading payment of any taxes, &c. imposed by parliament; or, (3dly.) that, *after* any such tax, &c. laid upon them, convey themselves away, or refuse to be spoken with, whereby the same cannot be executed; or, (4th.) " That wittingly or willingly conceal or harbour any goods or persons of delinquents, within this or the said former ordinance;"—(this last clause is in *Scobell*, but omitted in the quarto collection). Or, (5th.) " That have had any hand in the late horrid and desperate conspiracy and treason of *Waller*, *Tomkins*, and *Challoner*, and their confederates, whether they be already, or hereafter shall be, convicted to be privy and consenting thereto, (except such as, being not yet convicted, shall discover and confess all that they know thereof within the time limited by parliament, to such person or persons as are or shall be appointed to take such discoveries and confessions);" or (6th) that shall sue or molest any who have yielded obedience to the ordinances of parliament, &c.; or (7th) " that have willingly harboured any popish priests or jesuits in their houses or dwellings since the 29th of November, 1642, or shall hereafter so harbour any:" and (8th) All persons at any time heretofore convicted of popish recusancy, or indicted, and their indictments removed by *certiorari*, &c.; or (9th) " that have been at mass at any time within one whole year before the 26th of March, 1643, or shall hereafter be at mass; or (10th) whose children or grandchildren being in the house with them, or

under their tuition, &c., shall be brought up in the popish religion."

The ordinance then goes on to declare, that "all such persons, being of the age of twenty-one and upwards, as shall refuse to take the oath hereafter expressed;" (which oath any two or more of the committees of sequestration are empowered to administer) "shall forfeit as papists within this and the said former ordinances, and seizure and sequestration of *two third parts* of all their goods and estates, real and personal, and sale of such proportion of their goods so seized and sequestered, shall be made, and their rents and estates disposed of, in such manner and proportion, and by such persons as by the said ordinance of sequestrations is appointed by papists."

The oath so required to be taken, besides an abjuration of the pope's supremacy, contains a profession of belief against transubstantiation, purgatory, and the worship of images, and "that salvation cannot be merited by works."—It thus concludes—"And all doctrines in affirmation of the said points, I do abjure and renounce, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or secret evasion whatsoever, taking the words by me spoken, according to the common and usual meaning of them."

By the further provisions of this ordinance, the committees are empowered to examine, upon oath or otherwise, all persons *(other than the parties themselves)* who may *probably* be able to discover delinquents and papists, or are privy to the concealments of goods, &c., or are in debt to such delinquents and papists. Such persons as, being called upon, refuse to be examined, to be committed, &c., until they shall conform; while such as shall *first discover* to parliament, or to any of the committees, any such concealed goods, &c., shall be held therein to do an acceptable service, and receive for their pains 12d. in the pound after seizure, &c., together with such further reward for extraordinary service, as by the lords and commons shall be appointed. Powers are also given for breaking locks, making inventories, distresses, &c.—And, for the better enabling the committees, &c., to make sale of goods seized and sequestered, it is declared, "That, after the apportioning and setting out of some necessary maintenance, (if it be desired) for the wives and children of such delinquents," (which allowance the committees are thereby authorized to make, to the extent of one fifth of the seizure,) "they shall authorize and require their collectors and agents to make sale of the residue, by the candle, for ready money, to be paid on delivery," &c., due appraisement being first made by two skilful appraisors, *being men of some quality and known integrity*, from time to time to be chosen, with the advice of the solicitor for sequestrations," &c. It is further ordained, "That the committee of lords and commons

for sequestrations, shall receive no information against the particular committee of any county, &c., till the matter hath been first certified under the hands of two or more of the respective committees, by whose agents and ministers the goods or estates of the delinquents were seized," &c. The remainder of the act relates to the appointment of treasurers, collectors, agents, &c. for the carrying into effect its provisions.

The next ordinance which we shall notice, is that of the 9th of October, 1643, thus entitled, "*Members of Parliament* in arms or absent, to be assessed for their 20th or 5th. Such persons as shall not pay, their estates to be let." By which, after reciting that "divers members, to the great disservice of the state, have been in actual war against the parliament, or absented themselves from parliament, and yet have enjoyed their lands, seats, and estates, and employed the same in fomenting this unnatural war," it is ordained, that the assessors nominated by *the committee of lords and commons for advance of money*, by virtue of former ordinances sitting at *Haberdashers' Hall*, shall have power to assess all such members (whose estates have not yet been sequestred) the twentieth and fifth of their estates in like manner, as they had power to assess other persons by virtue of former ordinances. It directs the committee for advance of money to return a certificate to the commissioners for sequestrations to enable them to proceed, and empowers the same committee to nominate certain persons who are thereby authorized (for better securing the repayment, with interest at eight per cent., of such sums as shall be advanced by any person for supply of the army,) to let and set the estates of persons so assessed until satisfaction thereof.

This ordinance is shortly followed by one which honourably marks the spirit of the age and nation. It is for the preservation of "books, evidences, records, and writings sequestred, or taken by distress," &c., and, after reciting the fact, that by virtue of the several former ordinances there had been sequestred, &c., divers MSS. &c. &c. "and also some whole libraries and choice collections of printed books," &c., "the dispersing of which by sale may be much more disadvantageous and prejudicial to the public than the benefit of the sale can recompense," it ordains that such books and collections, &c. shall not be sold, but be delivered into the hands of certain members of both houses, (therein particularly named) or any two of them, who are to make inventory thereof, and deposit the same in some safe place, there to remain for such public or other use as to parliament shall appear reasonable. There is a curious proviso attached to this ordinance, "that nothing therein contained shall be any hinderance to the assembly of divines, or any members of that assembly, to make use of such books or libra-

ries." It would be a very interesting, though, doubtless, a very difficult task, to trace the subsequent history of the literary treasures, so collected and deposited by virtue of this ordinance.

The directions from time to time given to the several committees and others, for the exercise of the large powers with which they were invested, are still more curious and important than the acts of parliament which create them—and, not being contained in Scobell, are of less easy reference. We therefore make no apology for transcribing at full length the first paper of these instructions.

"Instructions for the committees for Sequestrations and Delinquents' Estates.

"First, you are to use your best care and diligence for the speedy execution of the ordinance herewith sent you for the sequestration of delinquents' estates, as being a matter of necessity and importance, for the subsistence of the army raised by the parliament, and great affairs of the commonwealth.

"2. You are to cause the same ordinance, and the other orders for restraining the tenants and others from paying their rents and other dues to the said delinquents, to be forthwith published in all markets, and other convenient places within your several counties and divisions.

"3. You are to meet and divide yourselves into several limits, and to appoint some times and places of further meeting as shall be most convenient, and to call before you, or any two or more of you at such meetings, all such officers and other persons as you shall think fit, and give them in charge the effect of the said ordinance: and thereby, and by all good ways and means, to enquire and inform yourselves of the particulars therein contained: and where you find any doubt concerning any persons, whether he be comprehended in the said ordinance, you are to certify the same to the committee of lords and commons for this service; and in the mean time to secure the estates of such persons, until you shall receive further directions.

"4. Where (after these words in the ordinance,) "Such as have voluntarily contributed, or shall voluntarily contribute," these words following, viz. 'Not being under the power of the king's army at the time of such contributing:' you are not to understand those latter words, as such as have willingly drawn, or consented to the drawing in of any such power, or have willingly submitted themselves thereunto.

"5. You are to call before you the several tenants and other persons, by whom any rents, sums of money, debts, or other duties are owing to the said delinquents or any of them, or set them a day for payment thereof: and to such tenants as shall willingly yield conformity to the said ordinance, you shall abate so much to their rack-rents, where the lands are set at an improved value, and not otherwise, as you shall think fit, according to their several conditions and necessities, not exceeding a fourth part of such improved rents.

"6. You are to seize two parts of the estates, real and personal, of all papists, (as they are papists) and the whole estates of all other

sorts of delinquents mentioned in the said ordinance, whether they be papists or others: and you are to understand by two parts of papists' estates, two of their whole lands, and two of their goods and personal estates in three to be divided.

"7. Upon the seizure of goods, chattels, or personal estates of any of the said delinquents, you are to cause an appraisement thereof to be made by indifferent persons, and a true inventory thereof to be taken, and to convey the same goods into some safe place or places within the county or elsewhere, there to be kept until they may conveniently be sold, and you are to sell the same, and cause them to be sold at as great rates as you can, with all convenient expedition, and in the market, where conveniently it may be.

"8. You have power to let all or any the lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of any of the said delinquents from year to year, to such tenants as you shall think fit, and for such reasonable rents as you can get, unless you can otherwise employ the same to better advantages.

"9. You are to appoint collectors for the receiving of all rents, profits, sums of money, debts, and other duties due or owing to the said delinquents, or to any of them; allotting the estate of any one or more of the said delinquents to the charge of any one or more collector or collectors, as shall be most convenient: and the said collectors are to send up the sums by them collected, together with a schedule of the receipts and payments (keeping a duplicate thereof) to the treasurers which shall be appointed by both houses for that service; wherein the said collectors, or such as they shall send up the money by, are first to attend the said committee of Lords and Commons, for their directions herein, and to be very careful in the safe conveying of the said money.

"10. Every collector is to have such allowance for his pains and charges as you shall think fit, not exceeding three-pence in the pound: and every one that shall be appointed a solicitor by the said Lords and Commons, to see this ordinance put in execution, is to have for his charge and pains therein, sixpence in every pound; and every other person which shall be necessarily employed in or about the said service, is to have such allowance as you, or any two of you, or more, shall think fit: and you yourselves are to be allowed such recompense for your charge and pains in this service, as shall be approved of by the committee of Lords and Commons.

"11. You are to keep books and registers of all such monies, receipts, profits, and other parts of the said delinquents' estates, as shall come to your hands; and of all your receipts and payments, and to be accountable for the same to both houses of parliament, or such as they shall appoint.

"12. You are to take care for the safe keeping of the deeds, evidences, and writings of the said delinquents, and for preserving of their houses, timber trees, and fruit trees, from waste and destruction.

"13. In all other particulars concerning this business, you are to be guided and directed by the said ordinance: Wherein you shall conceive any doubt, you are to certify the same to the committee of

the Lords and Commons for this service; whereupon you shall receive such farther direction, in that behalf, as shall be fit."

The foregoing analysis will be sufficient to show, that whatever may have been the acts of oppression and injustice, which occasionally attended the carrying into execution these ordinances of the parliament; and however comprehensive and sweeping the clauses, containing the description of those whom the prevailing party in church and state thought fit to render subject to their operation, under the dreadful names of papists and delinquents, yet (except the unauthorised ravages of actual warfare) there could have been no opportunity, as there certainly was no pretext, for those wanton and indiscriminate acts of spoliation and violence with which the memory of the "Round-heads" is vulgarly associated; but that all was proceeded in regularly, with the forms of justice, and under the sanction of the venerable name of law. The first and most respectable among the nobility and gentry of every county were named in the commissions. Their subordinate officers, agents, and collectors, who were chosen from among the less eminent classes of society,—attornies, for instance, and often tradesmen, were yet personally and immediately responsible to the commissioners, as the last were to parliament. The right of appeal was given to all who found themselves aggrieved; a right perpetually exercised, and therefore (we may be well assured) not nugatory or fruitless. And, though the necessary consequence of so universal and protracted a struggle was, to many an ancient and worshipful family, the dispossession of its estates, and a consequent reduction of rank, from the highest to the middling, or lowest classes of society; yet it may be questioned if, in any instance, this alteration of circumstances was produced by any sudden act of oppression, or otherwise than in the gradual operation of events, unpropitious to the losing parties—whether in any instance we can discover the name of the greedy agent, collector, or sequestrator, substituted, *as proprietor*, in the room of the supposed victim of his rapacity; or whether, finally, the change in the state of the entire landed property of the kingdom, which was effected between the years 1642 (the commencement of the civil war) and 1660, (the Restoration) is at all more extensive than that which has taken place during any other remarkable crisis of our economical or commercial history, in proportion to its duration, or at all even to be compared with that which has been operated by the transition from high to low prices, within the short space, since the termination of the late war, or by the force of contrary circumstances during the long state of hostility immediately preceding it. The close investigation of this very curious subject would prove a field well worthy of culture, and we shall shortly point

out a yet unexplored region of observation, in which it appears to us that discoveries remain to be made, of no small importance to our accurate acquaintance, both with the local and particular, and also with the general history of this most interesting period.

Having stated the substance of the most material of these ordinances, and those which formed the foundation of all the succeeding, we shall not tire the patience of our readers by detailing the particular provisions, to which subsequent events, from time to time, gave occasion; although some notice of their general complexion and spirit seems essential to that comprehensive view which we wish to present of the subject.

The following is the preamble to the ordinance, (21st Sept. 1643) "for the due and orderly receiving and collecting of the king's, queen's, and prince's revenue, and the arreerages thereof."

"The Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, taking into their serious consideration the many heavy pressures and most grievous calamities which now lie upon this kingdom, by this bloody and unnatural war, raised against the parliament; and that, notwithstanding all their faithful and constant endeavours, for the preserving of his Majesty, and the whole kingdom, from the most cruel and endless designs of papists, delinquents, and ill-affected persons; yet their counsels and practices are still so prevalent with his Majesty, and the hearts of many people so misled and beguiled by their false pretences and spurious insinuations, that nothing can be expected but the extirpation and final subversion of our religion, laws, and liberties, unless God, of his infinite mercy, prevent, and incline his Majesty's heart to the faithful advice of his great council of parliament, which hath ever been, and is (under God) the chief support of his royal crown and dignity, and the security of all that we have or can enjoy; and for that it is found, by woeful experience, that divers ill-affected persons, by pretence of his Majesty's authority, have, and do still, daily seize upon divers and sundry great sums of money, raised and collected in divers parts of this kingdom, by acts and ordinances of parliament, for the relief of the poor distressed protestants of Ireland, the suppressing and subduing of those most barbarous and bloody rebels, and for the defence of this kingdom and parliament; and do divert and employ the same, and likewise his Majesty's revenue, and all other monies they can lay hands on, to the fomenting, nourishing, and maintaining of these miserable distractions, and unnatural war: and the Lords and Commons omitting no opportunity, nor neglecting any fitting means, which they conceived might divert the said war here, so violently pressed forward by papists, delinquents, ill-affected persons, and the rebels in Ireland, did formerly ordain that the officers of the Receipt, Court of Wards and Liveries, receivers, and others, should not repair unto Oxford, but attend the service here in the usual places: yet, in contempt of the same, and other ordinances, some officers are gone to Oxford; divers convey sundry sums of money thither, and others neg-

lect their service, to the great prejudice and dis-service of the commonwealth: and to the intent his Majesty's revenue might no more be misapplied, and that the same may be employed for the good of his Majesty and the commonwealth, the Lords and Commons do thereby ordain," &c.

Another ordinance (Oct. 22, 1643) entitled "A Declaration and Ordinance for the better preventing of Spies and Intelligencers," &c. after reciting that, "by the frequent intercourse of spies and intelligencers, (contrary to the use and custom of war) between the cities of London, Westminster, and other parts of the kingdom, and the persons of the king and queen, and forces raised by the king against the parliament and kingdom, opportunity hath been given for the plotting and contriving the late treacherous and horrid design," (referring, of course, to the celebrated plot in which Waller (the poet) was concerned, together with Challoner and Tomkins, and for which the two latter suffered execution); "and in case the said intercourse and intelligence should continue, the same will still be open for any other of the like nature in time to come; as also for the frequent conveying of monies, and other provisions, for the supporting of this unnatural war;" goes on to declare and ordain, "that no person or persons whatsoever, shall, from henceforth, repair or go from the said cities of London and Westminster, or from any other part of the kingdom, unto the person of the king or queen, or lords of council abiding with him, or other, or to any person or persons within any of the king's quarters, leaguers, or garrisons, or that are within any of the armies raised by the king, nor shall give or hold any intelligence by letters, messengers, or otherwise, with the persons of the king or queen, or other persons aforesaid, without consent of both houses of parliament, or warrant from the Lord General of the forces, raised by the two houses, or from the respective officers that shall command in chief any of the forces," under penalty of being proceeded against as those within the ordinance for sequestration, under the denomination of "persons that do adhere unto those that have levied war against the parliament and kingdom." (This ordinance also is not printed in *Scobell's* Collection.)

The ordinance, 27th May, 1644, containing "Rules for the better execution of the Ordinances for Sequestration of Delinquents' and Papists' Estates," after reciting, "that the former ordinances had not been put in full execution in divers places, *as was expected*, to the great disservice of the commonwealth," imposes the following form of oath on sequestrators, committees, solicitors, &c.

"I, A. B. do swear, that I shall and will truly, according to the trust reposed in me, execute, for the best advantage of the common-

wealth, all and every of the ordinances made by the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, for sequestration of delinquents' and papists' estates: and that I shall not, for fear, favour, reward, or affection, spare, connive at, or discharge any of the said delinquents or papists."

Divers other provisions were made, all which tend to shew how much the ordinances had been evaded, and how ill-disposed many, perhaps the majority, of those entrusted to carry them into effect, proved themselves for the service. All goods taken under sequestration, and with-held, are ordered to be brought in by a short limited period.—All suspensions of sequestration made by the committees of counties, without the authority of parliament, are taken off.—Debts for goods sold, to be paid in.—All houses and lands sequestred, *and not yet let*, to be let forthwith.—"Active, able, trusty men, who will diligently attend the service, to be added to all committees."—The committees to sit at least two days in every week—exact accounts to be kept by the solicitors and collectors, &c. Many of these regulations, though implying increased vigour and severity, must have had an effect also in checking abuses, and preventing imposition and extortion—and probably they were little to the disadvantage of the delinquents themselves, the sequestrations of whose estates and property are designed to be more strictly enforced by them.

Under the date of Sept. 8, 1645, we find an enactment of much more apparent injustice. It is "An ordinance for taking away the fifth part of delinquents' estates, formerly granted by an ordinance of parliament, for maintaining of the wives and children of delinquents." But the words of the ordinance itself are sufficiently restrictive of its purport. For, after reciting the provision made by the former ordinance, empowering the committees of counties to assign maintenance, and that by occasion thereof "divers wives and children of delinquents *may resort hither*, only to obtain the said fifth part, *and may be ready to do ill offices to the parliament*," it ordains, "that no wife or child of any delinquent, who shall come from their own habitation into the parliament quarters, with or without their fathers and husbands, from the king's quarters, shall have, hold, and enjoy any fifth part by the said ordinance." And it goes on to enact, "That no children of any delinquents shall have any fifth part, but such as shall be educated and brought up in the protestant religion." It is evident, therefore, that this measure was not dictated by a rapacious design, to deprive the unprotected and destitute of the little pittance reserved for their support by a former more merciful dispensation, but to prevent communications and intercourse between the king's and parliament's quarters, from which danger was apprehended, and (in

the case of papists) to add a new measure of cruelty to the many which the spirit of religious persecution had already inflicted.

On the 10th of November, and 8th of December, 1646, the House of Commons passed several resolutions concerning delinquents—the substance of which is as follows:

"1st. The committees of the several counties to return to the committee (of Lords and Commons), at Goldsmiths' Hall, the names of all papists and delinquents sequestred within the respective counties, with a list of their estates, to whom let during sequestration, and the values thereof before the war."

"2nd. The estates of papists and delinquents within the ordinances *not yet sequestred, and not compounded for at Goldsmiths' Hall*, to be speedily sequestred, &c."

"3rd. The lands and estates of persons excepted in the first three qualifications of the propositions, *not to be let to the owners, their bailiffs or servants, or any persons to their use.*"

"4th. The estates of other delinquents capable to be admitted to composition, not to be let to the owners, &c., *unless such delinquents shall, by certificate from the committee at Goldsmiths' Hall*, make it appear that they are in actual prosecution of their compositions, and proceed without delay on their parts."

"5th. That no committee-man, &c., or other officer, employed in sequestrations, shall by himself, or other in trust for him, &c., take to farm or rent any estates sequestred in the several counties where he is a committee-man, &c."

"6th. All lands sequestred, or to be sequestred, to be let out at the utmost improved yearly rents; and all leases or grants made to the owners *at less than their value*, avoided."

"7th. All who have been in arms, or left their habitations, and resided in the enemies' garrisons, and are liable to sequestration, and have not tendered themselves to make composition, and presented it with effect at Goldsmiths' Hall, *and who are at liberty, and not comprised within any articles whereby they are protected*, to be forthwith committed in the several counties, and their names certified at Goldsmiths' Hall. *Provided*, that those whose estates, real and personal, *are not worth* 200*l.*, be hereby pardoned and discharged from sequestration, coming in according to the time limited in the propositions, *and taking the negative oath and covenant.*"

We shall take no particular notice of the acts and restrictions which are subsequently passed from time to time with reference to special cases, as for rendering subject to sequestration the estates of such as should act in contravention of the resolution against making further addresses to the King, or receiving messages from him (15 Jan. 1657); as should adhere to the Duke of Buckingham, Earls of Holland and Peterborough, or others, *levying war against the parliament* (7 July, 1648); as were engaged in the Kentish insurrection (17 July, 1648), &c. but proceed to an ordinance of the 9th of August,

1648, (*not in Scobell*) "for the better regulating and ordering the sequestration of the estates of papists and delinquents, and for reforming and preventing abuses in the managing of the same." By this it is ordered that the *solicitors* of every county, &c. where such are appointed, and, where none, the sequestrators or collectors of the respective committees, shall send up to the *treasurers for sequestrations*, at Guildhall, a true and perfect *inventory* of all personal estates sequestred, and exact *particular* of all annual rents, &c., arising out of lands sequestred, within their respective counties; and a particular of all estates, real and personal, which have been *discharged from sequestration*; and to certify the grounds thereof; with an account of payments, &c., upon pain of twenty pounds for every month's delay after three months limited for making the return, without reasonable cause shewn to the *committee for indemnity*. No estate, &c., sequestred, to be taken out of the hands of the committee by whom sequestred, but to be sold or let, &c. by the directions of the same committee—the money to be paid into the hands of the treasurers, at Guildhall, in manner and form provided, which treasurers are thereby authorized to employ certain persons, at reasonable salaries, for expediting the affairs of sequestrations. All persons having in their hands any sequestration money (without sufficient cause) unpaid, to pay the same within a month upon pain of double the forfeiture. All persons having *by violence or other indirect way* got into their hands any sequestration money, in like manner to pay the same, and, in default, to be cashiered and forfeit all pay due to them, and therein to be proceeded against as parliament shall think fit. There are also provisions for holding of courts leet, &c., and for indemnity.

This is succeeded (25 Aug. 1648) by "An additional ordinance, for the better regulating, and speedy bringing in the sequestration monies arising out of real and personal estates of papists and delinquents, already or hereafter to be sequestred, according to former ordinances"—with the particulars of which it appears unnecessary now to detain our readers.

The latter ordinances (passed within a few months before the king's execution) afford in themselves a sufficient commentary on the nature of the abuses which they profess to remedy, and are a valuable index to the history of the times. The returns which were made, and accounts kept, in pursuance of them, would (it is obvious) furnish almost all that is wanting to our complete knowledge of the transactions referred to, and of the proceedings and character of the individuals concerned in them, besides much of (what we must otherwise remain in great ignorance of) the internal machinery and policy of a government, the greater portion of whose public acts and monu-

ments are either generally considered as having perished with it, or have not occurred to the professed historians of these affairs to be worth the trouble of finding.

A very considerable and extensive portion—if not the whole of the extraordinary documents which have thus been regarded as irretrievable, or as buried beneath the dust and cobwebs of an impenetrable oblivion, has recently emerged to light through the indefatigable research and industry of a gentleman to whom the public is under obligations, the extent of which cannot as yet be valued even by those who are best acquainted with the nature of them—Mr. Lemon, the deputy keeper of records, at the State-paper Office—to whom (as far as we know) an incidental tribute paid to him by Sir James Mackintosh, in the course of a late debate in the House of Commons, on the state of the records of the kingdom, has been the only acknowledgement yet made for his very important services—services which, on other points unconnected with our present subject, we know to have been very eminent, and which, on this particular point, consist in the actual discovery and detection—no less than the painful and laborious examination and arrangement of books and bundles of papers—(the latter—many of them already—and the rest in a progress for being—selected and bound together,) to the extent of *many hundred folio volumes* —containing the reports and proceedings of the various committees of parliament, the returns made by the county commissioners, and the correspondence between parliament and the country, during the whole period of the Usurpation. Without enlarging any further on the *general* historical value of these documents, we will merely advert to their obvious importance as respects the *local* historian and topographer, (so great, that we may venture to say, since this discovery has been made, no work can be published on the subject of county history that will not be obviously and materially defective without a previous examination of them), and even as regards the private evidences of property.

To convey some general idea of the nature and actual value of these (in our judgement) inestimable documents, it seems necessary, in the first place, to acquaint our readers with the names and offices of the several committees and commissioners which acted under the authority of parliament during the period of the Interregnum, and which, (we apprehend) even to persons most versed in the histories of those times, is altogether, or in great measure, unknown. At least we are not acquainted with any historical work which either contains, or professes to communicate the requisite information, and we are ourselves enabled to give it, through the same authentic and highly liberal channel which we have already noticed, from a letter addressed

to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State, about the year 1687, in the shape of a report, on this very subject. From this it appears that there are, in the first place, "The Committee of Lords and Commons for Sequestrations," which began in 1643, upon the first ordinance, sat originally at Derby-house, thence removed to Goldsmiths' Hall, about 1645 or 6, and afterwards to Haberdashers' Hall, under Cromwell, at which last place it continued to sit till 1659. Next were "the Commissioners for compounding and managing Estates under Sequestrations, and for Indemnity," who sat first at Goldsmiths', and then at Haberdashers' Hall. Then came a separate "Committee for Sequestrations," which sat at Camden-house, by virtue of the same first ordinance, though in what respect they differed from the first mentioned committee, what was their peculiar office, or of whom composed, we are unable at present to discover. The "Committee for plundered ministers" sat in the Old Palace, at the house of Mr. Phelps, who acted as their Registrar.—The "Commissioners for sale of Estates and Sequestration" at Drury-house, and those "for sale of the King's and Queen's lands" (who appear to have been the same persons acting under a separate commission) at Worcester-house. Another set of commissioners were those "for advance of money and for indemnity," whose books were kept (and probably, who themselves held their sittings) at Haberdashers' Hall. In 1658, on the occasion of Sir George Booth's insurrection, a new sequestration was ordered, and the same persons who were the commissioners of 1655 were ordered to sit in it; but of these last proceedings we have at present no further information, and can vouch for the accuracy of the preceding statement upon no other authority than that of the anonymous report made to Sir Joseph Williamson, except so far as the books themselves authenticate it—which are marked with the names, and contain the proceedings of all these several committees and commissioners. These, under their several heads and departments, comprise not merely a list of the names of delinquents and papists throughout the kingdom, with the particulars and value of their respective properties, and the amount of the fines paid by them on compounding, but also the nature of the acts of delinquency severally charged against them, so as to bring each and every of them within the scope of some or other of the provisions of the several ordinances—the ground upon which they ask to be admitted to compound, as stated in their petitions—the depositions of witnesses examined to the truth of their several statements—the reasons for indemnity or allowances in respect of particular items claimed by several, with the proceedings in respect of such claims, and many other circumstances which it does not immediately occur to us to make mention of. They comprise

also a great mass of curious and instructive correspondence between the parliament committees and the county commissioners and their solicitors, collectors, and agents, forming altogether a body of secret information, as to the state of the country and its principal families, and chief landed proprietors, which no other collection of papers, at any other period of history, can by any possibility be found to exhibit, and which leaves us in utter astonishment at the neglect in which they have been so long suffered to lie—a neglect only to be accounted for by the jealousy of some of the guardians of state documents, and the supineness of others—but with which the present age will not have long to reproach itself, now that the liberal vigilance of parliament is awakened on the subject of the state of public records throughout the kingdom, and so ably and actively seconded by the intelligence and industry of the principal officers to whose custody their preservation is committed.

To revert from the description of the documents themselves to the vast and neglected repository which contains them—the State-paper Office—we cannot acquit ourselves of the obligation which Mr. Lemon has laid upon us, in common with all lovers of the history and antiquities of their country, without adverting to another and very different source of obligation—which, in the opinion of many, would greatly outweigh the merit of all his other services—the accidental discovery made by him of an original work by our great Milton—a work in magnitude and importance of subject, surpassing all that has hitherto been known of his remains in prose—and which, though some faint traces of its having once had existence were retained by the curious inquirer, was supposed to have utterly perished, or to be placed as far beyond the reach of recovery as the lost Decades of Livy. For our own parts, we should certainly have expected almost as soon to find either those precious volumes, or a play of Menander, or any other of the "Opera deperdita" of the ancients, as an unpublished treatise of Milton, in any unexplored corner of that venerable fabric. Yet, there it was in fact discovered, and very recently, in making search for relics of a very different description—and the pleasure, and the credit of such a discovery could by no one person living have been so well merited, as by the very praiseworthy and liberal-minded individual to whom it is due. We shall not anticipate the gratification to which he is so justly entitled, of making known to the public himself the circumstances attendant upon this precious finding, and which identify it to be that which it professes, beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil; but we shall merely suggest, that it affords an additional motive for leaving no corner undisturbed and unransacked of the place which contained it, into the unknown recesses of which, we believe, that

even the industry of Mr. Lemon has not hitherto been able more than half way to penetrate.*

ART. VII.—V. C. Andreæ Alciati *Mediolanensis jurisconsulti, Emblemata, cum facili et compendiosa explicatione, qua obscura illustrantur, dubiaque omnia solvuntur, per Claudium Minoem Divionensem. Ejusdem Alciati Vita. Editio novissima, in qua explicationes emblematum propriis locis additæ sunt. Antverpiæ.* 1692.

A Choice of Emblemes and other Devises, for the most part gathered out of sundrie writers, Englished and Moralized. And divers newly devised, by Geffrey Witney. *A Worke adorned with a varietie of matter, both pleasant and profitable: wherein those that please maye finde to fit their fancies: because herein, by the office of the eie, and the eare, the minde maye reape dooble delighte throughe holsome preceptes, shadowed with pleasant devises: both fit for the vertuous, to their incoraging: and for the wicked, for their admonishing and amendment. Imprinted at Leyden, in the house of* Christopher Plantyn, *by* Francis Raphelengius, 1586.

Minerva Britanna; or a Garden of Heroical Devises, and furnished, and adorned with Emblems and Impresas of sundry natures newly devised, moralized and published by Henry Peacham, M. of Artes. Lond. 1612.

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* We shall do no injustice to the gentleman, who has made this discovery, and is therefore entitled to all the credit of its first announcement, by merely stating that it appears to be the identical work which is referred to by Anthony Wood, in his account of Milton (*Athenæ Oxonienses*), as a theological writer, under some such title as "Idea Theologiæ," and stated to have got into the hands of the author's friend, Cyriac Skinner; since which it is not known what had become of it. It was found in a neglected corner of the old State-Paper Office, Whitehall, wrapped in a cover, directed to "Mr. Skinner, merchant," together with a MS. copy of some of Milton's Latin Letters, already published. And, besides the name of the author written on the title-page, it is identified by a comparison of the hand-writing, which Mr. Todd has (we are informed) examined and ascertained to be that of Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton (in the first 100 pages, which are fairly copied,) and that of one of his two daughters, with many interlineations in that of the other, (during the remainder of the work, consisting of between 4 and 500 pages). It is a treatise in Latin, divided into books and chapters, of considerable extent, and appearing to be in a state of complete preparation for the press.

Pia Desideria, viz.

1. *Gemitus* } *Animæ* { *Pœnitentis*
2. *Vota* } *Animæ* { *Sanctæ*
3. *Suspiria* } *Animæ* { *Amantis*

Authore Hermanno Hugone *a Societate Jesu. Editio postrema recognita et emendata.* Lond. 1677.

A Collection of Emblemes ancient and moderne, Quickened with Metrical Illustrations, both moral and divine, and disposed into Lotteries, that instruction, and good counsell may be furthered by an honest and pleasing recreation. By George Wither. *London: printed by* A. M. *for* Robert Allot; *and are to be sold at the Blacke Beare, in Paul's Church-yard.* 1635.

Emblems; by Francis Quarles. *London: printed by* G. M. *and sold at* John Marriot's *shope in St. Dunston's Church-yard, Fleet-street,* 1635. 8*vo.*

The word Emblem, derived from the Greek, was originally used to express ornaments placed on gold and silver vases, balls, pillars, &c., such as seals, or the images of flowers, and which could be affixed or removed at pleasure. Hence those ingenious pictures which, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, teach morality or wisdom by symbols, were denominated emblems; but, for the sake of illustration, and to increase the pleasure to be derived from such representations, the assistance of poetry, and sometimes of prose, was called in. Although the name is thus derived, the origin of emblems themselves may be traced back to the remote time, when the unskilful artist was obliged, in order to explain his picture, to write underneath each image, "this is a horse, this is a tree." We cannot indeed suppose, that any great delight was caused in the spectator by portraitures of figures, which required a finger-post to teach the way to their meaning; yet, as soon as they had assumed something like freedom, something like correctness, those quick interpreters, the eyes, would explain to the mind the mysterious wisdom infolded in them, perhaps more readily than words could do. Such as had suffered shipwreck, knowing the impression made by pictorial representation, were formerly accustomed, for the purpose of exciting compassion, to carry about a picture of their misfortunes; supposing, that the spectators would be much more easily moved by the very image of their miseries than by any verbal relation of them. Such an emblem would probably produce a greater impression on uncultivated minds than poetry or eloquence; as it is much more easy to comprehend a sensible image, than a metaphorical one. The effect or meaning of an event is more quickly conveyed by the pencil; and therefore, whenever a child or child-like man takes up a book with prints in it, he immediately has recourse to them, both for delight and profit—they make music to the eye more subtilly

than instruments do to the ear. Emblems are the delight of the nurse and the nurseling; the former pointing out with her finger the different figures, and explaining their meaning, and the little scholar marvelling at the knowledge of his teacher, and drinking in wisdom through his eyes. The child thus receives practical lessons of piety and morality with a pleasure which dwells upon his mind through years of sorrow and trouble. We have known those whose boyish days have been made more agreeable by the emblems of Whitney—who could recollect the different prints, their situation, the details, the whole, to their then delighted minds, beautiful pictures, which adorn that most ancient preceptor by emblematic art. But the emblems of Whitney and of Quarles have given place to meaner efforts of art, both of the pen and pencil; gaudy, silly prints, and sillier illustrative verses now occupy the juvenile library.—Alas! emblems have faded, and their poetry decayed; and as we have no hopes to resuscitate them, all we can do is to embalm their memory, and adorn them with a wreath of their own flowers.

Though uniting the graphic and poetic arts, these speaking pictures have seldom been raised above the humbler walks of each department. In general they possess neither great dignity nor deep feeling; their charm is in their simplicity—they do not command directly, but invite with a gentle inference to goodness. But their unpretending modesty, their humble teachings, ought not to make them despised. If they do not afford instruction to the learned, they may remind them of a duty to be performed, or warn them of a danger to be avoided. "For," says Wither, in the preface to his Emblems, "when levity or a childish delight in trifling objects hath allured them to look on the pictures, curiosity may urge them to peep further, that they might seek out their meanings in our annexed illustrations, in which may lurk some sentence or expression, so evidently pertinent to their estates, persons, or affections, as will, at that instant or afterwards, make way for those considerations, which will at last wholly change them, or much better them in their conversation."

We mean not in this paper to give a regular history of Emblems; and our observations and extracts will chiefly be confined to the Emblems of our own country.

The earliest writer of Emblems with whom we are acquainted, is *Andreas Alciatus*, descended from the noble family of Alciati, in the principality of Milan, and born in 1501. As soon as he was capable of receiving instruction he was furnished with the best masters; and at an early age, applied to the study of the law with such ardour, that he soon became eminent in that profession, and proceeded doctor of laws. He was universally admired for his vast legal attainments, and his renown having spread abroad, he was called by the citizens of

Avignon to fill the chair of professor of laws in that city, which he did with great reputation. He was subsequently invited to Bourges by Francis the first, and after presiding in the academy there for five years, was recalled to his native country by Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, who tempted him, by the offer of the rank of senator. He lectured at Paris for some time, and then proceeded to Bologna, where he taught the civil law with such success for four years, that no one was considered well educated, unless he had been the pupil of Alciatus. After having travelled about a considerable time, he at length died at Pavia, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He introduced a more polished and refined style in the interpretation of the civil law, but many teachers still adhering to the ancient practice, he said 'that they were content to eat acorns with their ancestors, rather than corn with their contemporaries.' Alciatus, in his leisure hours, composed his book of Emblems, the first edition of which was published 1535, and to him many subsequent writers of Emblems have been indebted, particularly Wither, who has adopted a great many of his designs. On this account, as well as on that of his being the earliest author of this species of composition, we shall extract one or two of the Illustrations of his Emblems, which are in general very brief; but as the prints are generally described with sufficient accuracy in the Illustrations we shall extract in the course of this article, we do not consider it necessary to give any other description of them.

EMBLEM CXX.

Dextra tenet lapidem, manus altera sustinet alas :
Ut me pluma levat, sic grave merget onus.
Ingenio poteram superas volitare per artes,
Me nisi paupertas invida deprimeret.

Thus amplified by Wither, in his forty-second emblem of the third Book, which gives an accurate description of the print.

You little think what plague it is to be,
In plight like him whom pictured here you see.
His winged arm and his uplifted eyes,
Declare that he hath wit and will to rise :
The stone which clogs his other hand may show,
That poverty and fortune keep him low.

The hundred and seventy-seventh Emblem is a helmet, surrounded with bees, intitled *Ex bello pax.*

En galea, intrepidus quam miles gesserat et qua
Sæpius hostili sparsa cruore fuit,
Partâ pace opibus tenuis concessit in usum
Alveoli, atque favos grataque mella gerit.
Arma procul jaceant : fas sit tunc sumere bellum,
Quando aliter pacis non potes arte frui.

Wither has an emblem with the same design, with the addition of certain instruments of war. The commencement of it will serve as a translation of that of Alciatus, though the point is lost.

When you have heeded by your eyes of sense
This helmet hiving of a swarm of bees,
Consider what may gather'd be from thence,
And what your eye of understanding sees.
That helmet, and those other weapons there,
Betoken war; the honey-making flies
An emblem of a happy kingdom are,
Injoying peace by painful industries.

The following elegant illustrative verses were written by Alciatus, on occasion of a violent plague in Italy, which swept off all the young men, and left the old untouched.

EMBLEM CLIV.

Errabat socio Mors juncta Cupidine: secum
Mors pharetras, parvus tela gerebat Amor.
Divertêre simul, simul una et nocte cubarunt:
Cæcus Amor, Mors hoc tempore cæca fuit.
Alter enim alterius malè provida spicula sumpsit:
Mors aurata, tenet ossea tela puer.
Debuit inde senex qui nunc Acheronticus esse,
Ecce amat, et capiti florea serta parat.
Ast ego mutato quia Amor me perculit arcu,
Deficio injiciunt et mihi fata manum.
Parce puer, Mors signa tenens victricia parce:
Fac ego amem, subeat fac Acheronta senex.

Geoffry Whitney, the earliest of our English emblematic writers, lived many years abroad, and published his Collection at Leyden, in 1586. The prints are distinguished by peculiar grace, and the poetry by its extreme simplicity. He has imitated the last emblem we have quoted from Alciatus, and has, at the conclusion, given it a turn at once simple and beautiful.

De morte et amore: Jocosum.

TO EDWARD DYER, ESQUIRE.

While furious Mors from place to place did fly,
And here, and there, his fatal darts did throw:
At length he met with Cupid, passing by,
Who likewise had been busy with his bow:
Within one inn they both together stay'd,
And for one night away their shooting lay'd.

The morrow next, they both away do haste,
And each, by chance, the other's quiver takes:
The frozen darts on Cupid's back were plac'd,
The fiery darts the lean virago shakes:
Whereby ensued such alteration strange,
As all the world did wonder at the change.
For gallant youths, whom Cupid thought to wound,
Of love, and life, did make an end at once.
And aged men, whom death would bring to ground,
Began again to love, with sighs, and groans;
Thus nature's laws this chance infringed so,
That age did love, and youth to grave did go.
Till at the last, as Cupid drew his bow,
Before he shot, a youngling thus did cry,
Oh, Venus' son, thy darts thou dost not know:
They pierce too deep: for all thou hitt'st, do die.
Oh spare our age, who honoured thee of old,
These darts are bone, take thou the darts of gold.
Which being said, awhile did Cupid stay,
And saw, how youth was almost clean extinct;
And age did doat, with garlands fresh and gay,
And heads all bald were new in wedlock link'd:
Wherefore he shewed this error unto Mors,
Who miscontent, did change again perforce.
Yet so, as both some darts away convey'd,
Which were not theirs; yet unto neither known,
Some bony darts in Cupid's quiver stay'd,
Some golden darts had Mors amongst his own.
Then, when we see untimely death appear;
Or wanton age:—it was this chance you hear.

We shall extract a few emblems from this rare book, not, however, on account of its rarity, but the intrinsic merit of the compositions. There is a freshness about the early writers of our country, not so much, however, in the thought itself, as in the simple manner in which it is conveyed; an almost child-like simplicity of expression, as appropriate as it is artless, which has an irresistible charm for us. Their's seems the language in which nature herself would unfold her beauties and her verities. It gives even the appearance of novelty, as well as strength and propriety to the thought, and never bears the marks of effort or constraint. Our next extract is entitled

Murus æreus sana conscientia.

Addressed to Miles Hobbart, Esq.

Both fresh, and green, the laurel standeth sound,
Though lightnings flash, and thunder-bolts do fly:

Where other trees are blasted to the ground,
Yet, not one leaf of it is withered dry:
Even so, the man that hath a conscience clear,
When wicked men do quake at every blast,
Doth constant stand, and doth no peril fear,
When tempests' rage do make the world aghast:
Such men are like unto the laurel tree,
The others like the blasted boughs that die.

Another is addressed to Sir Wm. Russell, Knight, and is entitled—

Strenuorum immortale nomen.

Achilles' tomb upon Sigœa's shore,
This represents: where Thetis oft was seen:
And for his loss, did seem for to deplore;
With gallant flower the same was always green:
And at the top a palm did freshly bloom;
Whose branches sweet did overspread the tomb.
Which shews, though death the valiant overthrow,
Yet after fate, their fame remains behind;
And triumphs still, and doth no conquest know
But is the badge of every noble mind:
And when in grave their corps inclosed lie,
Their famous acts do pierce the azure sky.

Although the subject of the following emblem is trite, the author's simple manner of treating it has rendered it very agreeable.

Animus, non res.

To Edward Preston, Esquire.

In christal towers, and turrets richly set
With glittering gems, that shine against the sun:
In regall rooms of jasper, and of jet,
Content of mind not always likes to won:
But oftentimes, it pleaseth her to stay
In simple cotes, clos'd in with walls of clay.

Diogenes, within a ton did dwell,
No choice of place, nor store of pelf he had:
And all his goods, could Bias bear right well,
And Codrus had small cates his heart to glad:
His meat was roots: his table was a stool,
Yet these for wit did set the world to school.

Who covets still, or he that lives in fear,
As much delight is wealth unto his mind,
As music is to him that can not hear,
Or pleasant shows and pictures to the blind:
Then sweet content oft likes the mean estate,
Which is exempt and free from fear and hate.

What man is rich? not he that doth abound.
What man is poor? not he that hath no store.
But he is rich that makes content his ground,
And he is poor that covets more and more.
Which proves the man was richer in the ton,
Than was the king that many lands had won."

The Emblems of Henry Peacham, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, a master of arts, a beggar, and a poet, next claim our notice. They are simple, and are characterized by a poetical turn of expression. We shall introduce two of them to the acquaintance of our readers.

Vos vobis.

The painful bee who many a bitter show'r
And storm had felt, far from his hive away,
To seek the sweetest honey-bearing flower,
That might be found, and was the pride of May,
Here lighting on the fairest he might spy,
Is beat by drones, by wasp and butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have labour'd for the hive,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a far inferior leave to thrive;
Or be perhaps, if gotten into grace,
By waspish envy beaten out of place.

Sic vos non vobis.

THE SILK WORM.

These little creatures here, as white as milk,
That shame to sloth, are busy at their loom
All summer long in weaving of their silk,
Do make their webs both winding sheet and tomb;
Thus to th' ungrateful world bequeathing all
Their lives have gotten at their funeral.

Even so the webs our wits for others weave,
Even from the highest to the meanest worm,
But Siren-like in the end our selves deceive,
Who spend our time to serve another's turn,
Or paint a fool with coat or colours gay,
To give good words or thanks, so go his way.

These specimens will suffice for Henry Peacham, who was author of several other works, as *The complete Gentleman, The Valley of Variety, &c.* The cordial we have prepared for those who have emblematic tendencies, is chiefly compounded of *simples*—the ingredients, however, are of a pleasant kind and will, we flatter ourselves, make it agreeable to such as may venture to try it. We honestly confess that we have no design in this article to surprize any prodigal into economy, or any rake into sobriety —or to convert any naughty man, woman, or child, if there can possibly be such amongst our readers, into the opposites of their bad qualities; our sole object is to amuse, and with this view we are as anxious not to fall short of, as to exceed in variety. We now come to that man of many books—that unwearied scribe—that demure looking *Whipper of Abuses*, George Wither. What a solemn coxcomb he is, and yet the fellow has some poetry in him—but our readers have heard of George Wither—they know him by name and reputation, if they have never read his works, and we strongly suspect there are few who have done so.

The origin of his book of Emblems is thus described in the preface. "These Emblems," says he, "graven in copper by Crispinus Passæus, (with a motto in Greek, Latin, or Italian round about every figure, and with two lines or verses in one of the same languages, paraphrasing these mottoes,) came to my hands almost twenty years past. The verses were so mean, that they were afterwards cut off from the plates; * * * yet the workmanship being judged very good for the most part, and the rest excusable, some of my friends were so much delighted in the graver's art, and in those illustrations, which for mine own pleasure I had made upon some few of them, that they requested me to moralize the rest; which I condescended unto; and they had been brought to view many years ago, but that the copper prints (which are now gotten) could not be procured out of Holland upon any reasonable conditions." "If," he continues, "they were worthy of the graver's and printer's cost, being only dumb figures, little useful to any but to young gravers or painters; and as little delightful, except to children or childish-gazers; they may now be much more worthy, seeing the life of speech being added unto them, may make them teachers and remembrancers of profitable things."

Wither was induced, rather in order to advance the profit of his bookseller, than to satisfy his own judgement, to invent something in addition to the Emblems, which might be likely to delight the vulgar capacity; and observing, "that where the summer bowers of recreation are placed near the church, it draws thither more people from the remote hamlets, than would else be there," he has appointed lotteries to the emblems, 'to occasion more frequent notice of the morals and good counsels tendered in their illustrations.' He had some misgivings about the decorum of a man of his gravity and ripe age turning fortune-teller; he, however, satisfied himself that it was harmless, for he did not, like the more confident professors of this art, mean 'that it should be used as an oracle, but as a moral pastime.' The plan of this, the only *moral* lottery we ever heard of, is as follows.—At the end of each of the four books of Emblems, is a string of fifty-six verses on different tempers, qualities, &c. called the lottery, the first fifty of each of which answer to and are illustrated by the fifty emblems, which compose each book: at the end of the volume, are two circular indexes, one to the books, and the other to the numbers of the verses; by turning the pointer of these indexes, the book and number of the verses is found, and the inquiries of the curious answered.

It is time, however, that we come to the Emblems themselves. The prints are in general designed with great spirit, and executed with neatness; some of them are exceedingly pretty. Many of the prints and illustrations, especially the former, are borrowed from Alciatus, and such as he has made use of, are amplified, and frequently, though not always, improved. All the illustrations consist of thirty lines each, a limitation which, as might be expected, is sometimes productive of weakness. The general character of Wither's Emblems is that of sound morality, enforced in a sensible style, tinctured with warm religious feelings, and some of them adorned with a few fresh and fragrant flowers of poetry. Of the former part of this character the following is an example.

How fond are they, who spend their precious time
In still pursuing their deceiving pleasures?
And they, that unto airy titles climb,
Or tire themselves in hoarding up of treasures?
For, these are death's, who, when with weariness
They have acquired most, sweeps all away;
And leaves them, for their labours, to possess
Nought but a raw-bon'd carcase wrapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this hour
Vaunt much of those possessions they have got;
Of their new purchas'd honours, or the power,

By which they seem to have advanc'd their lot:
Of this great multitude, there shall not three
Remain for any future age to know;
But perish quite, and quite forgotten be,
As beasts devoured twice ten years ago.

Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,
And to possess thy labors maugre death,
To needful arts and honest actions give
Thy span of time, and thy short blast of breath.
In holy studies exercise thy mind;
In works of charity thy hands imploy;
That knowledge, and that treasure seek to find,
Which may enrich thy heart with perfect joy.
So, though obscured thou appear awhile,
Despised, poor, or born to fortunes low,
Thy virtue shall acquire a nobler stile,
Than greatest kings are able to bestow:
And, gain thee those possessions, which, nor they,
Nor time, nor death have power to take away.

Book II. Emblem VIII.

And this of the latter.

When, all the years, our fields are fresh and green,
And, while sweet flowers, and sunshine, every day,
(As oft, as need requireth,) come between
The heavens and earth; they heedless pass away.
The fulness, and continuance of a blessing,
Doth make us to be senseless of the good:
And, if it sometime fly not our possessing
The sweetness of it is not understood.

Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing: And, if tempests were not,
Such comforts could not by a calm be brought:
For, things, save by their opposites, appear not,
Both health, and wealth, is tasteless unto some,
And, so is ease, and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grieved, they become:
And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.

God, therefore, (full as kind, as he is wise)
So temp'reth all the favours he will do us,
That we his bounties may the better prize;
And make his chastisements less bitter to us.

One while, a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away;
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth unmown-grass to parched hay;
Anon, his fruitful showers, and pleasing dews,
Commixt with cheerful rays, he sendeth down;
And then the barren-earth her crop renews,
Which with rich harvests, hills and vallies crown:
For as to relish joys he sorrow sends,
So comfort on temptation still attends.

Book II. Emblem XX.

The *Emblem of Love* is lively, ingenious, and delightful.

If to his thoughts my comments have assented,
By whom the following Emblem was invented,
I'll hereby teach you, ladies, to discover
A true-bred Cupid, from a fained lover;
And shew, if you have wooers, which be they,
That worthiest are to bear your hearts away.

As is the boy, which here you pictured see,
Let them be young, or let them, rather, be
Of suiting-years, which is instead of youth,
And, woo you in the nakedness of truth;
Not in the common and disguised clothes,
Of mimic gestures, compliments, and oaths,
Let them be winged with a swift desire;
And not with slow-affections, that will tire.
But look to this as to the principal;
That Love do make them truly musical.
For Love's a good musician: and will show
How every faithful lover may be so.

Each word he speaks, will presently appear
To be melodious raptures in your ear;
Each gesture of his body, when he moves,
Will seem to play, or sing a song of loves:
The very looks, and motions of his eyes
Will touch your heart-strings with sweet harmonies;
And if the name of him be but exprest,
'Twill cause a thousand quaverings in your breast.
Nay, ev'n those discords, which occasion'd are,
Will make your music much the sweeter far.
And, such a moving diapason strike,
As none but Love, can ever play the like.

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BOOK IV. EMBLEM I.

From the next extract, the reader will see the peculiar tone in which Wither frequently concludes his illustrations.

When, with a serious musing, I behold
The grateful, and obsequious marigold,
How duly, ev'ry morning, she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small tender stalk:
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he returns;
And, how she vails her flow'rs when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or, did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.
When this I meditate, methinks, the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours;
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings, and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below
Which merit not the service we bestow.

But, oh my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire,
To that, which is above me, I aspire:
And, all my best affections I profess
To him, that is the Son of Righteousness.
Oh! keep the morning of his Incarnation;
The burning noon tide of his bitter Passion,
The night of his Descending, and the height
Of his Ascension, ever in my sight:
That imitating him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

The most popular of our books of Emblems is that written by Francis Quarles, the darling, as Phillips calls him, of our plebeian judgements, and, we may add, the scorn of our refined wits. The contempt with which he has been treated is, however, at a much greater distance from a just appreciation of his works than the vulgar preference. In his poetical compositions, which are chiefly of a religious cast, there is a passionate earnestness well calculated to please the common sort of people, and a want of taste and propriety in his application of the

terms and feelings of earthly to divine love, likely enough to disgust the man of cultivated mind. Perhaps nothing more readily captivates the unlearned than quaint and antithetical phraseology, which has frequently the appearance without the reality of pithiness. Quarles is particularly distinguished by this quality of style, with which, however, he combines a great variety of new and poetical turns of expression. This character applies to his other works as well as to his Emblems, which alone demand our attention at this time; but as they still enjoy a considerable portion of public favour, we shall on that account appropriate a much less space to them than we should otherwise have done. They consist of five books, the prints and mottoes of the two last of which are exactly copied from the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, the title of whose work stands amongst those placed at the head of this article. The subject being the same, Quarles has frequently taken ideas from his prototype; but he has so added to and improved them, that the imitation detracts little from his originality. The few extracts we shall make are the best, according to our judgement, to be found in the volume.

Book I. Emblem XIV.

Will't ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'er break and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conq'ring ray
May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

How long! How long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Let those have night, that slily love to immure
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night, that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
Let those have night, that love to have a nap,
And loll in Ignorance's lap;

Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night:
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain expecting eyes
Can find no objects, but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,
A dangerous, dull, blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the suns that glitter in the sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Haste, haste away,
Heaven's loit'ring lamp; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers has benight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite;
Since thou hast puft our greater taper; do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Book I. Emblem III.

Alas! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?
Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou cans't derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some pretty-pretty sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why dost thou make
These murm'ring troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

For trash and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood;
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Men swallow down to purchase one false good!

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour;
The fruit that's yellow
Is found not always mellow;
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy soul no more,
In seeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only present pains
To gather scorpions for a future wound.

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil,
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure?

Book V. Emblem VI.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd with thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To Heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain my eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heav'n, great God, compar'd to thee?
Without thy presence, Heav'n 's no Heav'n to me.

* * * * *

Book V. Emblem IV.

Like to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring ship by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Pole's beloved breast.

E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:

Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.
* * * * *

BOOK V. EMBLEM XIII.

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r
Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferior things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and there for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip away,
As wise Astræa did, and scorn this ball of clay!

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
And loathe the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!
O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure.
O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
To catch a blast or own a smile from Cæsar!
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!
* * * * *

Quarles also published, or at least added a Preface to a book of Emblems, by J. H.[all]; but we have neither space nor inclination to add any extracts from it to the present pages, notwithstanding the warm eulogies bestowed upon the work by Quarles.

We have in this article given specimens of the chief if not of all the English writers of Emblems, and have endeavoured to make the selection as agreeable as our taste enabled, and the works themselves allowed us to do. Greater variety might certainly have been produced, if we had resorted to the emblematic treasures of the other modern languages of Europe; but to have carried into effect such a plan, a volume rather than an article would have been required. A notice of the Dutch writers alone would occupy a considerable space; for that sedate people are peculiarly partial to this striking and pleasing mode of moral instruction; and books of Emblems are to be found in most of the cottages of their peasantry,

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and indeed afford almost the only literary pleasure within their reach. Nor is their poetry by any means contemptible; nor are the Dutch in reality the very antipodes of the nine muses, as is generally supposed. If, however, any of our readers doubt the existence of such a thing as Dutch poetry, let them refer to Mr. Bowring's *Batavian Anthology*, published a few days ago, and they will find many elegant and spirited versions of the poetry of the Netherlands. This volume enables us to present our readers with a translated specimen of the illustrative verses of the Dutch Emblem, from the works of Jacob Cats, a celebrated composer of Emblems of the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

" When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems indeed polite enough;
And (judging from external things)
We deem it there in friendship clings;
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not—hidden treachery lies:
'Tis there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green;
So that the tree which flourish'd fair,
Before its time grows old and bare;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude,
For treachery drags it to its doom,
Which gives but light—yet promis'd bloom.
Thou, whom the powerful Fates have hurl'd
'Midst this huge forest call'd the world,
Know, that not all are friends whose faces
Are habited in courteous graces;
But think, that, 'neath the sweetest smile,
Oft lurk self-interest, hate, and guile;
Or, that some gay and playful joke
Is Spite's dark sheath, or Envy's cloak.
Then love not each who offers thee,
In seeming truth, his amity;
But first take heed, and weigh with care,
Ere he thy love and favour share;
For those who friends too lightly choose,
Soon friends and all besides may lose."

ART. VIII.—*The Life of John Elwes, Esq. Member in three successive Parliaments for Berkshire, first published in the Paper of* The World. *Inscribed to Sir Paul Joddrell. By* Edward Topham, *late Captain in the Second Troop of Horse Guards, and Magistrate for the Counties of Essex and York. Sixth Edit. London.* 1790.

"Every singular character merits some notice from posterity, and I have always said, that if fate prolonged my life, I would write his."
Shaftesbury's Characteristics.

Major Topham, the biographer of one of the greatest misers that ever perished of excessive gold, was, in his day, an active officer, an agreeable companion, a lively writer, and a keen sportsman. He received the approbation of his king for the high state of discipline to which he raised the troop over which he commanded: and he was, in consequence of his military reform, caricatured in his time, as "the Tip-top Adjutant," in all the print-shop windows. Horne Tooke, George Colman, (the father of Old George Colman the Younger,) Wilkes, Jerningham, and Jekyll, were of his companions; and he was confessedly one of the most successful prologue and epilogue writers, that ever heralded a dull play, or entreated for a damned one. In two instances he was peculiarly fortunate, having written a prologue which was spoken by Lee Lewes, in the character of Moliere's Old Woman, and which brought full houses for many nights; and also having luckily hit upon a fashionable private play, as a subject for an epilogue, which was most agreeably written, and admirably delivered by the fascinating Miss Farren, the present Countess of Derby. The elder Colman acknowledged that this epilogue produced £500 to the Haymarket Theatre during the season, a sum at which many an apoplectic tragedy of these degenerate days would stare with envy.

Major Topham's first production in the literary world was entitled *Letters from Edinburgh*, which was written with sufficient spirit to carry it into a second edition. This success, for a young fellow fresh from Cambridge, was not a little encouraging; and he was soon mixed up with all the smart writers of this metropolis. He wrote a little for the stage, and a little for the newspapers; and thus he caught Miles Peter Andrewes for an acquaintance, an epilogue and prologue writer of great momentary popularity. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane theatre, the celebrated actress, applied to him for an address; and so great was her beauty, that he paid her the best of his addresses. In-

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deed, so enamoured did the Major become of her exceeding loveliness, that he started a paper, *The World*, for the great purpose of lauding his mistress into public favour. *The World*, standing on this tender ground, took captive all the sentimentalists of the age, and became widely circulated, and vastly profitable. In this paper, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, Merry, and the rest of that dewy crew, that whined under the satin banners of the Della Cruscan muse, first adored each other as lovers and strangers. In this paper, too, as though purposely to contrast with the effeminacy of such writers, did Humphreys and Mendoza pen haughty letters of defiance and war: and, much to the credit of the then public taste be it said, that the sale of *The World* experienced more benefit from the Jew than the Gentile.

It was during his connection with this paper, that Major Topham wrote *The Life of John Elwes*, the subject of our present article; and the interest which the public took in the portions periodically given to them, induced the Major to gather the pieces together, touch them up with a correcting pen, add a tidy little preface about truth—and modesty—and gratitude—and so forth; prefix a dedication to Doctor Joddrell,—and send forth a smart, profitable pamphlet, which certainly amused a wide circle of English readers at the time, and still preserved the curious memory of a miser in the spirit of pleasant prose. The Major, soon after the publication of this piece of pinching biography, retired into Yorkshire, and became a great magistrate and breeder of greyhounds!

It is now and then fortunate for the estate of a family, that after a run of spendthrifts, and when the wealth of a house has nearly all flowed out, that there comes a timely and wholesome miser, that not merely dams up the outflowing current, but turns its course back to its original source. A miser, or a minority, is the best medicine to the diseased and shattered fortunes of a house; and well is it for the next heir, if he be of spirit to enjoy life, that he succeeds the patient starveling who has wooed his mistress Wealth, like green-eyed Dumbiedikes, with silence only and with looks. The harmonies of a generation are made up of well-arranged spendthrifts and misers: they come "each under each," in well ordered fitness. If squanderer followed squanderer, the race must perish, and posterity could not hold on its course. It is indeed fortunate, that when the liberal hand has let blood sufficient, that the careful hand binds up the vein. A great living poet has termed avarice a gentlemanly vice, and the world is ever ready to call the miser's passion a selfish one: we are not disposed to admit the truth of either opinion. Avarice, to our mind, is a solitary virtue, a bitter self-denial, a painful patience! The miser hoards not for himself,

but others. For others he is spelled to fill the granary!—for others, to keep it untouched! Doth he not like good fires, delicate viands, costly and esteemed wines? See him at the table of his neighbour, and behold how much he enjoys such luxuries,—and guess then, too, how much he denies himself, when he puts up the cold guinea before the empty grate, for his posterity to lavish. There perhaps never was a miser that had not keener appetites for comfort and rich living than others; and therefore, to guard against such seductions, he sets himself up the barrier of a two-fold abstemiousness and self-denial; and, in the midst of hunger, cold, and bitter privation, hoards up the gold that will purchase luxuries for his children. Every miser knows that his wealth will descend to his heir; and no man ever entertained so mad an avarice as to ask, or think that his treasure should be buried with him. He gathers, and gathers, and gathers—and goes out!—his earthly dust must finally be divorced from his golden dust. With these few preliminary remarks on misers in general, we proceed to give some account of one in particular, in whom we find some exceptions to the rule we have been attempting to lay down; but in whose heart, perhaps, avarice held its court in the saddest pomp, and most forlorn pride.

John Elwes, originally John or Jack Meggot, came of a real miser breed;—his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, from whom he derived the great bulk of his wealth and whose name he took, on coming to the property, was "a perfect picture of human penury," and Mrs. Meggot, his mother, left nearly *one hundred thousand pounds*, and *starved herself to death*. It might have been reasonably expected, that John Elwes should have been an extravagant blood, but it was ordered, to use a gambling phrase, that "there should be a run upon the colour;" and therefore, with all his mother's parsimony and in tenderness to the memory of Sir Harvey, Jack Meggot continued the full purse and the empty stomach—betraying occasional symptoms of bursting a vein,—but at length escaping all the dangerous temptations of youth, and withering into a genuine Elwes, and dying at last of extreme wealth! In one or two instances, during his youthful days, he was betrayed into heart-breaking losses of gold; but he had the satisfaction of reflecting, that he had ventured for great gains, however his ventures had failed. To the penurious, a great loss is more endurable than a trifling one; for the former is only a partial removal from the hoard which by patience can be regarnered,—but the last is a check to the hoarding itself,—a stop to the harvesting. A penny saved is a penny got, and there is an end of it,—but it is in the act of saving, that any disappointment is to be apprehended.

XUM

"The family name of Mr. Elwes was Meggot: and as his name was John, the conjunction of Jack Meggot, made strangers sometimes imagine that his intimates were addressing him by an assumed appellation. His father was a brewer of great eminence. His dwelling-house and offices were situated in Southwark; which borough was formerly represented in parliament by his grand-father, Sir George Meggot. Mr. Clowes is now in possession of the above premises. He purchased, during his life, the estate now in possession of the family at Marcham, in Berkshire, of the Calverts, who were in the same line. The father died while the late Mr. Elwes was only four years old; so, little of the character of Mr. Elwes is to be attributed to him; but from the mother it may be traced at once—for though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband—she starved herself to death!"

Of the mother, Mrs. Meggot, nothing more is known than the two facts of her wealth and her starvation. Of Sir Harvey Elwes some particulars are preserved, which we should do wrong not to hoard up in this article, out of respect to his memory. He resided at Stoke in Suffolk:—who shall say he *lived* there? —A partridge, a small pudding, and a potatoe dieted the baronet; and he suffered the fire in the coldest day in winter to go out, while he dined;—as "eating was quite exercise enough." When his nephew John dined with him, the latter was compelled, from the inordinate size of his appetite, to get a dinner before he dined, and thus reduce himself to the poverty of Sir Harvey's dishes. The uncle liked to see his nephew pinching his appetite, and it may be, that if he had detected a hearty meal travelling down Jack Meggot's throat, he would have disinherited him. John played the Joseph, for he had sense enough to discern, that his uncle was no Sir Oliver Surface, to admire extravagance and exclaim "Charles, you are my heir."

The nephew's outside was qualified, like his interior, to attract the uncle's favour. He used to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, and begin to dress in character for the Miserly Masquerade. At this time, John Elwes being young in the world and its affairs, dressed like other people:—He first crept out of his every-day clothes, and then sneaked into an old coat, harassed with age—a pair of darned yet unmended worsted stockings, a pair of iron buckles, and a tattered waistcoat;—and thus habited for the courtship of avarice, this living volume of political economy rode on to visit his relative. Sir Harvey used to contemplate his appearance with delight, and would walk round the rags, gazing upon them with the eye of a Sir Giles Overreach. Down they would sit at a miserable table in an old miserable room—with a single stick, libelling a fire,—and thus seated, would rail, careful pair! at the profuseness of the age, and the extravagance of man! One glass of wine served

both of these thrifty sages, and when evening closed in, they tottered off to bed—old Old Age, and young Old Age,—chuckling over the stingy truth, that "going to bed saves candle-light."

Sir Harvey loved not society:—solitude was his society, for in it was he able to chatter to his gold!—He loved not woman!—Indeed he was chastity itself. But money was his mistress!—He *kept* his guineas!

We thought it, at first, rather unfortunate for our preliminary remarks, that in the Elwes family, misers came in a cluster;—but it is some consolation to know, that Sir Jervaise, the baronet immediately preceding Sir Harvey, was a free gentleman, who incumbered the estates as heavily as he had the power, and who, therefore, left Sir Harvey good ground for his particular kind of tillage. Sir Harvey had not more than one hundred pounds per annum, when he came to the title,—and he declared that he would never leave the paternal seat until he had entirely cleared the estate;—and he lived to overkeep his word, to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds. He loved saving money and setting partridges. The following is a good sketch of his person.

"During the partridge season, Sir Harvey and his man never missed a day, if the weather was tolerable—and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times, he wore a black velvet cap much over his face—a worn-out full-dressed suit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thoroughbred horse, and "*the horse and his rider*" both looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together."

The fact of his leading a solitary life and having great wealth soon became known, and a gang of rogues determined on robbing him. The men waited about his house until the servant came to serve the horses, whom they bound, and then entering the house, presented a pistol at Sir Harvey.

At no part of his life did Sir Harvey ever behave so well as in this transaction. When they asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe:—he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas. But they knew, too well, he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life, without he discovered where it was deposited. At length he shewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, where were *seven and twenty hundred guineas.* This they packed up in two large baskets and actually carried off. *A robbery which, for* QUANTITY *of* SPECIE, *was perhaps never equalled.* On quitting him, they told him they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for assistance. On which he very coolly, and with some simplicity, took out his watch

which they had not asked for, and said, 'gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you, therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape: after that time, nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does.' He was as good as his word: when the time expired, he went and untied the man; but, though some search was made by the village, the robbers were not discovered.

"When they were taken up some years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he would not appear against them."

What spendthrift could have acted with the steadiness and affection of this old miser? He here rises above his gold, and stands up in all the goodness of the natural man.

Sir Harvey was given over for a consumption in his youth, and yet scraped together poor miserable days enough to make up a life-property of nearly ninety years!—such is the result of inveterate saving.

Sir Harvey had two neighbours,—baronets,—of brave name,—who indulged in similar prudent habits with himself. Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston haggled with Sir Harvey Elwes over a tavern bill for a pint of wine—and some one was obliged to assist the *poor* in settling the dispute.

"When Sir Harvey died, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave, fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum, 'to him and his heirs.'

"In the chastity and abstinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to Sir Isaac Newton—for he would have held it unpardonable to have *given*—even his affections. And, as he saw no lady whatever, he had but little chance of bartering them matrimonially for money.

"When he died, he lay in *state*, such as it was, at his seat at Stoke. Some of the tenants observed, with more humour than decency, 'that it was well Sir Harvey could not see it.'

"On his death, his fortune, which had now become immense, fell to his nephew, Mr. Meggot, who, by will, was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes."

It is a curious fact that Sir Harvey was never put to any expense for clothes—he walked at least in some of the habits of his ancestor—for he invariably put his hand into an old chest and took out the fine tarnished dresses, which had lain there moth-beloved, since the gallant days of gay Sir Jervaise; even Mr. Elwes clothed from the same chest:—Surely the cloth was woven in an *heir-loom!*

Mr. Elwes came into all the baronet's property. The mansion was as it had been in ages past:—Not a room had been painted, not a window repaired,—and the beds were all in canopy and state, as of old—but now sacred only to the worm, the

mouse, and the moth. The roofs had given over all disputes with the wind and the rain,—and the snow in the winter-time found a more comfortable lodging than usual.

Mr. Elwes was forty years of age when he succeeded to this wealth. He had previously passed ten or twelve years at Westminster; where, as usual in public schools, he became a good classical scholar, and knew little or nothing about writing and arithmetic. The late Lord Mansfield was his schoolfellow and friend. Young Elwes afterwards went to Geneva, and became an admirable horseman, rivalling Mr. Worsley and Sir Sidney Meadows, the then finest riders of the age. Elwes was the rough-rider to the other two.

The return of Mr. Elwes to England took place about fifteen years before he succeeded to the estate of Sir Harvey—and, having a turn for play, he indulged in its dangerous pleasures, until bad fortune and irregular paymasters sickened him of the vice. Of course he never wholly overcame the passion for speculation,—but his love of money did much to keep it under.

"Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by some thousands, for the mode in which he passed this part of his life: but the vowels of I. O. U. were then in use, and the sums that were owed him, even by *very noble names*, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play; and though he never could, or perhaps would, ascertain the sum, I know from circumstances since, that it was very considerable. The theory which he professed, '*that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money*,' he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this feeling to the latest hour of his life.

"On this subject, which regards the manners of Mr. Elwes, gladly I seize an opportunity to speak of them with the praise that is their due. They were such—so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He retained this peculiar feature of the *old court* to the last: but he had a praise far beyond this; he had the most gallant disregard of his own person, and all care about himself, I ever witnessed in man. The instances in younger life, in the most imminent personal hazard, are innumerable: but when age had despoiled him of his activity, and might have rendered care and attention about himself natural, he knew not what they were. He wished no one to assist him—'He was as young as ever—he could walk—he could ride, and he could dance; and he hoped he should not give trouble, even when he was old.' He was, at that time, seventy-five."

Major Topham relates a very curious instance of the struggle between the gambler and the miser in Mr. Elwes, which, from the extraordinary contrast it displays, is, we think, peculiarly interesting.

XUM

"After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sophas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming from Thaydon-hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase-butcher for a shilling! Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and, more than once, has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night."

Mr. Elwes never rode in post-chaises. The horse's back was his carriage.—And upon this, with a hard boiled egg in his pocket—a scrap or two of bread, and *no* baggage—he would take the road, (the most turnpikeless road, as the Irish Orator would say,) and midway in his travel, would stop under some hedge where grass grew, and there, with a little water, would refresh himself and his luckless horse. He was at the very moment worth five hundred thousand pounds.

Before Sir Harvey died, Mr. Elwes lived at Marcham,—but on the Baronet's death he took up his residence at Stoke, where, in spite of its ruinous state, the weather was better kept out than at Marcham. The house at Marcham was like a great filtering stone. Colonel Timms, a nephew of Mr. Elwes, has often mentioned the following anecdote respecting it.

"A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell in the night—he had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed—he got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened—'Aye! aye!' said the old man, 'I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that's a NICE corner in the rain!'"

At Stoke, Mr. Elwes was guilty of a mild extravagance;—he took to keeping a pack of fox hounds, not fifty-two to the pack—merely a few famished, industrious dogs, that hunted well upon empty stomachs—but how did he keep them?—by servants, whippers-in, and huntsmen?—No. He kept one man, who kept the hounds. And this famous fellow arose at four o'clock, milked the cows, watered the horses, and got his master's breakfast; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, and unkenneled the dogs. The

day over, he refreshed himself with rubbing down the horses, laying the cloth, milking the cow, and waiting at dinner. Then he fed the horses, then the dogs, and then he littered up the horses for the night. The horses, it will be seen, had their share of him. There is no account extant of his ever having eaten or drunk himself, and we rather think his time would not allow of it. Elwes used to call him "an idle dog!"—and that he "wanted his wages for doing nothing."

Our hero (when was a miser a hero before?) bred his own hunters, and never broke them until they were six years old. The great Derby and St. Leger Races, which are run by *three-year-olds*, would have fared very badly with Mr. Elwes. What grand, bold, bony colts, must his paddocks have contained? It is on record, that he has been offered three hundred guineas for a hunter—a good price in those days. Could he refuse?

Occasionally he visited Newmarket, though it is said, that he did not take or lay the odds. One kindness, however, he was guilty of, which should not be overlooked. Lord Abingdon had made a match for 7000*l.*, which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from a scarcity of cash to make up the stake. The odds were in his favour. Mr. Elwes made an unsolicited offer of the money, which his Lordship accepted, and with which he won the race. On the day the match was run, Mr. Elwes rode to Newmarket,—mumbled a crushed old stale pancake on the heath—saw the sports, and returned home without any other refreshment. It was on this very day of self-denial and fatigue, that he hazarded 7000*l.* for a friend!

Mr. Elwes had two sons, whom he brought with him out of Berkshire, and for whom he appears to have had a respectable affection. Education he refused them, for it "put things into people's heads," but he seems not to have been harsh, or extremely penurious towards them. His heart, indeed, was not steady, when it jostled against a shilling; but otherwise, it was a fairish specimen of a fatherly heart. One of his sons, while gathering grapes, fell from the ladder and hurt himself: The boy went to the village, and had himself blooded. When his father heard it, he was astounded. "Bled! bled!" said the old man, "but what did you *give?*" "A shilling," replied the boy;—"Psha," said the father, "you are a blockhead, never part with your *blood!*"—It is easy to see what kind of blood was the dearest to him. Mr. Elwes would have written a good comment on that passage in Macbeth, describing the king after the murder, "Here lay Duncan, his *silver* skin laced with his *golden* blood."

Offers of high interest, and speculations holding out extravagant successes, would often lure the thousands out of his

purse, never again to return! Thus, while he saved a shilling, lumps of money were falling away from him. He denied himself all personal comforts, and would rather walk about London in the rain, than venture into a coach in the severest weather. He would dry his drenched clothes by *patiently hatching* a warmth in them, for nothing could justify a fire. He would eat his food in the last state of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint; "and he wore a wig for a fortnight," says the Major, "which I saw him pick out of a rut, in a lane, where we were riding." His wig was the cast-off scratch of a beggar! The first day he wore it, he had torn his brown coat, (no *green* thing) and had been obliged to go to the old clothes' well, the chest of Sir Jervaise; whence he selected a full dressed green velvet coat with slash sleeves; and he sat at dinner in this great garment, booted, and beggar-wigged, with his own silver hairs shining under the ragged, rusty scratch, and his face looking high satisfaction.

Where money did not meddle, he was a kind and indefatigable creature: the following instance of a miser's knight-errantry in the cause of two distressed damosels, is perhaps the most whimsical, and certainly the cheapest sally for the sex, that romantic history records. The Major is himself figurative when he speaks of it, for, in selecting the anecdote, he calls it, "plucking the sweet briar and the rose, from the weeds that overspread the garden." This sentence must have flattered Mrs. Wells's heart, and tickled the sentimentality of Miles Peter Andrewes!

"When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "excommunication."—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance, and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night, to confer a favour upon two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really, what not one man in five thousand would have done: but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never spared it.

"The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful: So much trouble and

expence.—What returns could they make? To ease their consciences on this head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words—"My Dears, is it expence you are talking of? send him six-pence, and he gains two-pence by the journey."

We wonder whether Sir Gawaine, or Sir Bertram, or any other of the iron breeched knights of old, who went about poking their lances into people's eyes, to "succour distressed ladies," ever thought of carrying a hard egg in their tin pockets. How much more fatigue they might have endured! What mighty feats might not the munching of a firm yellow yolk have led to! We read, indeed, that Don Quixote was repeatedly worsted by an undue attention to the victualling of his forces. Riding sixty miles for two old girls, who had weathered out a like number of years, is no bad proof of the merit of eggs.

Mr. Elwes was now enjoying a close rural life, when Lord Craven, who admired his honest character as a county magistrate, proposed bringing him into parliament for Berkshire. He possessed great property in houses in London, and occasionally he visited the metropolis to see how they went on.

"In possessions so large, of course it would happen that some of the houses were without a tenant; and, therefore, it was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of these premises which might happen to be vacant. He had thus a new way of seeing London and its inhabitants—for he travelled in this manner from street to street; and when any body chose to take the house where he was, he was always ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging; and though master of above a hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him trouble, for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and then the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket; at another in a great house in Portland-place; sometimes in a little room and a coal fire; at other times with a few chips, which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. In truth, she perfectly realized the words of the psalmist—for, though the old woman might not be wicked, she certainly was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow.'"

The account of this old woman's death is singularly curious. It was related by Colonel Timms, and is declared by Major Topham to be strictly correct.

"Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, who

wished much to see him, by some accident was informed that his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He enquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of: he went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker—to the Mount Coffee house—but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterwards, however, he learnt from a person whom he met accidentally, that they had seen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough-street. This was some clue to Colonel Timms: and away he went thither. As the best mode of information, he got hold of a chairman—but no intelligence could he gain of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person—but no gentleman had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him: and from every description, it agreed with the person of old Mr. Elwes. Of course, Colonel Timms went to the house:—he knocked very loudly at the door—but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man, but no answer could be obtained from the house. On this added information, however, Colonel Timms resolved to have the stable door opened, and a blacksmith was sent for—and they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it—all was shut and silent. On ascending the staircase, however, they heard the moans of a person, seeming in distress. They went to the chamber—and there, upon an old pallet bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in death, the figure of old Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body was near him; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say—'That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself, *but that she had got well, he supposed, and gone away.*'

"On repairing to the garrets, they found the old woman—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor.—To all appearances, she had been dead about two days.

"Thus died the servant; and thus would have died, but for the providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master! And let politicians hold forth, after this, on the blessings of a 'land of plenty.' Let moralists reason on the proper uses of wealth—and here shall they view an existing example which shall baffle all their theory. A mother, in Mrs. Meggot, who, possessing one hundred thousand pounds, starved herself to death:—and her son, who certainly was then worth half a million, nearly dying in his own house for want!"

On being elected member for Berkshire, he left Suffolk for Marcham,—and took with him his old wig and his fox-hounds!—The latter he soon disposed of—for, finding his new engagements sufficient for the consumption of his time, he dissolved his parliament of beasts, and threw himself upon his country. He was now sixty years of age:—but active as a greyhound, and not much lustier. He still attended the races—and "at the

different assemblies, he would dance amongst the youngest to the last, after riding over on horseback, and frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting."

"A gentleman, who was one night standing by, observed on the extraordinary agility of so old a man.—'O! that is nothing,' replied another, 'for Mr. Elwes, to do this, rode twenty miles in the rain, with his shoes stuck into his boots, and his bag-wig in his pocket.'"

In the year 1774, the old gentleman took his seat in the house of commons.—And he was returned,—as he liked best,—at no expense. At the same time Fox, who had met him at Newmarket, and had sat at the same *table* with him "late o'nights," thought that he should secure a vote. Mr. Elwes, however, joined the party of Lord North, from a belief that his measures were right—but he never voted or sat rigidly on one side of the house. He was, what was called, a parliamentary coquette.

His dress did not brighten for the house. Indeed his pauper clothes often drew pity from passengers in the street. For Speaker's dinners, however, he had dipped successfully into the old chest of Sir Jervaise—and the suit, so fished up, became well known at many tables during the session. His wig getting *bald*, he took to his own scant silver locks, and carried about thirty-nine thin, white, naked hairs on his head to the grave.

Lord North retained our miser member late into the American War,—but at length being convinced of his error, Mr. Elwes joined Mr. Fox in the opposition—and carried on the parliamentary war against the minister, until he was driven from power in 1782. Then came the usual rush for place and profit—at which Mr. Elwes looked with a calm eye and an indifferent heart.

"The debates at this period were very long and interesting, and generally continued till a late hour in the morning. Mr. Elwes, who never left any company, public or private, the first, always stayed out the whole debate. After the division, Mr. Elwes, without a great coat, would immediately go out of the House of Commons into the cold air, and, merely to save the expence of a hackney coach, walk to the Mount Coffee-house. Sir Joseph Mawbey, and Mr. Wood of Lyttleton, who went the same way as Mr. Elwes did, often proposed a hackney-coach to him, but the reply always was, "he liked nothing so much as walking." However, when their hackney-coach used to overtake him, he had no objection to coming in to them; knowing that they must pay the fare. This circumstance happened so often, that they used to smile at this act of small cunning, and indulge him in it.

"But as the satisfaction of being conveyed home for nothing did not always happen, on those nights when it did not, Mr. Elwes inva-

riably continued his plan of walking. A circumstance happened to him on one of these evenings, which gave him a whimsical opportunity of displaying that disregard of his own person which I have before noticed. The night was very dark, and hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, which he did not see, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance: but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard-street, insisted upon some one being sent for. Old Elwes at length submitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began to expatiate on 'the bad consequences of breaking the skin—the good fortune of his being sent for—and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound.' 'Very probably,' said old Elwes, 'but Mr. ——, I have one thing to say to you—in my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with your's, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well the first.'

"I have frequently heard him mention, with great triumph, that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight."

This race between the two sick legs is sufficiently amusing, but he was jockey enough to know how to cross and jostle his antagonist's limb, and we have no doubt he would not let the doctor's leg win.

The members of the house bled him pretty freely and well, and thus some of his wealth got loose. Every needy brother had his scheme—"iron works in America," "gold mines,"—"foreign investments."—He has, indeed, acknowledged that three contested elections could not have drained him so much, as his fellow-representatives.

On the dismission of Lord North, Mr. Elwes remained for a time with Fox; afterwards he joined the Marquis of Lansdowne, and subsequently opposed him. He was no party man; and Sir Edward Astley, Sir George Saville, Mr. Powis, and Mr. Marsham, all pestered him about his versatility. In voting for the coalition, he disturbed the peace of poor Major Topham. It was a mighty sin!

With the coalition ended Mr. Elwes's parliamentary life: He would not stand a contested election. The following character of Sheridan is interesting, and has an air of truth about it. Sheridan had the power to suit himself to all persons, and he of course appeared the man of business to a man of business.

"Mr. Elwes, even in his support of the coalition, chiefly attached himself to the men of private good character in the party. Hence, the Duke of Portland, Lord John Cavendish, were always favourites with him—and I have often heard him say, what to some may appear singular, 'that there was not a better man of business in the whole house than Mr. Sheridan.'"

At the time that Mr. Elwes retired from parliament, his famous servant retired from life. He rode well in his master's steps, and had crystalized into a miser, from having an example ever before him, without himself having the activity, the time, or the means to save. He starved himself to death, out of respect to his master!—

"He died, as he was following his master, upon a hard trotting horse, into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above four pounds; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, and the saying was this—'If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself.' That there were very few kinds of work which this servant could not do, may be estimated by what he did: but that his knowledge of how some things were done, was not very extensive, may be taken from the following circumstance.

"When the Lower House carried up their address to the King, on the subject of the American war, old Thomas (for that was the name of the fellow) who had never seen his master do any thing but ride on his most important occasions, imagined he was to ride up to his Majesty at St. James's, and speak to him on horseback. Accordingly he cleaned up the old saddles, gave the horses a feed of corn at his own expense, and at his own expense too had a piece of new riband in front, put upon one of the bridles; and all this that his master might do things handsomely, and like a 'parliament man!' But when he found how his master was to go; saw the carriage of Colonel Timms at the door, who, by borrowing for Mr. Elwes a bag-wig, lending him a shirt with laced ruffles, and new furbishing his everlasting coat, had made him look very differently from what he usually did, and in truth, much like a gentleman, old Thomas, returning all his own zeal and finery into the stables, observed, with regret, that 'mayhap, his master might look a bit of a gentleman—but he was so altered, nobody would know him.'"

Soon after his retirement from the House, Mr. Elwes assisted a gentleman in the Guards with money to purchase a majority; and he lent the assistance like a gentleman. But such liberality in our curious friend can always be contrasted with some singular instance of outrageous saving.

"It seems Mr. Elwes had requested Mr. Spurling to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was wiser, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and

Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker; but on going through the turnpike by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great earnestness. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said—'Here! here! follow me! this is the best road!' In an instant he saw Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. 'Sir,' said Mr. Spurling, 'I can never get up there.' 'No danger at all!' replied old Elwes; 'but if your horse be not safe, lead him!' At length with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil, got down on the other side. When they were safe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their escape. 'Aye,' said old Elwes, 'you mean from the turnpike. Very right; never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it!' In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; at which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slowly as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging on the sides of the hedge—'Besides,' added he, 'it is nice hay, and you have it for nothing.'"

Here the Major, struck aghast with his own history, breaks out into the following exclamation.

"Strange man! whose penury and prodigality, whose profusion and meanness, all so mixed together, puzzle me still more and more, as I detail them to the public!"

Mr. Elwes was seventy-five years of age when he retired from parliament, and the return to indolence made old age begin to think of its rights, and to assert them. He occasionally attended a card club at the Mount Coffee-house, where the play was usually moderate, and the fire, paid for by the general purse, good. On one night a keen hand pinned him down to picquet, at which he prided himself as a player, and after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes rose up three thousand pounds the lighter. He paid the loss by a draft on Hoare's, and never played picquet or the fool to such an excess again.

In 1785, as he was desirous of once more revisiting Stoke, a friend offered to take him there free of expense, and he jumped at the offer.

"The rooms at his seat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his son, John Elwes, esq. who had resided there, he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say, 'what figure they described.' To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit, with a servant, in the kitchen.

During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish."

Gleaning, of course, was dearer than reaping could have been!—it was the miser's harvtes!—He used to pick up bones, chips, and sticks, and has been heard to abuse the crows for their prodigality in building their nests. He rode an old blood mare bare-footed about the green lanes; not that it saved shoes, of course!—no—"the turf was so pleasant to a horse's foot!" If a boy put hay in the rack for a visitor's horse, the old gentleman would displace it.

While in the country at this period he was introduced to Mrs. Wells, the Major's favourite, and he acknowledged to that lady he had never been at the theatre. Why did not Sheridan give him an order? This want of theatrical curiosity is utterly distracting to the Major, who always thought a play and a greyhound two of the chief blessings of life.

The mind of Mr. Elwes was now beginning to die. He offered to lend money to his biographer, who declined it. The spring of 1786 he passed alone at Stoke, and money now began to haunt him like a spectre. From Stoke he went to Thaydon-hall, the most ruinous of all his ruins; and from thence he came to London. He made his will in favour of his sons, even in the then misery of his intellect.

Major Topham, who seems indeed to have little relish of the will, and who holds it with an angry hand, like Marc Antony, here mentions that the sons of Mr. Elwes were natural children, and then begs a long prevaricating pardon for the exposure.

"In mentioning these gentlemen as 'his natural children,' my respect for them, I am sure, will not be diminished: and a ring of no small value, lately sent to me by George Elwes, esq. in memory of their father, tells me I hold some place in their esteem. On the subject of natural children, what the facetious Dick Beckford once said so well, no man need be ashamed to repeat—'when so many unnatural children are abroad, I never shall blush to be called the natural child of my father.'

"A sentiment like this will not misbecome the sons of Mr. Elwes: and as, from the large property which has fallen to their share, some rank in society must be theirs also, that property will only be a benefit, or otherwise, as it is or is not well employed. In the person of their father, they have seen how small may be the advantage of enormous wealth; how little the happiness it confers, when confined; and that, given to us for good or pleasurable purposes, for private or public ends, riches are a blessing only as they are used.

"If these hints be of service, their father will not have lived in

vain: and that these hints should not be disregarded, is their peculiar duty—for never yet has that prodigy been shewn to mankind, of one family being misers through three generations."

The summer of 1788, Mr. Elwes passed at his house in Welbeck Street. He used to get up early in the morning to visit his houses in Marylebone Street, which were undergoing repair. He was generally on the spot before the workmen, and used to seat himself on the step before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbours took *him* for one of the workmen, and the remark was, that "there never was so punctual a man as the *old carpenter*." He now grew feverish and restless, hoarded small portions of money in different places, and visited them continually to see that they were safe. When this time arrives to the miser, be sure, the day is ever near at hand, when he himself is about to be garnered into the vast storehouse of eternity!

In the winter of 1789, his memory and health underwent a great change. His son had married in the spring, and wished his father to enjoy the comforts of a home; but old Mr. Elwes had outlived the enjoyment of all comforts. He, to be sure, had nearly suffered a marriage with one of the servants, who was shrewd enough to botch up a thread-bare passion. This late connubial speculation, however, was, fortunately for all parties, prevented by a timely interference. Mr. Elwes was now conveyed to his son's house in Berkshire. He took with him five guineas, and a half-crown; and this pinch of money fretted him day and night. He would call out in the dark, "I *will* keep my money,—nobody shall rob me of my property!"—The sand had nearly run out.

"Mr. Partis, who was then with him in Berkshire, was waked one morning about two o'clock, by the noise of a naked foot, seemingly walking about his bed-chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at the circumstance, he naturally asked, 'Who is there?' On which a person coming up towards the bed, said with great civility—"Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and an half, and half a crown!"—'Dear Sir,' replied Mr. Partis, 'I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy.'—'O! no, no;' rejoined the old gentleman; 'it's all true: and really Mr. Partis, with such a sum—I should have liked to have seen the end of it.'

"This unfortunate sum was found a few days after in a corner behind the window shutter."

We are now brought to the last flickering of this singular life—it is the inconstant dying flame on the save-all!

"For six weeks previous to his death, he had got a custom of

going to rest in his clothes as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head.

"On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

"On the 18th day of November 1789, Mr. Elwes discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which, in eight days, carried him to his grave. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone—he had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping 'he had left him what he wished.' On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a sigh!—with the ease with which an infant goes to sleep on the breast of its mother, worn out with 'the rattles and the toys' of a long day."

We forbear extracting the Major's moral reflections on the close of this extraordinary creature's existence. They are just such moderate thoughts as would intrude themselves into the mind of a country gentleman, on the death of a very aged acquaintance. We have also pretty well consumed all our own ideas in the course of this long article!—The life of Mr. Elwes, we think tolerably well supports the notions we entertain, and have ventured to express, respecting avarice.

The Major has written his little book in a very agreeable style:—Horace Walpole used to say of it, that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew. It has gone through eleven editions.

The dedication to Sir Paul Joddrell, physician to the Nabob of Arcot, is at once affectionate, complimentary, and concise;—the best ingredients of which a dedication can be composed. The preface is also pithy and pleasant, and it mentions the fact of the author having presented the work to his bookseller, which was no unhandsome gift.

The picture prefixed to the work, represents a pike-like person and visage of John Elwes, Esquire,—thin and nipped, like life! The purse is open, and the guinea is in his hand:—These are defects! We know not whether phrenologists have a cast of this marvellous man's head,—but there is a very singular bump at the back part of it, which we dare say would, on minute examination, turn out to be an organ—and a *grinding* one too, we dare warrant!

XUM

ART. IX.—*Comedies, Tragicomedies, with other Poems, by* Mr. William Cartwright, *late Student of Christchurch, in Oxford, and of the University. The Ayres and Songs set by* Mr. Henry Lawes, *Servant to his late Majesty in his public and private Music.*

——— nec ignes
Nec potuit ferrum—

London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Prince's Arms, St. Paul's Church Yard, 1651.

In wandering over the shelves of our library, which bear upon them the essences of man's wit, which either in his vanity he has spent a life in extracting from his duller parts, or expressed from copious stores, with the laudable intent of diffusing around him that pleasure and improvement in which he feels himself rich, we happened to cast our eye upon a little thick octavo volume—entitled *Cartwright's Poems and Plays.* We have sometimes thought, (perhaps our habit of criticism has led us to it,) that the minds of the gentler sex may not be ill judged by the tints and the fashions of their robes, as the man in the *Spectator* used to betray the humour of the day, by the colour of his dress—so may we pre-judge of the little book before us—whose inward parts might, we think, be characterized by its exterior.—It is unassuming and elegant.—We who look but to days gone by, may be likened unto bees flying about the walls of some ancient pleasure ground, where all but the cedar and the oak lie half buried under thistles and ivy; we penetrate into the weedy maze, and lift them up again to the light of day, and either point them out to the admiration of others, or bear away their beauties to a happier and more frequented spot.—Sufficient, we are in good hopes, will be rifled from the present little book, (which may be ranked as a violet, humble, but sweet smelling,) to serve our reader to make his breakfast pleasant.

Mr. William Cartwright has had many biographers; all differ in respect to the exact time of his birth. Lloyd affirms, that he was born in 1615, and was the son of a Mr. Thomas Cartwright, of Burford, in Oxfordshire—others, that he was the son of Mr. William Cartwright, and that he was born at Northway, in Gloucestershire, in 1611; that his father had dissipated a large fortune, and became an inn-keeper at Cirencester. Both these accounts differ from those of his publisher, who says he died, at the age of thirty, in 1643. However this may be, it is spoken of with certainty, that he was a

king's scholar at Westminster, and was thence chosen student of Christ's College, Oxford, in the year 1631, where he took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts. He afterwards became proctor of the university, and lecturer on metaphysics, and was a poet and divine, all before the young age of thirty, when he was cut off by a fever then prevalent in the University. William Cartwright seems to have been one of those characters, who possess that happy mixture of talent, virtue, and gracefulness, which attracts at once admiration and love. A greater proof of it we cannot well have, than that which the little volume before us affords, which unlike many others, without any effort of the author, (it being published eight years after his death,) gives fifty-six poetical effusions from loving friends and fellow-collegians, in token of admiration for his poetry, and in honor of his memory.—His pleasant and facetious publisher tells us, Ben Jonson said of him, " My son Cartwright writes all like a man." He was a favourite with Charles and his queen, and during his illness they frequently and anxiously inquired after him, an attention surely to be expected, for, independent of the pleasure the queen received from his dramatic pieces, she never gave a child to the world, without its being welcomed by Cartwright's muse. His plays we shall leave for another number, and proceed to give our readers some specimens of his poems, which form about a fifth part of the volume. Taken generally, they may be said to be sensible, pure, and fanciful, certainly sometimes wanting in melody of versification, and without powerful imagery, but also with little conceit. The subjects are not such as to call forth the former, being mostly epistles of compliment, but in which we might have expected to find a full crop of the latter.

We will give the extracts as they present themselves to us in the volume. The first is an exceedingly pretty congratulation " to a friend on the birth of his first child," which is happy in its versification, and the kindliness of its thoughts.

" Y'are now transcrib'd, and public view
Perusing finds the copy true,
Without erratas new crept in,
Fully complete and genuine:
And nothing wanting can espy,
But only bulk and quantity:
The text in letters small we see,
And the arts in one Epitome.
O what pleasure do you take
To hear the nurse discovery make,
How the nose, the lip, the eye,
The forehead full of majesty,

Shews the father? how to this,
The mother's beauty added is:
And after all with gentle numbers,
To woo the infant into slumbers.
And these delights he yields you now,
The swath, and cradle, this doth shew:
But hereafter when his force
Shall wield the rattle, and the horse;
When his venturing tongue shall speak
All Synalœphaes, and shall break
This word short off, and make that two,
Pratling as obligations do;
'Twill ravish the delighted sense
To view these sports of innocence,
And make the wisest dote upon
Such pretty imperfection.
These hopeful cradles promise such
Future goodness, and so much,
That they prevent my prayers, and I
Must wish but for formality.
I wish religion timely be
Taught him with his A B C.
I wish him good and constant health,
His father's learning, but more wealth;
And that to use, not hoard; a purse
Open to bless, not shut to curse.
May he have many, and fast friends,
Meaning good-will, not private ends,
Such as scorn to understand,
When they name love, a piece of land.
May the swath and whistle be
The hardest of his bonds. May he
Have no sad cares to break his sleep,
Nor other cause, than now, to weep.
May he ne'er live to be again,
What he is now, a child: may pain,
If it do visit, as a guest
Only call in, not dare to rest."

The next we shall give is, "from a young lord to his mistress, who had taught him a song:" it is elegant and fanciful.

"Taught from your artful strains, my fair,
I've only liv'd e'er since by air;
Whose sounds do make me wish I were
Either all voice, or else all ear.

If souls (as some say) music be,
I've learnt from you there's one in me;
From you, whose accents make us know,
That sweeter spheres move here below;
From you, whose limbs are so well met.
That we may swear your body's set:
Whose parts are with such graces crown'd,
That th'are that music without sound.
I had this love perhaps before,
But you awak'd and made it more:
As when a gentle ev'ning shower
Calls forth, and adds scent to the flower;
Henceforth I'll think my breath is due
No more to nature, but to you.
Sing I to pleasure then, or fame,
I'll know no anthem, but your name;
This shall joy life, this sweeten death:
You, that have taught, may claim my breath."

The following are a few pretty gems, which we will put together, thinking they may perhaps shine better when they set off each other's lustre.

" And now the certain cause I know
Whence the rose and lilly grow,
In your fair cheeks; the often showers
Which you thus weep, do breed these flowers.
If that the floods could Venus bring,
And warlike Mars from flowers spring,
Why may not hence two gods arise,
This from your cheeks, that from your eyes?"

" But O! we scorn the proffer'd lip and face;
And angry frowns sometimes add quicker grace
Than quiet beauty: 'tis that melting kiss
That truly doth distil immortal bliss,
Which the fierce struggling youth by force, at length,
Doth make the purchase of his eager strength;
Which, from the rifled weeping virgin scant
Snatch'd, proves a conquest, rather than a grant."

To Venus.

" Venus! redress a wrong that's done
By that young sprightful boy, thy son,

He wounds, and then laughs at the sore,
Hatred itself can do no more.
If I pursue, he's small, and light,
Both seen at once, and out of sight:
If I do fly, he's wing'd, and then,
At the third step, I'm caught again:
Lest one day, thou thyself may'st suffer so,
Or clip the wanton's wings, or break his bow."

A Sigh sent to his absent Love.

" I sent a sigh unto my blest one's ear,
Which lost its way, and never did come there;
I hast'ned after, lest some other fair
Should mildly entertain this travelling air;
Each flow'ry garden I did search, for fear
It might mistake a lily for her ear;
And having there took lodging, might still dwell
Hous'd in the concave of a christal bell.
At last, one frosty morning I did spy
This subtile wand'rer journeying in the sky;
At sight of me, it trembl'd, then drew near,
Then grieving fell, and dropt into a tear:
I bore it to my saint, and pray'd her take
This new-born offspring for the master's sake;
She took it, and preferr'd it to her ear,
And now it hears each thing that's whisper'd there.
O how I envy grief, when that I see
My sorrow makes a gem, more blest than me!
Yet, little pendant, porter to the ear,
Let not my rival have admittance there;
But if by chance a mild access he gain,
Upon her lip inflict a gentle pain,
Only for admonition: so when she
Gives ear to him, at least, she'll think of me."

Sadness.

" Whiles I this standing lake,
Swath'd up with ewe and cypress boughs,
Do move by sighs and vows,
Let sadness only wake:
That whiles thick darkness blots the light,
My thoughts may cast another night:
In which double shade,
By heav'n and me made,

O let me weep,
And fall asleep,
And forgotten fade.

Heark! from yond' hollow tree,
Sadly sing two anchoret owls,
Whiles the hermit wolf howls,
And all bewailing me,
The raven hovers o'er my bier,
The bittern on a reed I hear,
Pipes my elegy,
And warns me to die;
Whiles from yond' graves
My wrong'd love craves
My sad company.

Cease, Hylas, cease thy call;
Such, O such was thy parting groan,
Breath'd out to me alone,
When thou disdain'd didst fall.
Lo, thus unto thy silent tomb,
In my sad winding sheet, I come,
Creeping o'er dead bones,
And cold marble stones,
That I may mourn
Over thy urn,
And appease thy groans."

"Her very looks were tune, we might descry
Consort, and judge of music by the eye;
So that in others that which we call fair,
In her was composition and good air."

Like one who having conducted his friend into an exhibition, and awaits his return at the door, we would ask the reader how he likes *our* little exhibition; whether he does not think it displays some genius for poetry, and considerable elegance of fancy? We shall next present some lines "To the Memory of a Shipwreck'd Virgin." The title is such as to promise feeling, but this it does not give. It is rather a specimen of Cartwright's fanciful, and perhaps somewhat conceited style. It certainly is not simple, the only dress feeling can wait to clothe herself in.

"Whether thy well-shap'd parts now scatter'd far
Asunder, into treasure parted are;

Whether thy tresses, now to amber grown,
Still cast a softer day where they are shewn;
Whether those eyes be diamonds now, or make
The careful goddess of the floods mistake,
Chiding their ling'ring, as if they were
Stars that forgot t' ascend unto their sphere;
Whether thy lips do into coral grow,
Making her wonder how 't came red below;
Whether those orders of thy teeth, now sown
In several pearls, enrich each channel one;
Whether thy gentle breath in easy gales
Now flies, and chastely fills the pregnant sails;
Or whether whole turn'd syren, thou dost joy
Only to sing, unwilling to destroy;
Or else a nymph far fairer, dost encrease
The virgin train of the *Nereides;*
If that all sense departed not with breath,
And there is yet some memory in death,
Accept this labour, sacred to thy fame,
Swelling with thee, made poem by thy name.
Hearken, O winds, (if that ye yet have ears
Who were thus deaf unto my fair one's tears,)
Fly with this curse; may caverns you contain,
Still struggling for release, but still in vain.
Listen, O floods; black night upon you dwell,
Thick darkness still enwrap you; may you swell
Only with grief; may ye to every thirst
Flow bitter still, and so of all be curst.
And thou unfaithful, ill-compacted pine,
That in her nuptials didst refuse to shine,
Blaze in her pile. Whiles thus her death I weep,
Swim down my murmuring lute; move thou the deep
Into soft numbers as thou passest by,
And make her fate become her elegy."

"Lesbia on her sparrow," is pretty and runs trippingly.

"Tell me not of joy: there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you
Would toy and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me,
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord, how sullen he would be?

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again,
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *Philip* when h' had done,
O whose heart can choose but bleed ?

O how eager would he fight ?
And ne'er hurt though he did bite :
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did, now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall,
And then straightway sleek 'em too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to pierce our hearts ?
A wound he may,
Not love convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone,
O let mournful turtles join
With loving red-breasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone."

The following "To Chloe, who wished herself young enough for me," is as ingenious in argument as any lady of autumn's hue would wish it to be in real life.

" Chloe, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they meet mine,
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine ?
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births, the one when light
First strikes the new awak'ned sense ;
The other when two souls unite ;
And we must count our life from thence :
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in those souls did plant new pow'rs;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours:
Love makes those young, whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all,
None too much, none too little have;
Nay, that the difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do (like our souls) in one combine;
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me."

We now come to a graver style, in which Cartwright is even more at home than in the sprightly specimens we have already given. "Consideration" is a fit subject for our beginning.—

"Fool that I was, that little of my span,
Which I have sinn'd until it stiles me man,
I counted life till now, henceforth I'll say
'Twas but a drowsy ling'ring, or delay:
Let it forgotten perish, let none tell
That I then was, to live is to live well.
Off then, thou old man, and give place unto
The ancient of days; let him renew
Mine age like to the eagle's, and endow
My breast with innocence, that he whom thou
Hast made a man of sin, and subt'ly sworn
A vassal to thy tyranny, may turn
Infant again, and having all of child,
Want wit hereafter to be so beguil'd;
O thou that art the way, direct me still
In this long tedious pilgrimage, and till
Thy voice be born, lock up my looser tongue,
He only is best grown that's thus turn'd young."

The following is sensible, feeling, and concise.

An Epitaph on Mr. Poultney.

" True to himself and others, with whom both
Did bind alike a promise and an oath:
Free without art, or project; giving still
With no more snare, or hope, than in his will:
Whose mast'ring even mind so balanc'd all
His thoughts, that they could neither rise nor fall:
Whose train'd desires ne'er tempted simple health,
Taught not to vex but manage compos'd wealth;
A season'd friend, not tainted with design,
Who made these words grow useless, Mine and Thine;
An equal master, whose sincere intents
Ne'er chang'd good servants to bad instruments:
A constant husband not divorc'd by Fate,
Loving, and lov'd, happy in either state,
To whom the grateful wife hath sadly drest
One monument here, another in her breast;
Poultney in both doth lye, who hitherto
To others liv'd, to himself only now."

We shall conclude our quotations with the best part of a piece to the memory of Ben Jonson, and we doubt not our readers will agree with us in thinking our best very excellent. It is in a strong and nervous style, and is such praise as a man might be proud either to write or receive.

" No rotten talk breaks for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; no provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good count'nance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse;
No woman rul'd thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye;
Thy star was judgement only and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence:
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.
Where are they now that cry thy lamp did drink
More oil than th' author wine while he did think?

We do embrace their slander; thou hast writ
Not for dispatch, but fame; no market wit;
'Twas not thy care that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well;
Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear:
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges rose a strife,
To make thee read a classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day;
There's difference between fame and sudden pay:
These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate
Us'd the same force to a village and a state;
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it only had a sallad been;
Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still puts true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that try'd captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair:
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching muse did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?
Is it no art, no labour, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek and Latin gardens, to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil? their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here:
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine; thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's that's ravish'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.

Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou should'st grow old, 'cause they
Ne'r by thy writing knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:
Thine art was thine act's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell the less:
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill;
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up Porcelaine wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners and more sense;
'Twas judgement yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame as once thy word:
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, and now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
" Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast,
Like curing gold, most valu'd now thou'rt lost;
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and *Poetry*, which now are gone."

We could present our readers with much more, nearly if not quite equally good, but they have had sufficient to judge of the merits of William Cartwright; and our limits tell us we must close. But, before we lay down our pen, we would remind the reader, that the poetry before us was not the business of Cartwright's life, and that these poems were his amusement in unapplied hours; and, as a friend says of him,

" Witness thy other poems too, and songs,
Such as turn'd deserts heretofore to throngs,
And tun'd to the music of a Thracian string;
Made wild men tame, and peace from discord spring.
" But these thy looser raptures must submit
To thy rare sermons, and much holier wit;
In whose rich web such eloquence is seen,
As if the Roman orator had been

Sent forth to preach the gospel: and had stood
In our assemblies pouring out his flood.
Thou wert a poet, but thy sermons do
Shew thee to be the best of preachers too."

It has been said before, and some may now think, that there is not sufficient excellence in Cartwright, to call forth fifty-six complimentary epistles; but we would answer, that those eulogies were written when Cartwright's excellencies as a man, philosopher, and divine, were green in the memory of his contemporaries: and that we are cool and contemplative judges of the poet alone, nearly a century after his death. We cannot refrain from closing our article with one of the Prefatory Elegies: we might quote many possessing much more poetic excellence; but we choose it for its extreme simplicity: it is by the hand which set many of Cartwright's songs to music.

" *To the memory of my most deserving and peculiar friend, Mr. William Cartwright.*

BY HENRY LAWS.

" Amidst their very tears they'll smile to see
Me boldly venture at an *Elegy*
On thee (sweet friend) a subject fit for none
But those that have drunk deep at *Helicon*:
For how should I thy high-built fame rehearse
Who hardly can distinguish prose from verse?
'Tis a sad truth ———
Yet here I must come in, my interest
Will claim as large a sorrow as the best:
For though my grief wants art and words, yet I
Can *think* aloud to thy dear memory;
And may (while others write) to after times
Sing thy own lasting praise in thy own rhymes."

ART. X.—*The Workes of* Geffray Chaucer. *Printed at London, by* Thomas Godfray. *The yere of our Lorde,* M.D. xxxii. *Cum privilegio a rege indulto.* Fol. blk let.

The Works of Geffray Chaucer, *newly printed, with dyvers Workes, which were never in print before: as in the Table more playnly*

doth appere. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. Printed by Wyllyam Bonham, *dwellyng at the syne of the Kynges Armes, in Paul's Church Yarde,* 1542. Fol. b. l.

The Workes of our Antient and Learned English Poet, Geffray Chaucer, *newly printed. In this Impression you shall find these Additions.* 1. *His Portraiture and Progenie shewed.* 2. *His Life collected.* 3. *Arguments to every Book gathered.* 4. *Old and obscure words explained.* 5. *Authors by him cited, declared.* 6. *Difficulties opened.* 7. *Two Books of his, never before Printed.* London, *Printed by* Adam Islip, *at the charges of* Thomas Wight, *Anno* 1598. *Ovid.—Seris venit usus ab annis.* Folio, blk let.

The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. *To which are added, An Essay on his Language and Versification, and an Introductory Discourse, together with a Glossary. By the late* Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. F.R.S. *The second edition: Oxford, at the Clarendon Press,* 1798. 2 vols. 4to.

There are few circumstances connected with the present taste for literature, more creditable than the frequent recurrence that is made to the works of those elder wits, with whom the frame and energies of our language may be said to have originated: who conduct us to the well-head and fountains of our composite dialect, and by shewing the sources and primal usages of our speech, give us an accurate and distinctive perception of the significance of its terms and idioms. Researches of this kind in every language, and particularly in languages which have passed through such mutations as ours, appear to be indispensable, not only to the attainment of that pregnant conciseness, imaginative at once and definite, which is the highest accomplishment of literary composition, but to the preservation of that standard purity of phrase and idiom, which the arbitrary affectations of fashion and the influence of foreign intercourse have a perpetual tendency to disturb.

It is true, that a taste for this kind of literature may be carried to excess. Imitation may be substituted for research; and instead of tracing derivatives, we may look for models. The rust of antiquity may be mistaken for its ore; and age may monopolise the veneration, which can only belong to merit. By those who are infected by a mere rage for the obsolete, neither the language nor the ideas of succeeding generations are likely to be benefited. Instead of preserving from unmerited disuse what was nervous, consonant, and expressive, they would intrude again what, as crude and incongruous, has been deservedly dismissed for more comprehensive terms, and

more harmonious constructions. Not satisfied with the correction of modern fopperies, they would strip us bare to the necessities of our forefathers; without recollecting that what was simplicity in them, might be quaintness and affectation in us. We should know the past, that we may make the best of the present, and avail ourselves of the wisdom, not assume the ignorance, of former times. Even in the best wisdom of our ancestors, every thing may not be fitting for their posterity. We were born in the midst of modern associations, and therefore can never be ancients. In order to write like our forefathers, we must learn to think and feel as our forefathers felt and thought; and must re-adopt their opinions, their prejudices, and their modes of life, before we can resort again to the peculiarities of their phraseology, or the modes and combinations of their ideas.

This is no reason, however, why the treasures of their wit should not be among the objects of our study and research: why we should not preserve the memory of what is estimable in their remains, and restore what has been unwisely neglected. Even their obscurities may occasionally throw additional light upon what in present usage is but loosely understood; and they have their points of brilliant light, which ought not to be lost from the intellectual horizon. They are the beacons and landmarks of our language, to which our eyes should occasionally be turned, to prevent us from floating too far on the sea of innovation: and it should never be forgotten, that the more fixed and permanent the standard of any language can be rendered, the richer is the bank of accumulated knowledge: for the wisdom that is preserved in a language that is obsolete, is a treasure buried in the earth, which we know not where to delve for.

In treasures of this description, the neglected glebe of Chaucer is particularly affluent—treasures both of instruction and delight. As a fabulist and a poet, Dryden gives him the decided preference over Ovid: though Dryden, as we shall hereafter shew, was not capable of appreciating all his beauties. But there are other reasons for recommending him to the attention of the English student.

To the philologist, he is a classic of the first order: for he is pre-eminently the most conspicuous of the makers and methodizers of the language: the first who taught it to flow in expressive harmony, and gave to it consistency and energy. Not that he invented and introduced a verbiage and idiom of his own, or compounded, as some have supposed, a *melange* of imported phraseology; but because, (as will be obvious to those who consult his contemporaries, Lydgate, Gower, Hocleve, Scogan, &c.) he selected and methodised from the unsettled idioms then in use, what was fittest and most congruous, and gave consist-

ence and solidity to that foundation, upon which the polished structure of our present language has gradually risen.

Even in point of rhythmical harmony, the obligations of our language to Chaucer are not less decisive than in phraseology and structure: and we shall endeavour to shew hereafter, that in his versification are to be found, not only the less rigid models of our present septasyllabic and octosyllabic measures, but the exemplars also, which Spenser has acknowledged, and of which Milton has availed himself, of that heroic metre, to which the former gave so much sweetness, and the latter such majestic sublimity; and to which Pope has imparted all the elaborate terseness of polished uniformity:—of that metre, in fact, which has now become the established national *hexameter* of our poesy, and the constant vehicle of our graver and more stately modes of composition.

But it is not only to the philologist and the prosodist that the memory of Chaucer should be dear. He has other claims upon our admiration and gratitude, or he could never have had these. The language and idiom of an author, however erudite, can never become popular, nor his versification, however elaborate, a model of general imitation, but from the merit or the fascination of his ideas. It is the soul within that must give vital expression and influence to exterior form; and the most beautiful mechanism of period or stanza, if only applied to the drawlings of inanity, could but share in the oblivious slumber they would facilitate. That Chaucer had the soul, as well as the voice of poesy, is sufficiently evinced in the admiration he has excited in those who were neither familiar with his language, nor in possession of the clue that would unravel the harmony of his numbers: nay, who could not, from the defective transcripts they consulted, or by their mode of pronunciation, make out even the numerical proportion of his feet, or his syllables.* "*His* style," at any rate, notwithstanding the charm which undoubtedly it had in his own day for ears familiar with the ac-

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* We refer, in this observation, to Dryden in particular, who, emphatic as he is in his admiration in other respects, seems to deny to our author all pretensions to rhythmical proportion and harmony, partly from the circumstance of his researches not having brought him sufficiently acquainted with that fulness of vowel-ative pronunciation, especially in the terminative syllables, which was the usage of our ancestors, even almost to the extent in which it is still preserved by the Italians; but still more from his having consulted the more modern, but degenerated edition of Speght, instead of ascending to the impression edited by Thynne, (or the transcript from that, if such it be) in

cents and quantities he made use of, cannot now be considered (as a paradoxical critic has considered that of Virgil) "as the pickle that preserves his mummy from corruption." The imperishability of his works must be evidently ascribed to some thing more inherent, to that superiority of poetical and intellectual merit—that pregnancy of thought and brilliant versatility of genius which, commanding the admiration of his contemporaries, gave currency to his idioms, and rendered his rythmical arrangements the models of succeeding generations.

The history of the progress of English versification (if this were a proper place to enter upon such a subject) would place this suggestion beyond the pale of controversy. It would be seen how the successive experiments of inferior, though far from despicable writers had their day and perished; while the heroic and octo-syllabic measures of Chaucer still continue to be the models of our serious and our familiar versification.

But it is not merely in a literary point of view, as works of

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1532. An observation which will be sufficiently illustrated in the following parallel columns: especially if it be remembered that the *e* final, when followed by a consonant, is always to be pronounced as a syllable.

Prologue, v. 726 *to* v. 744. *Edit.* 1532.

But firste I pray you, of your curtesy,
That ye ne arette it nat my folly*
Though that I playnly speke in this matere
To tellen you her wordes and eke her chere:
Ne though I speke her wordes properly.
For this ye knowen† as well as I
Who shall tellen‡ a tale after a manne,
He mote reherce as nye as ever he canne
Everych worde, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudely ne large:‖
Or els he motte tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thynges or fynde wordes newe.
He may nat spare al tho he were his brother.
He mote as wel saye o worde as another.
Christ spake him selfe ful brode in holy writte:
And well I wotte no vyllany is itte.
Eke Plató sayth who so can him rede
The wordes mote ben cosyn to the dede.

The same Passage, as quoted by Dryden, from Edit. 1598.

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrette it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen, as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can,
Everich word, of it been in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he moté tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

* The MSS. consulted by Mr. Tyrwhitt give the line thus:
"That ye ne arette it not my vilanie."
† "For this ye knowen al so wel as I."—*Tyrwhitt.*
‡ "Who so shal telle," &c.—*Tyr.*
‖ "Rudely and so large;"—*Tyr.*

That Mr. Dryden ascended not to MS. collation for the purest text of his author, is scarcely to be imputed to him as a fault. But it is too much, to make the poet responsible in his reputation for all the errors of ignorant transcribers, and all the fantastical innovations of successive editors, and the accumulating blunders of the press.

amusement and effusions of a poetical imagination, that the writings of Chaucer are entitled to particular attention. They are pregnant with instruction of a higher order. They are an essential portion of the authentic history of his country; not of its sieges, its battles, and its revolutions—like *The Pharsalia* of Lucan, or *The Civil Wars* of Daniel; or of the successions of names and dates, the installations, and the demises of kings and bishops, like our old monkish chronicles!—but of the history of the national mind. It is something to know even the tastes of former ages,—for taste has an inseparable connection with the state of morals and of intellect, and the general condition of society; and, in this point of view, even the wildest and most extravagant romance of antiquity may be read with some degree of profit, if we have any means of ascertaining its degree of popularity in the age to which it is ascribed. But certainly the works of Chaucer, his *Canterbury Tales* in particular, minister to our information, in a more unequivocal way, and on a much more extensive scale. They bring the genuine picture of society alive and breathing before us. We mingle with our long-buried ancestors, as though they were cotemporary with us—converse with them, listen to them, enter into their humours and their habits; and become as familiar with the moral, the intellectual, and the social state of the community of those times, as though the living drama, with all its actual incidents, had passed in review before us. This is an essential and an edifying part of history, that of the progress and revolutions of the social mind: a portion of history in which the generality of us have, in reality, a more vital interest, than in the changes of dynasties and the revolutions of empires.

In this point of view, indeed, works of imagination, when its higher attributes are employed upon local scenes and cotemporary subjects, are frequently more instructive than the most elaborate pages of history. The latter affect to perpetuate the actions of potentates and the exploits of heroes; though the authors of those *panegyrics* cannot but know how perpetually the record must be falsified; since those who are most interested in disguising the truth, have also most the means, and have the passions, the prejudices, and the vanity of their cotemporaries generally on their side, to assist them in the imposition: and he must have passed through the world with unobservant eyes, or had few opportunities of reading the narrative of any transaction "all of which he saw, and part of which he was," who has not been induced to reflect how wide the difference is apt to be, between the doings that have actually been done, and the deeds that are to be recorded to posterity. But the imaginative historian, who adorns his record with names of his own creation, and selects the character he assigns to his imaginary

agents from the great book of nature, as it lies spread before him, may use with freedom the genuine colours of truth, and delineate man as he really is, with all the modifications of morals, manners, and characteristics, which the institutions, the necessities, and the habitudes of the age have imposed upon him. Whoever does this is, in fact, an historian of the highest order: an historian, instructive, not to the statesman and the politician only, but to all who may peruse his record. And such an historian is the great father of our English poetry—the venerable Geffrey Chaucer.

In these respects we trust that we have said enough to justify the degree of importance we attach to this subject, and the space to which we may probably find it necessary to extend the present article: since every reader who has a taste for the varied productions of original genius, or is desirous of being acquainted with the habits, the manners, customs, and characters of our ancestors, and all that belonged to the social frame of the community, at an interesting and splendid period of our annals, when the terror of our island-arms had begun to shake the continent, and captive kings bowed before the footstool of our warlike Edwards, will be thankful, we should suppose, for every effort to extend his familiarity with such a writer, and facilitate his enjoyment of the intellectual treasures which these varied works contain.

In the way of this familiarity and enjoyment, there are still (notwithstanding the praise-worthy and successful labours of Mr. Tyrwhitt, with reference to one essential portion of these works) considerable difficulties; more especially with respect to those ample portions which that diligent and ingenious editor has not collated and revised. The barbarous corruptions of the text, printed originally, and of necessity, from imperfect transcriptions, and (restricting the observation to all that followed the more careful edition of Mr. Thynne,) still more and more corrupted in each successive impression, are not to be regarded as among the smallest of these difficulties; and we have already shewn that even the harsh judgment pronounced by his great admirer, Mr. Dryden, on the versification of our poet, is in part at least attributable to the blunders and injudicious innovations of these successive editors. Independently however of those corruptions which have resulted from the errors of transcription and of the press, there are still great and discouraging difficulties to be encountered in Mr. Tyrwhitt's revised edition of the *Canterbury Tales:* difficulties resulting from the obscurity of obsolete language, and still more obsolete spelling; from the obvious changes that have taken place in our modes of pronunciation—particularly with respect to syllabication, and the seat of the thesis, or percussive accent,

and that indolent elision of the vowel, which our Midas' ears have suffered to be carried to such an extent, and by which so many of our dissyllables have been melted, or rather crushed, into monosyllabic words,* &c. But if ever we should have such an edition of the works of Chaucer as is still to be regarded among the *desiderata* of our restored literature —an edition which would obviate the obscurity without impairing the venerable features of antiquity—which would remove some portion of the rust of time, without superadding the varnish-like glare of the modern mint, or impairing the lines and characteristics of the original impression,—which would soften down some of those grossnesses of diction, in the looser tales, which the *fashion* of Chaucer's days somewhat too freely admitted, without precisely substituting that fastidious phraseology with which modern prudery disguises its looser thoughts,—the difficulties in the way of the complete enjoyment of these literary treasures of the fourteenth century would disappear.†

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* That this barbarous practice of elision was not the fashion of our pronunciation, even in the time of Henry VIII., is obvious from the observation of Polidore Virgil, a well-travelled writer of that age, and himself a foreigner, who expressly says, that the English language approached much nearer to the Italian, in the fulness of its vowel-ative sounds, than any of the other languages of Europe.

† Take for example (if we may have the presumption to offer an example of the species of edition we would recommend) the following version of that beautiful passage, the description of the Good Parson. We shall quote, in another place, the same passage, verbatim, from the collated text of Mr. Tyrwhitt, taking only the liberty of a little modernization of the spelling; and it will be seen how slight, in every other respect, are the innovations we would propose. Pope, in his beautiful and splendid versions of the January and May, &c. has polished away almost every mark and vestige of venerable antiquity; and Dryden, in his smoothly flowing (sometimes abridged and sometimes dilated) translation of Palemon and Arcite, in some of the most delightful passages of our author, sacrifices the pathos, by losing the simplicity of the original. Certainly neither one nor the other can give the modern reader a correct idea of the native style and peculiar beauties of Chaucer.

THE GOOD PARSON.

A true good man ther was there of religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work;
And thereto a right learned man;—a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient,

In the mean time be it our task to remove, as far as the nature of our function will admit, the cloud that involves this temple of the elder muse, by furnishing the spell by which a considerable portion at least of the obscurity, may be dispersed; and by placing in a somewhat clearer light, some specimens of those treasures, to the enjoyment of which we invite the curious reader.

Some portion of this task, as we have admitted, has already been performed in Tyrwhitt's judicious revision of about one-third of the works of our voluminous author; and the introductory essays and discourses prefixed, and the notes and glossary subjoined to that edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, are lights and guides of inestimable value in the furtherance of our design: though at the same time we are not prepared, in all instances, to accord with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and are of opinion, that

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As proven oft; to all who lack'd a friend.
Lothe for his tithes to ban or to contend,
At every need much rather was he found
Unto his poor parishioners around
Of his own substance and his dues to give:
Content on little, for himself, to live.
Wide was his cure; the houses far asunder,
Yet never fail'd he, or for rain or thunder,
Whenever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small,
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.
This noble ensample to his flock he gave
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
The word of life he from the gospel caught;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth what should iron do?
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,
What wonder if the unletter'd layman lust?
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,
To see a sullied shepherd, and clean sheep.
For sure a priest the sample ought to give
By his own cleanness how his sheep should live.
He never set his benefice to hire,
Leaving his flock acomber'd in the mire,
And ran to London cogging at St. Poul's
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd;
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
Tho holy in himself, and virtuous,
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous:
Not of reproach imperious or malign;
But in his teaching soothing and benign.
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
But were there one perverse and obstinate,
Were he of lofty or of low estate,
Him would he sharply with reproof astound.
A better priest is no where to be found.
He waited not on pomp or reverence
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.
The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve
He taught: but, first, he followed it himselve.

much as he has done he has still left much to do—even with reference to that portion which he has undertaken.

But, as it is not our intention to confine our disquisition to the *Canterbury Tales*, before we enter either into the consideration of the versification of Chaucer (which has been the subject of so much controversy), or of his poetical merits and peculiarities, it may be necessary to take a general survey of the life and various writings of the author, and the circumstances under which he wrote.

Geffrey Chaucer flourished in the age of Edward the Third, and continued his literary career through the succeeding reign of Richard II. and a very small part of that of Henry IV.: a period when what we now call the English language, of which he was the acknowledged "lode-sterre," was struggling into existence through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and barbarous or monkish Latin. He was born, as appears from satisfactory *inference*, in the year 1328 (2 Edward III.) and died Oct. 25th, 1400, (the beginning of 2 Henry IV.) in the full possession of that high reputation deservedly acquired, by those "ditees and songes glade," with which he had, as Gower says, "the londe full-filled over all;" and through which, as Lydgate adds, he had

> "made first to dystylle and rayne
> The gold dew dropys of speche and eloquence
> Into our tunge thrugh his excellence."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the great south aisle it seems; but with what ceremonial honours we are not informed.

Considering the figure he made in the world during his life-time, not only in a literary, but also in a political point of view, and the rank and station he had held in society, it appears perfectly astonishing, in this biographic age, that so few particulars of his personal history should have been handed down to us; that even the date and place of his birth should have no positive record; and that of the latter we should not have any rational grounds even for probable conjecture. Of the family from which he descended, so destitute are we of documental or even traditional information, that it has been alternately conjectured, and with equal confidence maintained, that he was the son of a vintner or tavern-keeper, of a London merchant, a country gentleman, and of an illustrious knight—in an age when knighthood was one of the highest patents of nobility. Nothing can in reality be more nugatory than the grounds upon which these respective pretensions are founded. The circumstance of his being a Londoner, for which we have his own testimony in two different places in his *Testament of*

Love (fol. 321 and 325, edit. 1542) together with some coincidences of name, seem to have been the only bases for the presumption of his descent from a vintner on the one hand, or from a merchant on the other: the fabricators of those genealogies not seeming to have been aware that, in the age of Chaucer, the city was not the residence of trading classes only; but of nobility also, and frequently of the royal court.

But, obscure as are all the circumstances relative to the birth and actual family of our poet, the station to which he attained in the court of Edward, and the functions and negociations in which we find him employed, sufficiently prove that he must have been of what is called *gentle blood;* for although Mr. Tyrwhitt has sufficiently exposed the mistakes which have occasioned Speght to dignify his first entrance into the royal household with the rank of *Page*, and afterwards to grace him with that of *royal shield-bearer*, the first authentic memorial in which we have any mention of Chaucer calling him only *Valetus noster* (our yeoman) and that of 46 Edward III. in which the king appoints him one of his envoys to Genoa, entitles him only *Scutifer noster* (our *esquire*),—yet, as the former of these titles was given in those days even to young men of the highest quality before they were knighted, it is not likely it should have been conferred, in the royal household, upon any individual of mere plebeian family. The feudal, or high aristocratic feeling was then in its full vigour; even commercial wealth, however disproportionate, had not yet been able to break into the ranks of the proud nobility; and rarely could any degree of plebeian merit enter into official association with those who "disdeigned to consider the peasant or burgher as of the same species with themselves." The profession of the church furnished, as yet, the only exceptions. The sacerdotal robe indeed conferred a nobility of its own, and efficiently of the first order; and, in episcopal mantle, or beneath a cardinal's hat, a vintner's son, or a butcher's, might jostle or might trample the proudest peerage, and even maintain equality with royalty itself: but by no other path could the offspring of "peasant or burgher" enter so far into the ranks of gentlemanship, as to mingle with the high-born pages of the court,* or be *esquired* in royal patent: and we

* Even the suites of the nobility, &c. were in those days composed of different classes from those of the present. Ladies of high rank were waited upon by unmarried *Ladies* not very much their inferiors; and the sons of the second order of nobility were not degraded by being pages to those of the first. The rank and hereditary station of those who to this day hold, as badges rather of distinction than humiliation, the nominal offices of Groom of the Stole, &c., in the royal household, is a memorial relique of this economy.

may safely pronounce that, notwithstanding the familiar patronage of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Chaucer would never have held the stations in which we find him placed, if he had not been of what courts and courtiers would have called *respectable family*: if indeed we could readily believe that, under any circumstances, such familiar patronage would have been accorded by that lofty aspiring prince to the son of a vintner or city tradesman.

His having been successively a student of Cambridge and Oxford would make indeed but little for the question, since Chaucer himself has shewn, and we have abundant evidence from other sources, what classes of people might be included among the "poure clerkes," or scholars of our universities. To say nothing of Hendy Nicholas, the "younge clerke of Oxenforde," in his room or loft over the "Carpentere's" shop, or the "younge poure scholeres of Solere Hall of Cambrege," with their broad vulgar northern dialect,—the *good Parson*, a right "learned man—a clerke," is accompanied in the pilgrimage by his brother, "a ploughman, who had spread many a fother of dung."

> "With him ther was a Ploughman, was his brother,
> That had ylaid of dung full many a fother.
> A true-e swinker and a good was he,
> Living in peace and perfect charity:
> God loved he best-e with all heart-e
> At all-e times, were it gain or smart-e.
> And then his neighbours right al as himselve,
> He woulde thresh, and thereto dike and delve;
> For Christe sake, for every poore wight,
> Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
> His tithes payed he full fair and well,
> Both of his proper swinke and his cattel."

And though in the age of Chaucer, "ploughman" might be synonimous to "farmer"—to which class and not to that of mere labourers (who were then in a state of predial slavery or villainage) our pilgrim ploughman evidently belongs,—yet we must go not to our present race of Norfolk farmers, who drink their old port, and go fox-hunting with their landlords in green coats and jockey boots; but to the worsted-hosed rustics with hobnail shoes, who in the dreary fenns of Lincolnshire, or on the Welsh mountains, still hold their own ploughs and spread the *donge* with their own *hands*, if we would form even a remote idea of the rank which the ploughmen farmers of those times held in the scale of society.

This double matriculation of our poet seems, however, to

rest upon no semblance of authority; and we believe, with Mr. Tyrwhitt, that Oxford must be thrown entirely out of calculation. But the manner in which he speaks of himself in *The Court of Love*, (v. 912, &c.)

> "Philogenet I call'd am far and nere,
> Of Cambrige clerke,"*

may, we think, be regarded as tolerably decisive of his claim upon that university, though it will avail him nothing on the score of hereditary gentility.

But we have, nevertheless, said enough perhaps upon this subject, (notwithstanding Mr. Tyrwhitt's objection of the sim-

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* The passage being tolerably descriptive of the amatory vein of Chaucer, it may perhaps be acceptable that we should quote it more at large. Our poet pleads his pretensions to the Lady Love: for with Chaucer, love is generally (with something more than *classical* propriety) a lady.

" My destiny, my fate, and hour I bless,
That have me set to been obedient,
Duly to you, the flower of all I wis.
I trust to Venus never to repent:
For ever ready, glad, and diligent,
Ye shall me find in service to your grace,
Till death my life out of my body race.

Humble unto your excellence so digne,
Enforcing aye my witès and delight
To serve and please with glad heart and benigne,
And been as Troïlus, Troye's knight,
Or Anthony for Cleopatra bright;
And never you, me thinkes to renay,
Thus shall I keep unto my ending day.

Emprint my speech in your memorial,
Sadly my princes, salve of all my sore!
And think that for I would becomen thrall,
And been your own as I have said before,
Ye must of pity cherish more and more
Your man; and tender after his desert,
And give him courage for to been expert.

The Lady, however, does not seem all at once so readily to acknowledge his acquaintance, and admit his claims.

Truely gramercy, friend, of your good will
And of your proffer in your humble wise!
But for your service, take and keep it still;
And where ye say I ought you well cherishe
And of your grief the remedy devise,
I know not why: I n'am [*am not*] acquainted well
With you, ne wot not soothly where ye dwell.

What is your name? rehearse it here I pray:
Of whence and where, of what condition
That ye been of? let see come off and say.
Fain would I know your disposition
Ye have put upon your old intention.
But what ye mean to serve me Ine wote
Save that ye say, ye love me wonder hote.

My name, alas, my heart, why been it straunge?
Philogenét I call'd am far and near,
Of Cambridge clerk; that never think to chaunge
From you that with your heavenly streames clear
Ravish mine heart and ghost, and all in fear.
This is the first I write my bill for grace,
Me think I see some mercy in your face.

And what I mean, by gods that all have wrought,
My bill that maketh final mention
That ye been lady in mine inward thought
Of all mine heart, without offencion,
That I best love, and have since I begun
To draw to court, lo then what might I see
I yield me here, unto your noblerie.

And if that I offend, or wilfully,
By pomp of heart, your precept disobey,
Or doen against your will unskilfully,
Or grieven you for earnest or for play,
Correct ye right sharply then I pray me
As it is seen unto your womanhede:
And rue on me, or else I n'am but dede.

plicity of his escutcheon) to satisfy those readers, who (even in these equalizing days) can discover additional beauties in a poetical composition, when they find a sprig of gentlemanship, or nobility, in the title-page.

That foreign travel had also constituted a part of his education may readily be concluded, without resting much of our confidence upon the authority on which Mr. Speght asserts, that "when he left the university, he travelled through France, and the Low Countries, in order to see the world, and to improve the knowledge which he had acquired from books:" a statement, the confident tone of which is but indifferently supported by the ensuing acknowledgement, that, "*when* he went abroad, or at what time he returned, are circumstances not easily to be determined." As a conjecture, however, his youthful travel into foreign parts, is somewhat more than possible; as it is not likely, that without such previous qualification, he should have been employed by such a Prince as Edward III., in those successive embassies to Genoa, and to the court of Rome, in which we find him engaged.

But whatever were the family or other distinctions of our poet, it is obvious, that he had not passed through life without familiarity with the inferior classes of society. If his connexion with the court had been favourable to that elevation of thought conspicuous in his more epic strains, and to that polish of diction (as compared with that of his cotemporaries) so conspicuous in his descriptive and more imaginative passages, his thorough acquaintance with the language and manners of the lower and intermediate gradations is equally demonstrable. Without such familiarity, it would have been utterly impossible that he should have sketched, with such obvious fidelity, that wide variety of characters grouped together in his *Canterbury Tales*, and have sustained them throughout with such appropriate colloquy—such truth of nature, and fullness of dramatic effect.

"It has been truly observed of him," says Dryden, (in the preface to his *Fables*,) that "he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales*, the various manners and humours, as we now call them, of the whole English nation in his age; not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are

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vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or, (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different; the reeve, the miller, and the cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath."——"We have our forefathers and great grandams all before us as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars, of chanons, and lady-abbesses, and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered."—

But to catch the modifications which times and circumstances, professions and intercourses, produce on general character, we must have mingled in the scenes in which those modifications are exhibited and brought into play.

The succeeding incidents of his life have not been very amply or very authentically stated; and conjecture, in many instances, has been permitted to supply the place of record. But the errors of fanciful biographers have been so far corrected by the "abstract of historical passages connected with the *Life of Chaucer*," subjoined to Mr. Tyrwhitt's "preface," that by comparing these with the accounts prefixed to the editions of Speght and Urrey, &c., the reader may be enabled to collect all the information we are ever likely to obtain upon this subject: unless (which is not very probable) any portion of his own memoranda, or correspondence, should yet be extant in the dusty corners of some museum, or library, which accident, or the diligent curiosity of the antiquary, may be destined to bring to light.* The actual revolutions in his pecuniary circumstances (though the causes of some of them are in dispute) are, however, involved in somewhat less obscurity.

Whatever might have been the circumstances which first introduced him into the household, and successively recommended him to royal favour, it appears that, in addition to such advantages as he might derive from his situation there, and his respective diplomatic missions, Chaucer had grants, at different times, of certain pensions of twenty and forty marks, &c. amounting, altogether, to between 50 and 60*l.* a year:—no despicable income in those days, as we shall shew hereafter. He received

* If Sir Richard Phillips found, by chance, a genuine portrait of Chaucer, in the lumber loft of an obscure old-fashioned house, in a provincial town or village, why may we not hope for some additional remains of his writings in some mouldy old chest, in some situation equally obscure? Alas! mildew, and moth, and rat, and the destroying hand of ignorance, are more fatal to old, neglected papers than even to the panel and canvass of old pictures.

also from the royal bounty, first, a certain pitcher of wine daily, and afterwards a certain annual pipe of wine: the only pretence, we believe, which is furnished either by record, or remote tradition, for decorating our poet with the imaginary title of Poet Laureat: though Dryden lays such confident claim to him as a predecessor in the laurel—a distinction, real and titular, unknown, we believe, to the court of our heroic Edwards,—however worthy of poetic celebration.

To these pensions were successively added the appointments of comptroller of wools, and of wines in the port of London; clogged, however, with an injunction, not very indicative of the patronizing taste of his royal master, "*that the said* Geffrey, *write with his own hand his rolls touching the said office, and continually reside there, and do and execute all things pertaining to the said office, in his own person, and not by substitute.*" This is something like the *patronage* (though not so meagre of emolument) that took poor Burns

> "from the sickle and the plough
> To gauge ale-firkins!"

Nor shall we wonder that, under these circumstances, Chaucer, notwithstanding his epic vein, sang not of Cressey and of Poictiers. He could have little expectation of an Augustan ear from the sovereign, however magnanimous in the field, who imposed upon the first of poets the mechanical drudgery of writing all the documents, keeping all the accounts, and transacting all the business connected with the importations, &c. of wools, and felts, and wines, in the port of London.

The comptroller of these wares, however, found leisure, it should seem, notwithstanding, to pay his devotions to the muses; and Mr. Tyrwhitt appears to be sufficiently justified in his inference from the following passage, in *The House of Fame*, (whose merits have been acknowledged and popularised by the paraphrase of Pope,) that this highly imaginative work was written while the poet was in that office.

> "For when thy labour al done is,
> And hast made all thy *rekenyngès*,
> In stead of rest and of new thynges,
> Thou go'st home to thyne house anonè;
> And also domb as is a stonè,
> Thou syttest at another bookè,
> Tyl fully dazed is thy lookè,
> And lyvyst thus as an hermytè—
> Altho thyn abstinence be lytè. [little,]
> And therfore Jovis, through hys grace,
> Wyl that I bear thee to a place

Which that hyght the house of Fame,
And to do thee sport and game," &c.—
B. II. v. 144, &c.

It should seem, also, that our poet contrived to discharge the duties of his office faithfully, and with clean hands; and the honest pride with which he valued himself on his integrity never having been liable to any imputation, appears to be justified by the circumstance, that when, in the latter end of King Edward's reign, inquiries and prosecutions were instituted relative to great frauds and embezzlements in certain branches of the customs, the name of Chaucer never seems to have been so much as mentioned.

By means of his several appointments, &c. nevertheless, Chaucer became considerably enriched, and lived at one time, as he himself informs us, in great splendour; though we shall not very readily believe that he ever, as Speght has asserted, "had altogether an income of *one thousand pounds per annum*,"* a revenue which, considering the standard weight and

* A few facts and considerations will convince the reader of the enormity of this supposition.

In the first place it is to be remembered, sterling originally signified a pound weight of standard silver—that is to say, 11 *oz.* 2 *dwt.* of pure silver and 18 *dwt.* of alloy, coined into 20*s.*; though the same quantity of the same standard (being now coined into 60*s.* of which every 20*s.* is still called a pound), would now bear the denomination of £3. From this primitive signification of the nominal currency there had been little deviation in the time of Chaucer: for in the 20th E. III. the same pound weight, of the same standard, was coined only into 22*s.* 6*d.*; and in the 27th into 25*s.* Nor does any further alteration appear to have taken place till the reign of Henry V. when it was coined into 30*s.* Chaucer's £1,000 a-year would accordingly have been in actual amount £2,500 of the currency of the present day. But this is in reality a small part only of the consideration necessary to a true estimate of the practical value of such an income. To this we must add the recollection of the much smaller quantity, and consequently the much greater value, in practical application, of the precious metals then in circulation; the different occasions, inducements, and even opportunities of expenditure in the mode of living then and now; the multiplied artificial wants in equipage, daily amusements, luxurious accommodations, &c. of which there were then neither the means nor the idea. The bearing of the latter consideration upon the estimate of the operative value of £1,000 a-year, (or what we should now call £2,500), in the time of Chaucer, may in some degree be estimated by recollecting the importance attached to the one half, and even much less than one half of such a revenue, by Shakspeare and other dramatists in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in whose time the standard currency had become depreciated quite as low as its pre-

the value of money in those days, must have been competent to the maintenance of an almost princely splendour. Even sup-

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sent appreciation: the pound weight of standard silver being in the 2d of her reign coined into 60*s.* and in the 43d of her reign into 62*s.* Yet Shakspeare, (who in these and similar respects, it is notorious, always uses his familiar terms in the sense familiarly accepted by those he wrote for, and by whom of course he meant to be understood), makes the estate litigated before King John, (in his tragedy of that name), between Robert and Philip Falconbridge, "a fair five hundred pound a-year:"—£500, of course, of the standard money of Queen Elizabeth. And this is the amount of the whole estate or fee of

> "A soldier by the honour-giving hand
> Of Cœur de Lion knighted in the field."

Now every historian and antiquary is well aware of the description of persons on whom this badge of military nobility was, in those times, exclusively conferred; and what sort of practical revenue was necessary to support the feudal pomp and splendour of that distinction—though our actors now-a-days seem to forget it, in the manner in which they dress the characters. And well might such importance, even in the days of Queen Elizabeth, be attached to such an income—even under the recollection that the £500 of her day would still be only £500 in our own. For Hume informs us that 8*d.* (eight pence of our present money), then the price of a day's labour, would purchase a fat pig for the table; and we learn from Bishop Fleetwood's invaluable tract, *Chronicon Preciosum*, that in 1558 (the 1st of her reign) 2*s.* 10*d.* was the price of a good sheep; in 1562, a hogshead of claret wine £2 10*s.* and that during a considerable part of her reign, (though subject to considerable fluctuations), the average price of wheat was not much more than 8*s.* a quarter. Judge then what must have been the real operative value of Chaucer's revenue of £1,000, (that is to say, £2,500 of Queen Elizabeth's and of our money), in the estimation of a writer of her days.

We should be sorry to protract this note to such a length as might make a literary criticism appear like a disquisition; and yet a few facts relative to the identical age of Chaucer, which go home to the point of inquiry, and bring into immediate comparison the supposed income of our poet with the prices of articles and the salaries of the most important functionaries, in the same denomination and value of money, may at once be acceptable to the reader, and tolerably decisive of the degree of credit due to the passage under examination. In the *Chronicon*, already alluded to, we find, among others of a similar description, the following items relative to the price of various articles during the time in which Chaucer flourished.—In 1326, twelve hens 1*s.* 6*d.*; a cock and thirteen hens 7*s.*; eight porkers and a half 15*s.* In 1336, (a very abundant year), a quarter of wheat 2*s.*; a fat ox 6*s.* 8*d.*; a fat sheep 8*d.* In 1343, two oxen 16*s.* In 1344, one cow 5*s.*

posing that Speght had, like a political economist, calculated the important alteration that had taken place in the standard

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In 1349, wheat again 2*s.* the quarter, and a fat ox 6*s.* 8*d.* In 1359, wheat rose to the *enormous* price of 26*s.* a quarter; but sunk again in 1361 to 2*s.* Two hens for 1*d.* In 1363, a hog 1*s.* 6*d.* In 1379, a gallon of white wine 6*d.*; a gallon of red wine 4*d.* In 1382, a tun of wine not more than £4. In 1387, wheat again 2*s.* the quarter; barley 1*s.*; pease the same. In 1390, a stone of wool 3*s.* The price of a good horse (probably the very best) during this interval, appears to have been about 40*s.*

Whoever glances an eye over these items, will perceive at once, that the nominal price of the articles specified must, upon an average, be multiplied forty fold in order to bring them to the standard of modern prices; and that consequently, (independently of those other circumstances connected with the new demands and necessities of expenditure to which we have alluded), the supposed £1,000 a-year ascribed to Chaucer would have been equal to £40,000 a-year in these days. Nor will the result be *less* exaggerated, if we proceed to estimate the comparative value of money, by recurring to the salaries at that time paid to some of the most important officers of the state.

The salaries of the judges, for example, are thus specified in the same *Chronicon Preciosum*. In 1364, the chief baron and other barons of the Exchequer, each £40. In 1367, a justice of the Common Pleas £40; a chief justice of the K.B. 100 marks (£66 13*s.* 4*d.*); a justice of K.B. £40. In 1339, a chief justice of the C. P. £40; a justice of the C.P. only 40 marks (£26. 13*s.* 4*d.*) Nor do we find any deviation, except the reduction of the salary of the C. J. of the K.B., in 1402, to the common level of the other judges of £40 a-year. So that the multiplication of the nominal sum by 40 would not in these respects bring matters to their present standard: for our judges, we suppose, would consider their learned labours very ill remunerated by £1,600 a-year. The wages of the lower classes, however, are not equally disproportionate. The common labourer got his 1*d.* he does not get now his 3*s.* 4*d.*; the reaper got his 2*d.* he does not now get 6*s.* 8*d.*; the mower his 5*d.* he does not now ask 16*s.* 8*d.*; a carpenter, mason, &c. his 3*d.* they do not now look for their 10*s.* a-day. Some of these items, particularly the wages of the handicraftsmen and the meadow-mower; but the skill of the former was perhaps comparatively scarce in those days, and there might be some particular reasons for the ample remuneration of the laborious exertion of the latter; but perhaps the bailiff in husbandry would not think himself overpaid at this time by £26 13*s.* 4*d.* (in lieu of the 13*s.* 4*d.* which he then received), together with clothing once a-year, and his board; and so with the forty-fold computation of other annual servants.

At any rate, after all the facts that have been stated relative to the changes that have taken place in the denomination and value of money in the last 500 years, we may naturally be excused for withholding our belief in the statement of Chaucer's income of £1,000 a-year, till the documents and authorities are produced upon which that statement rests.

denomination, and estimated the actual quantum by the nominal currency of his own day, such an income, as would yet remain in the supposed possession of our poet, would, upon comparison with the known circumstances of society in those days, still appear, for a man in Chaucer's station of life, enormous.

But whatever was the actual or efficient income he enjoyed in the height of his prosperity, (and he himself has informed us that his fortune was such, "that he from time to time in delicious houses was wont to enjoy blissful stoundes," and to be "blissful in the joy that oft him mirthed,"—*Test of Love,*) certain it is, that he fell for awhile into a lamentable reverse; and that the "bliss of his joy that oft him mirthed was turned into gall."—*ib.* For although in the year 1377, Rich. II. confirmed the several grants of his grandfather, with another annuity of twenty marks, in lieu of the pitcher of wine formerly granted to him, yet *shortly after* we find the affairs of our poet in such confusion, that he was obliged to have recourse (in the 2d R. II. it is said) to the king's protection, to screen him from his creditors.

The causes of this reverse, if he really began to feel it so early as is pretended, are by no means consistently or authentically explained. An absurd conjecture has even been advanced, upon very hypothetical grounds, that in order to procure an ambitious and advantageous match for his eldest son, Thomas Chaucer, he transferred all his estate and property to that son, and consented himself to be reduced to want and beggary, and shelter himself by such means as the above from the rightful claims of his creditors: a strange imputation to be sanctioned by mere conjecture, both upon the father and the son; and to which no known circumstance in the life of Chaucer seems to give the slightest countenance.

On the other hand, Mr. Tyrwhitt (who by the way makes no mention of any *protection* in the 2d of R. II.) sanctions completely the opinion of Mr. Urrey, who ascribes all the calamities of Chaucer to his unfortunate engagements [5th and 6th R. II. &c.] with the party in the city of London, of which John of Northampton (a partizan of the Duke of Lancaster) was at the head. Certain it is, that the riot which some how or other grew out of those transactions, being treated as a rebellion by the partizans of the court, Chaucer was involved in the proscription which ensued, and was obliged to flee for refuge into Hainault, and thence successively into France and Zealand; where being reduced, as it seems, to great distress, he ventured privily to return to England; but being discovered, was cast into prison. Here it was, as appears from internal evidence, that he composed his *Testament of Love.* It is written in a species of poetical prose; and in its machine and structure

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scarcely less poetical than either *The Romaunt of the Rose*, or *The Court of Love*. It has many beautiful passages, and blends together with the still lively vigour of a creative imagination, the spirit at once of a self-sustaining, though not preaching or stoical philosophy, and the more soothing charm of pathos. Of the latter in particular there are, at the beginning, some beautiful touches relative to his own misfortunes; and which put us in possession, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, of all that is now to be known of the history of the distresses of the author: of which, (relieved from some of the obscurity of its antiquated spelling), the following, on the "penance" he is enduring in his "dark prison," may be taken as a specimen.

"Well may Eve sain to me Adam, in sorrow fallen from wealth, 'driven art thou out of Paradise, with sweat thy sustenance to beswinke [*to labour for*].' Deep in this pining pit with woe I lie ystocked [*confined*], with chaines linked of care and of tene. It is so high from thence I lie, and the common earth, there ne is cable in no land maked that might stretch to me to draw me into bliss, ne stairs to step on is none, so that without recovery, endless, here to endure I wot well I [am] purveyed [*provided*]. O where art thou now, friendship? that some time, with laughing cheer, madest both face and countenance to me wards?—The soul in which the life of friendship was, is drawn out from his other spirits. Now then farewell friendship, and farewell fellows! Methinketh ye all have taken your leave." *

He invokes the consolation of the *Lady of Love*, "Remembrance of whom lyeth so under his breast, that other thought cometh not in his mind but gladness." She appears to him in all her benignity; and, charmed with her condescension, he thus addresses her:—

"Now good lady (quoth I) that art so fair on to look, raining honey by thy words! bliss of Paradise are thy lookings, joy and comfort are thy movings! † Is this worship to thee, or to thine excellence, for to come into so foul a place? Parde sometime though I was in prosperity, and with foreign goods involved, I had muchel to do to draw

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* Should we print this extract, and many others we could select, in metrical form, dividing the lines according to their natural cadence, the reader would perhaps be surprised at discovering how little this apparent prose of Chaucer differs in its rhythmical character from the lyrical structure of the choruses in Milton's *Sampson Agonistes*. And if we were to preserve the antient spelling, indicating thereby the pronunciation of the times, the resemblance would be still more apparent.

† Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Milton.*

thee to mine hostel; and yet many warnings thou madest ere thou list fully to graunt thine home to make at my dwelling place: and now thou comest goodly at thine own vise [*way or direction*], to comfort me with words; and so, there through, I begin remember on past gladness."

Thus did the imagination of the poet perform the function of philosophy—of which, indeed, a genuine poetic feeling is the brightest emanation!—and conjure up a sweet society in the solitude of his dungeon; devising consolation for himself, and amusement for posterity, in the midst of poverty, captivity, and the ungrateful desertion of former friends and associates. It was at this time, that he seems to have been under the necessity, for supply of present means, to sell his two grants of 20 marks each. He got leave, however, (11 R. II.) so to dispose of and transfer them. About the same time that this permission was obtained, he seems to have regained his liberty, and shortly after to have been restored to favour; for in the 13th and 14th of Richard II., he was successively appointed clerk of the works at Westminster and at Windsor; in the 17th, he had the grant of an annuity of £20; though he never seems to have regained his profitable comptrollerships in the customs. In the 21st, a protection was granted to him for two years; and in the 22nd, we find recorded the donation to him of a pipe of wine annually; which respective grants were the next year confirmed to him by the new King, Henry IV., with an additional pension of 40 marks; which he did not live to enjoy.

But the most important circumstance in the life of Chaucer, both with respect to his fortunes and the employment of his poetic talent, was his connexion with John of Gaunt, the famous progenitor of so many kings—the early patron, and ultimately the fraternal relative of our bard. Chaucer, it seems, was, in the youth of that amorous and aspiring prince, a confidential agent in his amour with Blanche of Lancaster; and "The Black Knight, or heavy complaint of a knight for that he cannot win his lady's grace," has been universally admitted to have reference to that courtship; as the *Booke of the Duchesse* (recognized in the early editions by the misapplied title of *Chaucer's Dream*) has also to the death of that lady. The mourning knight, represented as seated in disconsolate sorrow under an oak, being no other than a representation of "John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, greatly lamenting the death of Blaunche, the duchesse, who was his first wife." There are also other of the poems of Chaucer, which, upon more or less foundation, have been supposed to have reference to that lady; of whom the duke, it seems, was passionately fond. But as the black knight seems to have been one of the early effusions of the genius of the poet, it may not be amiss to present the reader

with a specimen from it of that descriptive vein in which the works before us are in many parts so rich and redolent. The reader, however, who would taste the harmony of the versification, must not forget that all the terminative vowels which we have not marked in italics, those excepted, which are immediately followed by a vowel, are to retain their syllabic sound; and if his organs are accommodated to the pronunciation of the *e feminine* of the French language, with the degree of modernizing we have adopted in the spelling (and which is almost the only liberty we have taken with the text of the earliest and best edition) we trust there will be little difficulty in either reading or enjoying the verses of our author.*

" In May, when Flora, the fresh lusty queen,
The soil hath clad in greene, red, and white,
And Phœbus gan to shed his streames sheen
Amid the Bull, with all the beames bright,
And Lucifer to chase away the night,
Agen the morrow our horizon take,
To bid all lovers out o'their sleep awake.

And heartes heavy for to récomfórt,
From dreary bed of heavy nightes sórrow,
Naturé bad them rise, and them disport
Ayen the goodly, gladsom greye morrow;
And hope also, with Sainte John to borrow,
Bade, in despite of danger and despair,
All for to take the wholesom lusty air.

And with a sigh I 'gan for to abreide, [*awake*]
Out of slumber, and suddenly upstarte.

* It should be explicitly stated, once for all, that in our quotations, wherever the rhime and the structure of the verse permit, we reduce the spelling as near as possible to the modern standard, and endeavour to accommodate it to the modern pronunciation: but with this especial reservation, which should be constantly borne in mind, that wherever the terminative vowels are preserved, except where they are followed by another vowel, they must be so pronounced as to preserve a syllabic quantity. The neglect of this consideration, the occasional carelessness of transcribers, and the enormous and accumulating blunders of successive editors, in this respect, are evidently the only circumstances which have occasioned the verses of Chaucer to be stigmatised, as "frequently deficient of a syllable, and even of a foot." Redundant syllables, however, there frequently are, notwithstanding what Mr. Tyrwhitt may say upon the subject; and so, if we count by our fingers, not by our ears, there also are in all our very best poets to the present day. Wherever an exception necessarily occurs to the rule of pronunciation we have laid down, we mark the mute vowel by an italic.

As he (alas) that nigh for sorrow diede,
My sickeness sat, aye, so nigh my hearte,
But for to finde succour of any smarte,
Or, at the least, some release of my paine,
That me so sore held in every veine.

I rose anon, and thought I woulde gone
Into the wood to hear the birdes sing,
When that the misty vapour was agone
And clear and faire was the morrowning,
The dew also, like silver in shining
Upon the leaves, as any balm sweete;
Till fiery Titan, with his piercing heate,

Had dried up the lusty liquor nerve
Upon the herbes in the greene meade,
And that the flowers of many divers hue
Upon their stalkes gonne for to spreade,
And for to splay her leaves out in breade [*breadth*]
Again the gold sun burned in his sphere,
That down to them y cast his beames clear.

And by a river forth I gan to stray,
Of water clear as berill or cristal;
Till, at the last, I found a little way
Toward a park, enclosed with a wall.

The soil was plaine, smooth and wonder softe,
All overspread with tapetts that natúre [*carpets*]
Had made herselfe: cover'd eke alofte
With bowes green, the floweres for to cure,
That in their beauty they may long endure
From all assault of Phœbus fervent fere [*fire*]
Which in his sphere so hote shone and cleare.

The air attempre, and the smoothe winde
Of Zephirus, among the blossoms white
So wholesome was, and nourishing by kinde,
That smalle buddes and round blossoms lite [*little*]
In manner ganen of her breath delighte
To give us hope their fruite shall y take,
Against autumne ready for to shake.

I saw the Daphne closed under rinde,
The greene laurel, and the wholesome pine,

The fir also, that weepeth ever of kinde
The cedars high, all upright as a line.

And me before I saw a little well
That had his course, as I ther gan beholde,
Under a hill, with quicke streames colde.

The gravel gold, the water pure as glass,
The bankes round the well environing,
And soft as velvette the younge grass
That thereupon lustily came springing,
The suit of trees about encompassing,
Their shadow cast, closing the well around,
And all the herbes growing on the ground."

Such is the scene in which our poet supposes himself to be meditating, when he comes to the spot where his patron John of Gaunt, (the black knight) sat bewailing the loss of his duchess.

" And through a lande as I yed [*went*] apace,
And gan aboute faste to beholde,
I found anon a delectáble place,
That was beset with tre-es young and old,
Whose names here for me shall not be told.
Amid of which y stood an arbour green
That decked was with colours new and clean.

This arboure was full of flow'res gende [*neat*]
Into the which as I beholde gan,
Betwixt an holly and a woode bende
As I was ware, I saw where lay a man
In black; of white colour pale and wan,
And wonder deadly also of his hue,
Of hurtes green-e, and fresh woundes newe."

To Philippa, the sister of Catherine Rouet, afterwards Lady Swinford, one of the suite of the duchess in the above poem lamented, Chaucer by the recommendation of the Duke of Lancaster was married: a union which was ultimately the cause of that affinity between the poet and his patron, to which we have referred. For John of Gaunt, notwithstanding his fondness for his first wife, and his ambitious union with a second, (Constance the daughter and heiress of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon) had, during the life-time of both, another attachment—namely to the said Catherine Rouet; with whom,

although she became the wife of another man, (from whom, however, she shortly again had separated) he continued to carry on an amour; and whom (after the death of the Castilian princess, his second wife,) though the attractions and the fires of youth must reciprocally have subsided, he ultimately married. From this amour the Duke of Lancaster had several illegitimate children; from one of which Henry the Seventh was descended.* And thus did the poet Chaucer, by matrimonial affinity, become allied to the royal family of England; and live to see, in the person of Henry IV., the son of his brother-in-law seated upon the English throne. And if the grandeur of posthumous relationship could confer any additional lustre on the memory of superior genius, it might be remarked that, according to the statements of an elaborate genealogist of the age of Charles I., among those to whom, in the course of descent, this alliance had given collateral affinity to the family of the father of English poetry, there could, at that time, have been enumerated a succession of no less than eight kings, four queens, and five princesses of England; six kings and three queens of Scotland; two cardinals; upwards of twenty dukes, and almost as many duchesses, of England; several dukes of Scotland; besides many potent princes and eminent nobility in foreign parts.

But the splendour of these incidental relationships would not have secured immortality to the name of Chaucer, or have rescued from oblivion the nobler progeny of his own fruitful mind; but for another (posthumous) alliance, of more cogent and universal influence. His memory might have perished with his works, among the worm-eaten remains of dusty cabinets, as many a noble work we know has perished, and many others also whose very names are not known to us, in all human probability have, but for the timely interference, though after the lapse of about a century, of that mighty engine of preservation, the press—which bids fair to preserve, while the world itself shall last, the progeny of genius from that all devouring gulph, where human pride and pageantry are swallowed up, which brass and marble cannot overarch, and in which monuments themselves shall find a grave.

Shortly after the invention of the art of printing, it was the good fortune of Chaucer, or rather of those who have taste and intelligence to admire the unrivalled versatility of his genius, that a copy (a very imperfect one it seems,) of *The Canterbury Tales* fell into the hands of the patriarch of the English press,

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* After the marriage the children had been legitimized by Act of Parliament, but with *an express exception to the succession to the throne!!!*

William Caxton, under whose superintendance an edition of that work seems to have been published in 1475 or 6; which coming to the knowledge of William Thynne, Esq. who happened to be in possession of a much better MS. and communicated it to Caxton; a second and much improved edition was given to the world, about six years afterwards, by the same patriotic publisher. A third edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, supposed to have been a copy of the second, is said to have appeared in 1495, "collected by William Caxton, and printed by Wynken de Worde, at Westmester," but which, at any rate, could only have been a copy of Caxton's second edition, as he himself died in 1491. These were successively followed by two editions by Pynson; the first without date; the second in 1526, which was the first in which was added a collection of some other of the poems, &c. of Chaucer.

By this time, the popularity of what had already undergone the ordeal of the press seems to have excited a general curiosity for the whole remains of our author; and a complete edition of all that had then come to light seems to have been carefully superintended by Mr. Thynne, who dedicated it to Henry VIII. that "most gracious, victorious, and of God most elect and worthy prince, in whom of very merite, duty, and succession, was renewed the glorious title of Defensor of the Christen Faith;" and who, as the "most excellent, and in all virtues most prestant prince," was alone deemed worthy to be the patron of the works of this most excellent poet.

Whether of this primitive edition of the collected works of Chaucer, any copy be extant, does not appear. But Mr. Tyrwhitt is decidedly of opinion, that if the edition printed by Thomas Godfray in 1532, a copy of which is now before us, and which is one of the texts in our title, be not (which he suspects it is) the very edition alluded to, it was assuredly copied from it; and may therefore be regarded, in all critical reference, as the original edition of the general works of our author. And to this (if we except "The Conclusion to the Astrolabie,"* and the spurious "Tale of the Ploughman," in the edition principally referred to by Mr. Tyrwhitt, —that of 1542,) no further additions seem to have been made till the successive editions of *Stowe* and *Speght* appeared in 1561, 1598,† and 1602. For some of the additions made by

* This edition seems to have escaped the observation of Mr. Tyrwhitt. *See Appen. to the Pref. p.* 10.

† The date assigned by Mr. Tyrwhitt to one of these editions is 1597. The copy before us is dated in the title-page as above. The prefixed letter of *Francis Beaumont* is indeed dated 1597, which

these and later editors, the reputation of Chaucer owes but small obligations; and for the *emendations* made by them of the text, and alterations of the spelling, still less. The conclusions of *The Cooke's Tale* and *The Squire's* and the *Cooke's Second Tale, Gamelyn,* are evidently spurious; as are also some of the smaller pieces. But *The Court of Love, The Flower and the Leaf, Chaucer's Dream* (properly so called), and some others, may be regarded as valuable accessions to the previous collection of our author's Miscellaneous Works. Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes* may be considered as an acceptable Appendix: but we have certainly nothing to do with it in a review of the Works of Chaucer.

Of the poetical productions, thus successively added to *The Canterbury Tales,* the most considerable are *Troilus and Creseide,* a species of epic poem in five books, taken from the *Filostrato* of Boccacio, in which "fierce wars and faithful loves," and "unfaithful loves, also, moralize the strain;" and *The Romaunt of the Rose*—a free translation from *Le Roman de Rose* of Wace: into both of which, Chaucer has infused, as usual, the spirit and fire of his own original genius: in the latter especially mingling the amatory and the satiric with all the licence of the age in which he wrote. These two contain a number of verses almost equal to all that has descended to us of *The Canterbury Tales;* and next to them, in point of extent, are *The Legend of Good Women* and *The Book of Fame.* The translation of *Boethius,* the conclusion to *The Astrolabe,* and *The Testament of Love,* (like Chaucer's *Tale of Melibeus* and *The Parson's Tale,* or *Sermon*), are in prose. *The Court of Love, The Flower and the Leaf,* &c. &c., would make a third division of not inferior quantity; and, in a complete review of our author, if we could afford the space, would almost all of them be found worthy of some degree of critical notice.

To *The Canterbury Tales* however (the latest of his considerable works), we must, for several considerations, give priority; especially for the notice we feel it incumbent upon us to take of the very ample assistance that is furnished by Tyrwhitt, in his edition of that work, towards the general appreciation and enjoyment of our author.

Too much commendation cannot easily be bestowed on the labours of that learned and laborious editor. For though we are far from giving an unqualified assent to al the metrical principles he has laid down; and although, even with respect to the arrangement of the text, we are of opinion that, in *some* in-

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may inadvertently have been set down by Mr. T. as the date of publication: for it is scarcely probable that two editions should have been published in two successive years.

stances, his desire of doing the most ample justice to the language and rhythmical harmony of his author, might have been more completely accomplished by adopting the reading of the earliest authentic edition, (that of 1532), to which he has himself borne such honourable testimony, than by confining himself so exclusively to MS. authorities, however carefully collated,* there can be no sort of doubt that his labours have produced a much more faithful and inviting text, than without the assistance of his indefatigable zeal was likely to have been produced: while, at the same time, the dissertations he has prefixed are so luminous, and his annotations in general so judicious, that he may fairly be ranked with Caxton and Thynne, as one of the greatest benefactors to the fame of Chaucer.

Of the election of the particular object of his editorial labours, there can be but one opinion. The *Canterbury Tales* seem always to have been the most popular of all our author's works. It was the first, as we have shewn, that had the distinction of being rescued from the danger of unmerited oblivion by the intervention of the press; and it has invariably maintained its pre-eminence in favour. Nor is this pre-eminence of popularity at all to be wondered at. It owes that distinction not only to the excellence and variety of its materials (though these alone might have justified all its celebrity) but to the attractive form into which those materials are wrought, and the ingenuity with which what would otherwise have constituted a mere collection of unconnected narratives, are coherently united into one great and interesting drama, which, whoever takes up, feels irresistibly impelled to pursue to its conclusion; for the dramatic is the most interesting, and perhaps the most instructive of all the forms of literary composition.

It was a favourite axiom of the celebrated philologist, John Horne Tooke, that the cream of the literature of every language was to be found in its dramatic poetry. And it must be admitted that the popular diffusion of intellectual civilization seems in almost every country to have originated in the amusements of the stage. It must, however, have happened in every language that some portion of attention must have been devoted to literary composition long before the drama could

* The edition published under the superintendence of Thynne, it appears to us ought to be regarded, in point of authority, as a collated MS. and among existing copies that which gives the reading most intelligible, expressive, and harmonious, ought, in fairness to the author, to be regarded as the most authentic, whatever may be the general reputation, or, in other parts, the prevalent deficiencies of the transcript. It is much more likely that a blundering transcriber should have marred a thousand passages, than that he should have mended one

become a source of intellectual excitement. Nor can it be forgotten that Homer was anterior to Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. He wrote, however, dramatically; and has been regarded as the great exemplar both of the tragic and comic drama.* If referring, however, to our language and country, we look towards that splendid morning of our intellectual day—the reign of Elizabeth, (though we must not forget the invaluable lucubrations of Bacon, or the mighty mass of wisdom and of science which his philosophic spirit bequeathed and generated), in what is generally understood by literary genius, the contributions of dramatic talent sustained an unrivalled pre-eminence. No other species of literature can produce a name comparable to that of Shakspeare; and Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ben Jonson, and a considerable catalogue of dramatists, who either flourished or were fostered in that intellectual reign, demonstrate the superiority of the dramatic over every other species of contemporary composition.

But our literature had also its Homer, if we may so express ourselves, before its Eschylus or its Menander:—its poet for the closet, long before its dramatists for the stage. *Gammar Gurton's Needle,* the oldest English composition entitled to the name of Comedy, (and we have no Tragedy of so early date,) is traceable no further back than to the year 1551—a century and a half posterior to the death of Chaucer, and three-fourths of a century after the printed publication of his *Canterbury Tales.* And though the mysteries and moralities of the monks, which seem to have been performed in the churches, and the mummeries of the booths and fairs, which these pious absurdities were intended to rival, had long preceded the representations of the legitimate stage, the researches of antiquarian literature do not carry us much more than half a century further back for any known remains of dramatic composition even of these descriptions. We are told indeed of theatrical entertainments almost as early as the conquest, and William Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry II., tells us in his *Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londini,* that "London, instead of common interludes belonging to the theatre, hath plays of a more holy subject; representations of those miracles

* In the character of Thersites, he has been supposed to have given the first hint for comedy, as he did for tragedy in the more pathetic parts of the Iliad and Odyssey. It might, with equal justice, be said that he gave therein at once the hint and the exemplification of that composite species of drama, the tragi-comedy, or mixture of the ludicrous and pathetic, in which some of our elder dramatists so happily excelled, but which has produced so many barbarous incongruities in more modern times.

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which the holy confessors wrought, or the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear;" yet no fragments of these religious dramas of such antiquity have descended to us; and how little popularity had attached to these holy mummeries in Chaucer's time may be inferred from no allusions to them occurring in that work in which he has preserved to us so lively a picture of the manners and characteristics of his age.

As for the "Wastours, Master-Rimours, Minstrels, and other Vagabonds," consigned to the whipping-post by an act of Edward III., for making *masquerades* through the whole city, and representing *scandalous things*, in little ale-houses, &c., they were probably of a description too infamous, (and under the ban, perhaps, of excommunication,) to have been associated in *holy* pilgrimage. But if either these masquerades, &c. (which were probably mere drolleries of indecent buffoonery,) or the miracles and mysteries of the monks, (some of which, though taken from stories of the New Testament, were early stigmatised for their tendency "to encourage libertinism and infidelity,") had been of a description, even to rank among the favourite amusements of any of the classes of society represented in this pilgrimage, it is not likely that some allusion to them would not have been introduced, either in the dialogue or some of the tales related. In short, it is sufficiently notorious, that our dramatic literature, if it deserved that name, was in a state of the most sordid abasement, till the time of Elizabeth; while the poetic literature of the age of Edward III. was adorned by the names of Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and Occleve, the meanest of whom would at least eclipse the very best of those mystery mongers, who monopolised during ten intervening reigns the dramatic function.

But the foundations of the drama had been already laid: we find them in the work before us: the propension to the dramatic form of composition, being indeed, as it should seem, one of the universal instincts of the poetic mind. The oldest poem, perhaps, extant in the world, (the book of Job) is cast in that mould; as are many of the choicest specimens of oriental antiquity. The Eclogues of Theocritus, a large portion of the Iliad, and the finest episodes of the Odyssey, are essentially dramatic; and if Homer be justly considered as the father of the ancient tragedy, the venerable patriarch of English poesy is no less entitled to be considered as the father of the modern comedy. Both seem to have drawn their principal resources from the pages of the great book of Nature spread before them —to have collected their materials by observation of the living realities of human character; and though the machine, or fable of both, in detail at least, may be equally fictitious, and the minds of both were probably enriched with all the learning of

their respective times, both have contrived to embody the realities they had witnessed in the persons and transactions they have feigned, and to render the knowledge, derived from the secondary sources of written and traditionary science, subservient to the more efficient and authentic intelligence derived from actual intercourse with their species. One delighted, indeed, in the contentions of camps and councils, the din of arms and strife of the dusty field; the other was most at home in the mingled intercourses of familiar life—its occupations and its pastimes, its humours, passions, absurdities; its squabbling garrulities, and ludicrous intrigues. One shews us human nature, such as power and public station, and ambition, and all the gigantic passions of the aspiring mind, have a tendency to make it; the other, such as its instincts and propensities render it, under the restriction of more humble or more sordid circumstances; where ambition becomes dwarfed into petty rivalry, and the same emulous and hostile feelings which might have desolated realms and trampled nations in the dust, vent themselves in breaking a head at cudgel-play, or a scurrilous jest in the conflicts of conversational recrimination. One pictures the splendid atrocities of illustrious homicides, and thrills us with sublime and pathetic descriptions of the miseries entailed on warring nations by a lascivious queen; the other is content to excite our laughter over the ludicrous consequences of a clerk of Oxenford's intrigue with the light-heeled spouse of a *sely* old carpenter; or the pleasant vengeance of a brace of poor scholars on the crafty miller, who had robbed them of a part of their grain. But the characters of Homer in the highly imaginative adventures of the Odyssey, and the equally imaginative conflicts of the Iliad, and those of Chaucer, whether in the suppositious adventures of the Pilgrims. or the comic stories they relate, bear alike the authentic stamp of nature in every word and circumstance ascribed to them. They are alike, indeed, in every instance, distinct creations of the genius of the respective authors; but endued with appropriate passions, habitudes, and characteristics, evidently derived from the co-existing realities of human life and incident. They were fitted, therefore, alike to be the great exemplars, one of the tragic, the other of the comic drama, in their respective regions.

It has not, indeed, happened to Chaucer as to Homer, to have his individual characters and incidents consecrated by name and circumstance to the purposes of the stage. But it was he, nevertheless, who first shewed the way how comedy should be constructed, and its characters grouped and diversified; and his is the storehouse into which some of our best dramatic poets, (Shakspeare among the rest) were in the habit of looking, not only for examples, but for specific materials, and

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from which the genuine spirit of English comedy has been drawn.

This dramatic form of writing has indeed sufficient advantages to recommend its adoption to all who have the requisite endowments. It leaves the author at liberty to escape out of his own individualities—to emerge from the egotistical monotony of detailing merely his own sentiments and opinions, and to indulge his imagination without responsibility for every sentiment he may amplify, or every passion he may call into play. It duplicates and multiplies him into a thousand shapes and distinct identities; and gives him the opportunity of adopting the idiom of every vice, as well as every virtue; of every humour, impulse, and caprice; of the lowest degradations, as well as the most towering sublimities of human passion; and even of the grossest ignorance and fatuity, without taint or humiliation: provided only that in the selection of persons and incidents there be so much discretion, as not to shock the ear of modesty, or trespass beyond the limits of moral decorum.

Chaucer, in his general prologue, has thought fit to claim the full benefit of this dramatic privilege; and as it may perhaps be thought, that he occasionally stands in need of all the indulgence that can be granted to him, we will let him speak for himself.

Having enumerated and described the several pilgrims or persons of his drama, the poet thus proceeds.

"But now is time for to tell
How that we bearen us that ilke night
When we were in that hostelry alight;
And after will I tell you of our viáge,
And all the remnant of our pilgrimage.
But first, I pray you, of your courtesy,
That ye ne arett [account] it not my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this matter,
To tellen you their wordes and their cheer,
Nor though I speak their wordes properly;
For this ye knowen all as well as I,
Whoso shall tell a Tale after a man
He must rehears as nigh as ever he can,
Evéry word if it be in his charge,
All speak he never so rudely and so large;
Or else he muste tellen his tale untrue,
Or feignen things or finden wordes new;
He may not spare altho' he were his brother;
He must as well say one word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad, in holy writ,
And well ye wot no villany is it;

Eke Plato sayeth, whoso can him read,
The wordes must be cousin to the deed."

Chaucer, it will be seen, has thus, in the very outset, put in his plea of indulgence pretty broad; and whether he has, in all respects, or as far as morality is concerned, complied with our premised condition of decorous selection, in the Tales especially which he has put into the mouths of some of his characters, or how far, if now brought to the bar of decorous criticism, he might avail himself of excuse from those changes which have taken place since his time in the *fashions of phraseology*, which are sometimes mistaken for moral distinctions, it is not necessary at present to discuss. Though perhaps it may not be amiss to observe, by the way, that (however we may admire the delicacy and refinement of the present age in these respects, as far as manners are concerned) it is not always the coarsest language, or even the coarsest incident, that is most injurious. If we look, through surfaces, to latent consequences, we perhaps may find, that "vice" is so far from "losing half its evil by losing all its grossness," that the grossness is frequently, in some degree, an antidote to the vice; and that morality is never so much endangered as by the delicacy of

"that soft persuasive art,
That can without the least offence impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart.*"

It appears, however, by his own confession, that Chaucer was sufficiently aware that his *Miller and his Reve*, &c. did not very strictly confine themselves even within the *fashion* of the decorums of his own time; and he has accordingly, in the prologue to the *Miller's Tale*, thought it necessary not only to renew his plea of dramatic licence, but to accompany it with a warning, of which the more modest of his readers may, if they please, avail themselves.

"This drunken Miller spake full soon again,
And saide leve brother Oswold,
Who hath no wife he is no cuckewold;
But I say not therefore that thou art one;

* The *Sentimental Journey* of Sterne, for example, is more immoral in its tendencies than his *Tristram Shandy*. At the gross incidents of the latter we laugh, and the virgin would blush; and with the laugh and the blush the joke passes away; but the garnished looseness of principle, and refined impurity of the other, steal into the imagination, and endanger the moral principle in proportion as we neither blush nor laugh.

There been full goode wives many one
Why art thou angry with my Tale now?
I have a wife parde as well as thou,
Yet n'would I for the oxen in my plough
Taken upon me more than enough
As deeming of myself that I am one;
I will believen well that I am none.
A husband should not be inquisitive
Of Godde's privity, ne of his wife:
So he may finden Godde's foison there,
Of the remainant needeth not to enquire.
What should I more say, but this Miller
He n'would his wordes for no man forbear,
But told his cherles Tale in his manner,
Me thinketh that I shall rehearse it here;
And therefore every gentle wight I pray,
For Godde's love, as deem not that I say
Of evil intent, but that I must rehearse
Their Tales all, allbe they better or worse,
Or elles falsen some of my matere;
And therefore whoso list it not to hear,
Turn over the leaf and choose another Tale,
For he shall find enow both great and smale
Of storial thing that toucheth gentiless,
And eke morality and holiness.
Blameth not me if that ye choose amiss;
The Miller is a churl, ye know well this,
So was the Reve, (and many other mo) [more]
And harlotry they tolden both the two.
Advise you now, and put me out of blame;
And eke men should not make ernest of game."

The subject of the works of Chaucer it is impossible to exhaust within the limits of one paper, in a publication dedicated to various tastes and various objects; but we shall take the very earliest opportunity of resuming the discussion of topics on which we trust we have conferred a portion of the deep interest we feel in them.

END OF VOL. IX. PART I.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. IX. Part II.

Art. I.—*Britain; or, a Chorographicall Description of the most flourishing Kingdomes, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the Islands adjoining, out of the depth of Antiquitie: beautified with Mappes of the several Shires of England: written first in Latine by* William Camden, *Clarencieux King of Arms; translated newly into English by* Philemon Holland, *Doctor of Physick; finally revised, amended, and enlarged with sundry additions by the said Author. Folio,* 1637.

"I hope" (thus saith the author to the reader) "it shall be no discredit if I now use again, by way of preface, the same words, with a few more, that I used twenty four years since in the first edition of this work. Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geography, arriving here in England about thirty four years past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this isle of Britain, or (as he said) that I would restore antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity; which was, (I understood), that I would renew ancientry, enlighten obscurity, clear doubts, and recall home verity, by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers and credulity of the common sort had in a manner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painful matter, I assure you, and more than difficult; wherein what toil is to be taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth but he who hath made the trial. Nevertheless, how much the difficulty discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So, while at one and the same time I was fearful to undergo the burthen, and yet desirous to do some service to my country, I found two different affections, fear and boldness, I know not how, conjoined in one. Notwithstanding, by the most gracious direction of the Almighty, taking industry for my consort, I adventured upon it; and, with all my study, care, cogitation, continual meditation, pain, and travail, I employed myself thereunto when I

had any spare time. I made search after the etymology of Britain and the first inhabitants timorously, neither in so doubtful a matter have I affirmed ought confidently. For I am not ignorant that the first originals of nations are obscure by reason of their profound antiquity, as things which are seen very deep and far remote; like as the courses, the reaches, the confluencies, and the out-lets of great rivers are well known, yet their first fountains and heads lie commonly unknown. I have succinctly run over the Romans' Government in Britain, and the inundation of foreign people thereinto, what they were, and from whence they came: I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms, I have summarily specified the States and judicial courts of the same. In the several counties I have compendiously set down the limits, (and yet not exactly by perch and pole, to breed questions,) what is the nature of the soil, which were places of the greatest antiquity, who have been dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signal and ancient families therein, (for who can particulate all?) What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment. But time (the most sound and sincere witness) will give the truest information, when envy (which persecuteth the living) shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much give me leave to say,—that I have in no wise neglected such things as are material to search and sift out the truth. I have attained to some skill of the most ancient British and Saxon tongues: I have travelled over all England for the most part, I have conferred with most skilful observers in each country, I have studiously read over our own country writers, (old and new), all Greek and Latin authors which have once made mention of Britain. I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendom: I have been diligent in the records of this realm; I have looked into most libraries, registers, and memorials of churches, cities, and corporations: I have pored over many an old roll and evidence, and produced their testimony (as beyond all exception) when the cause required, in their very own words (although barbarous they be) that the honour of verity might in no wise be impeached.

"For all this I may be censured as unadvised, and scant modest, who, being but of the lowest form in the school of antiquity, where I might well have lurked in obscurity, have adventured as a scribbler upon the stage in this learned age, amidst the diversities of relishes both in wit and judgment. But to tell the truth unfeignedly, the love of my country, which compriseth all love in it, and hath endeared me to it—the glory of the British name—the advice of some judicious friends hath over-mastered my modesty, and (will'd I, nill'd I,) hath enforced me against mine own judgment to undergo this burthen too heavy for me, and so thrust me forth into the world's view. For I see judgments, prejudices, censures, aspersions, obstructions, detractions, affronts, and confronts, as it were, in battle array to environ me on every side: some there are which wholly contemn and avile this study of antiquity as a back-looking curiosity; whose authority as I do not utterly vilify, so I do not over prize or admire their judgment. Neither am I destitute of reason whereby I might approve this my pur-

pose to well bred and well meaning men, which tender the glory of their native country: and, moreover, could give them to understand that in the study of antiquity, (which is always accompanied with dignity, and hath a certain resemblance with eternity), there is a sweet food of the mind well befitting such as are of honest and noble disposition. If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their own soil and foreigners in their own city, they may so continue, and therein flatter themselves. For such like I have not written these lines, nor taken these pains."

The author next proceeds to state and answer the several objections which he imagines will be made to his work; first, to "the silly web of his style, and rough hewed form of his writing," then, "for that he has adventured to hunt after the originals of names by *conjectures*."

"There are some," he says, "peradventure, which apprehend it disdainfully and offensively that I have not remembered this or that family, when as it was not my purpose to mention any but such as were most notable, nor all them truly, (for their names would fill whole volumes,) but such as happened in my way," &c.—"Others will call me in question for that I have commended some persons now living; yet I have done it sparingly, and that out of an assurance of verity, out of the common consent and voice of such as can well judge of worth, and from no base flattery. By these sparing commendations, such as are commended may be lessoned that their deportments may be answerable, and that they preserve and daily increase the same. Succeeding ages, which I respect more than the present, will render to every man his right, whatsoever is now scribbled in papers. In the mean time, I wish them to remember that to praise good men is but to shew a light of direction as out of a watch-tower to posterity. True is that saying of Symmachus,—'Imitation is encouraged with the seemly praises of the good, and imitating virtue is cherished by example of other's honour.' If any say that I have sought occasion to commend some one or other, I confess it. Neither is well meaning without ceasing to be blamed among the good, and the well deserving friends are not to be forgotten. Howsoever, virtue and glory hath always opposites, and men usually envy the present, and reverence what is past; but God forbid that we should be so partially injurious as to think our times, under the most worthy princes, to be barren of praise-worthy persons. As for such as malign the praises of the good, I fear me lest in their own guiltiness they may apply the dispraise of the bad to themselves. As to myself, I sensibly understand that which Pliny intimated to Tacitus in like case. "There will be great offence and slender thanks, for albeit in the looseness of the world there is much more to be discommended than commended, yet if you commend you shall be taxed as over sparing; if you discommend you shall be censured as over lavish, although you do the one most completely, and the other most moderately."

XUM

We have indulged ourselves in so long a quotation from the preface to a work with which most of our readers are, or suppose themselves to be, familiarly acquainted, not to introduce the book itself to his notice, but by way of prelude to some account which we propose to give of the past and present state of topography in this country. Among the various "pursuits of literature," few have been obnoxious to more indiscriminate and unsparing censure from the half-read portion of mankind; few, to a superficial observer, present a surface of more uninviting sterility: and the political economist, or the abstracted student of philosophy, the least of whose speculations embrace the whole habitable globe, and whose sublimer visions extend to the very boundaries of infinite space, may be expected to indulge a smile of contempt while, pursuing in the corner of a mail-coach the course of his lofty meditations, he finds himself conveyed, in a few short hours, over an entire, and to him uninteresting district, which has afforded three or four folio volumes of facts for the clear-obscure illustrations of the grovelling antiquary. Such is not the view which the truly wise and liberal of the present age, whatever may be the nature of their own individual pursuits, seem disposed to take of the pursuits of others, even although widely different, or apparently inferior, in the style and tendency, the magnitude and importance of their objects. The acute dissector of butterflies and ranunculuses now entertains a reciprocal reverence for the patient decypherer of broken inscriptions and moth-eaten evidences, while the comprehensive natural philosopher, and the philosophic general historian, acknowledge their mutual obligations without pride and without reserve; and the lover of science, still more abstractedly considered, assigns to each his respective rank among the contributors to the stock of universal knowledge, proportioned rather to the activity and talent exerted in his peculiar department, than to any difference, real or imaginary, in the estimated worth of the respective studies.

But it would be most unjust, especially to many of those who have of late years contributed the results of their antiquarian researches towards the gradual completion of that much to be desired object—an entire body of British County History—to let it be supposed that we regard the unriddling of enigmatical tomb-stones, or threading the mazes of ancient deeds and pedigrees, as the principal occupation, much less the ultimate end and object, of the topographical historian. These, indeed, are necessary, as they are (let not our application of the terms provoke the smiles of the uninitiated) important and interesting parts of his labours. But the names of Whitaker, Surtees, and Ormerod,

and many others whose investigations have lately adorned and exalted this branch of literature, are an ample security that the field affords greater objects of attraction, and space for the exercise of higher qualities, both of the understanding and of the imagination, than might be inferred from so narrow an estimate. We will select from the prefaces or other advertisements prefixed to the works of a few of those topographical writers whose labours are now in progress, or have been but recently terminated, such passages as describe the particular objects and design of their undertakings, by a comparison of which with the more limited and partial views professed and adopted by their predecessors in County History, our readers will be best enabled to judge of the advances made in the dignity and importance of the pursuit, and we also shall find an easier introduction for the few remarks we have to suggest in the way of recommendation and improvement.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, to whom the investigator of Roman antiquities is already so deeply indebted for his magnificent illustrations of "*Ancient Wiltshire*," has recently given to the world, in a style of corresponding splendour and liberality, the first division of a general history of the same county, to which he has prefixed an address, declaratory of the purposes of his undertaking, in language and method not unsuitable to the character of the work.

"To my fellow-countrymen in Wilts.

"To rescue from total oblivion the relics of ancient Britain;

"To illustrate the remaining vestiges of its conquerors, the Romans;

"To investigate the monastic and ecclesiastical history of our county;

"To trace the genealogy of distinguished families, and the descent of property;

"To record monumental inscriptions, and the biography of celebrated characters;

"And, above all, to endeavour, by this example, to excite the zeal of my fellow-countrymen in the same cause;

"*Is*" (adds the worthy baronet, with some forgetfulness of the multifarious nature of the objects he has just been enumerating,) "*the sole purport* of this my humble undertaking."

In his preface, he enters a little more largely into his views of what may be required from the topographical writer, as well as of the rank and degree in literature to which the pursuit is justly entitled, and which he congratulates himself upon its having of late attained by the general suffrage. He views "with pleasure the powerful inroad which topography

is daily making through the different counties of our island," and anticipates that "many years, perhaps, will not elapse before each individual county may boast of its historian." He then proceeds to enumerate the principal works of the same description now in progress, adding a remark worthy of being attended to by all who have an interest in the formation and encouragement of similar undertakings — that, from the complex and expensive nature of the work, few individuals are able to undertake, on their own account, a County History, which ought rather to be regarded as "the public effort of each county, and published under the immediate patronage of its inhabitants." The introductory part of this observation is not, perhaps, altogether just, in the extent to which the baronet's typographical and illustrative magnificence of spirit would carry it. It seems to us, indeed, extremely derogatory from the intrinsic merit and usefulness of provincial and local history, to consider it as incapable of an existence separate from and independent of those adventitious embellishments which modern literary epicurism has attached to it; and, in expressing our sense of the princely liberality which Sir Richard Hoare has displayed, on this no less than on former occasions where he has rendered himself conspicuous for the encouragement afforded by his example to the progress of literature and science, we should be very sorry to be understood as meaning to inforce that which he appears solicitous to promote—the publication of an entire body of County History, on a plan of similar grandeur and costliness. On the contrary, did we think it essential to point out a model for the imitation of future topographers, we would remove from sight all works of a character like the present, or like that (the history of Yorkshire) of which the completion has lately been arrested by an event which Sir Richard Hoare justly laments as a most severe loss to the lovers of topography; nor to those only, but to all the friends of genius, taste, and learning,—the scholar, the historian, and the metaphysician—the death of its excellent author; and would select, as a far preferable example, the portion of the history of Northamptonshire, still more recently given to the public by Mr. Baker,—a work of most minute research and industry, though, in point of exterior allurements, as far inferior to the splendid specimens just noticed, as it exceeds them in the accuracy and copiousness of its details, relative to the succession and subdivisions of property, and the descents of families.

In thus making incidental mention of another work on topography, of which we have to hail the commencement, that it may not be thought we have too highly rated its value, we will extract, from the concise but sensible introductory ad-

dress "To the Reader," enough at once to justify our encomium, and to prosecute our plan of laying before the public, in the words of those who are now actually embarked in undertakings of this description, the principal requisites for their performance.

"A general view," he says, "of the various public and private sources which form the basis of the present work, will more appropriately accompany the termination of the author's labours; whilst, by presenting the leading outline of his plan with the first portion, the expectations of his readers will be regulated, and he may escape much censure for having omitted what he never intended to supply. The rapid accumulation of his materials from continued research in the public offices, and the freedom of access so liberally offered him to valuable MS. collections and private evidences, rendered compression a necessary but increasingly difficult task; and he could, with infinitely more ease, and (paradoxical as it may appear) in much less time, have swelled his work to double the size, than have reduced it within its present limits. In the disposition of his matter he has pursued the order which, after mature deliberation, seemed most natural and consistent; and, by an undeviating adherence to this systematic uniformity, a facility of reference is produced which will supersede any parochial index beyond a list of the places described."

The methodical distribution of the subject in each successive parish, or other local division in which it may suit the topographer to arrange the order of his work, is a point of such obvious convenience and utility, that it may be thought to require little argument to enforce it. Yet it has been much neglected by topographical writers,—and the neglect of it is the principal source of that obscurity and want of visible connexion which render the perusal of works on topography, so generally uninviting and difficult to be followed. But to proceed with the method which Mr. Baker has recommended by his example:—

"The etymology of a parish (he continues) is the first object of inquiry: the most obvious or probable derivations are suggested with diffidence; but he disclaims the talents, had he the space, for etymological disquisitions.

"On the present state of a parish, whether open or enclosed, its extent, principal proprietors, boundaries, soil, and all other points of local information, he has been guided by, and spared no assiduity in procuring the best resident authorities; but for the uniform accuracy of the statements he ought not, perhaps, to be held personally responsible. In the summary of landed proprietors he has fixed the minimum at 100 acres; and when the aggregate number of acres in a parish exceeds those given in detail, the residue is distributed in smaller estates."

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He next speaks of natural history—a branch of science which we are disposed to consider as not falling (except incidentally) within the legitimate province of the county historian—an opinion in which we are glad to find that Mr. Baker upon the whole coincides with us, notwithstanding he has been induced to give it a place in the general arrangement of his subject.* He then proceeds to another branch, which constitutes perhaps the greatest portion of the public utility, while it certainly forms the most difficult and drily laborious department, of a topographical work—the local history of the soil, its territorial divisions, and the succession of its proprietors.

"In the deduction of a manorial property, he has studied to combine perspicuity with brevity. Many parishes were originally composed of different fees, and much confusion and error have arisen from the paramount and mesne interests being blended in the same narrative. He has endeavoured, therefore, to keep them perfectly distinct, and has pursued each fee separately in succession from doomsday to the present time; or, till merging in others, it ceased to be necessary; or, being alienated in parcels, it ceased to be practicable. The heading prefixed serves not only as an index to the doomsday lord, but to the intermediate signories which grew out of successive subinfeudations. Though the paramouncy lost its beneficial value on the abolition of the feudal system, and of the numerous privileges of the superior lord, scarcely any now remain beyond the barren suit and service of a court-leet; yet to the county historian its descent is still of the utmost im-

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* Nothing seems to us more desirable than that the objects of topographical research should be properly defined and limited; and with this view we should suggest, that whatever tends to render more vivid our recollections of the past, or our impressions of the present historical condition, and local aspect of the territory, is most immediately within the scope of these objects; but the peculiar description and properties of plants, animals, or minerals, common to that district with many others, or to the kingdom at large, are altogether foreign from them, and should no more find a place in a work of this nature than the whole body of the statutes of the realm, or the great scenes acted on the theatre of the world, in which some natives of the district may have performed a part, or by which, in their remote consequences, its interests may have been affected. This is now much better understood than formerly, when it was thought necessary to introduce a mere county history by a memoir on the Druids (at latest) if not a disquisition on the commerce of the Phœnicians, or the progress of conquest and civilization westward from Armenia and Scythia,—speculations all (doubtless) most entertaining and profitable in themselves, but having no nearer connection with English topography, than the Syriac Version—with a recipe of Mrs. Rundell's for making a "Damascene Pudding."

portance, as the tenure frequently furnishes a correct, and indeed the only clue, to the appropriation of the different co-existent manors in a parish."

We are not aware that it is possible for the greatest professional learning and accuracy to convey with more precision than is done in these few sentences, the legal definition of the term "manor" in its different bearings upon the soil to which it attaches itself. Every thing, however, is made clearer by exemplification, and we shall take the first instance which presents itself of this manorial subinfeudation in the work before us, to render obvious the lucid and satisfactory nature of the author's arrangement. He is treating of the parish of "Great Billing," in which, after propounding its etymology, describing its extent and boundaries, the character of its soil and modern improvements in cultivation, giving a list of its plants, and noticing its ancient bridges and corn-mills, he proceeds to its "MANORIAL HISTORY." He here informs us that "in the time of Edward the Confessor, *Thor* held *Bellinge* and *Warped* freely, by which it appears that they were Allodial or Folkland, subject to no superior in a feudal, and to the King only in a political capacity." His estate was confiscated by William the Conqueror, who bestowed it on "Gilbert *the Cook*;" but shortly ("whether," as our author says, "this distinguished and useful officer died issueless, or his interest in his possessions was merely commensurate with his culinary services,") it reverted to the Crown, and became subsequently split into two portions or moieties.—We next have the history of one of these moieties, distinguished by the name of the "Meschines or Courcy Fee," which was obtained by William Meschines, Baron of Coupland and Egremont, and brother to Randle (or Ranulph) Earl of Chester, and are informed that, in the return of Knights' fees (14 Hen. II.) among the feudatories of William Courcy, *dapifer, of the barony of Meschines, of his mother's part*, William Barre is certified to hold one fee. For this we are referred to the authority of the "*Liber Niger Scaccarii*,"* and are moreover told (in case it

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* This book, *the Liber Niger, or Black Book of the Exchequer*, is one of the most venerable of the many important records preserved in the "Exchequer of Account," and contains a list of the Knights' fees in several Counties, besides the will of Henry the Second, and several charters of his reign.—(See *The first Report on Public Records*, p. 139.)

The Liber Rubeus, or Red Book, preserved in the same office, relates to various matters, principally of a later date, and was compiled under Henry III.

XUM

should be objected that the barony of Courcy is placed in Somersetshire, and therefore the fee in question cannot be appropriated to the county of Northampton) of numerous instances

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This is not the place to enter into an analytical explanation of the nature and objects of the various public records which form the principal store-house of local antiquities; nor would the bare catalogue of them afford any knowledge or gratification. But we may incidentally notice the chief of those which have been lately rendered accessible to public use by the well-directed labours of the Commissioners, to whom our acknowledgments are not more justly due for what they have already accomplished, than from a justifiable anticipation of future and yet more substantial benefits. Not to mention those great and extensive works, the publication of the *Statutes at Large*, the *Fœdera*, and the *Parliament Rolls*, the nature of which are too generally understood to require explanation, we will briefly advert to those of less universal notoriety, and of which the bare titles do not furnish sufficient notice of the contents. Of these we have—

I.—The *Abbreviatio Placitorum*, containing abstracts of pleadings in causes between individuals, from the reign of the first Richard down to Edward the Second. The earlier of these relate to proceedings in the Curia Regis, which appears to have ceased its functions, or rather branched off into separate judicatures, about the commencement of Henry the Third; after which, the proceedings here abridged are mostly in the King's Bench. This volume affords insight (as may be expected) into many very curious points of ancient law and parliamentary history.

II. III.—The *Calendarium Rotulorum Patentium* and *Chartarum*; being indexes to the Patent and Charter Rolls in the Tower of London, from the reign of John to Edward the Fourth—containing grants from the Crown of offices and lands, restitutions of temporalities to ecclesiastical bodies, fee farms, special liveries, patents of peerage, &c. grants of privileges to corporations, and of markets, fairs, and free-warrens, besides a number of other particulars, of which the above are similar instances.

IV.—The *Calendarium Rotulorum Originalium—i. e.* of the writs called *Originalia*, the originals of which are preserved in the Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer,—consisting of extracts transmitted out of Chancery of all Crown grants enrolled, whereon rents are reserved, salaries payable, or services to be performed. They begin with Henry the Third, and go down to a very late date, so low as the Commonwealth. But they are at present published only as far as Edward the Third.

V.—*Calend. Inquisitionum post Mortem*; the nature of which sufficiently speaks for itself. The objects of these inquisitions were to enquire of what lands any person died seized, and by what rent or service held; who was the heir, and of what age; whether attaint of treason, aliens, &c. These at present go no farther than Henry the

occurring, in which, lands being parcel of a barony in a distant county, yet for the mutual convenience of the Crown and the subject, as well as to prevent confusion or evasion, the scutage

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Fourth, but the original calendars continue to Richard the Third.—They are preserved in the Tower.

VI.—*Rotuli Hundredorum*, or Hundred Rolls. The returns to inquisitions taken under commission (2. Edward I.) for inquiring into abuses alleged to have been committed during the troubles of the preceding reign, from which the treasures of the Crown had sustained considerable injury. The returns so made furnish evidence of all demesne laws, whether ancient or newly acquired, by descent or purchase; of manors formerly in the Crown, how alienated, and by what authority; of tenants in capite, and lands in ancient demesne; of losses in military service, &c. by subinfeudations; alienations under pretence of frankalmoigne, wardships, marriages, escheats, &c. subtracted or withholden, &c. &c.

VII.—*Placita de quo warranto.* Abstract of proceedings instituted under the statute of Gloucester (6. Edward I.) which statute is founded on the inquisitions taken under the last mentioned commission. The nature of these extremely valuable documents may be judged from what has been said in the preceding article.

VIII.—*Testa de Nevill* (called also the *Liber Feodorum*),—containing *Nomina Villarum*, lands held by Serjeantry and Knights' fees, holden either immediately of the Crown, or under individuals who themselves held of the King in capite; whether de antiquo or de novo; estates by frankalmoigne; marriages, aids, and scutages, &c. These were taken by inquisition in the times of Henry the Third and Edward the First. Wherein they derived the name of *Nevill* is uncertain.

IX.—*Calendarium Inquisitionum ad quod damnum.*—These inquisitions were taken by virtue of writs directed to the Escheator of every County, directing him to enquire whether it would be to the prejudice of the Crown to make certain grants (as of fairs, markets, &c.) at the solicitation of individuals. They extend from Edward the Second to 38. Henry VI.—and the originals are preserved in the Tower.

X.—*Nonarum Inquisitiones.*—These were founded on statute 14. and 15. Edward III. for a subsidy, whereon an assessment was made in every county of the value of wool, lambs, and corn, and (in cities and boroughs) of the amount of personal goods and chattels. In this collection several entire counties are deficient.

To these may be added the Taxation of Pope Nicholas and the Ecclesiastical Taxation under Henry the Eighth, besides the several Rolls, &c. exclusively relating to Scotland. But the short sketch we here give will be sufficient for the instruction of those who, not having the publications at hand to refer to, must frequently be perplexed by references in books of county history and topography to original documents, of the nature of which they must be incapable of forming any idea.

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was generally assessed and paid at the *Caput honoris*, rather than at the place where it accrued. The descent of this moiety of the original manor is then traced through the families of Fitzgerald, De Ripariis (or Rivers), Earl of Devon, and others, to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, and we are told that "Billing is still included within the liberties of that Duchy." The other moiety, under the name of "Ferrers or Mortimer's fee," is then in like manner traced in its descent through these two noble houses, till "their titles and inheritance finally merged in the Crown, on the triumph of the Yorkists over the Lancastrians, in the person of their lineal representative King Edward the Fourth." With regard to this moiety also we are informed (by reference to the "Testa de Nevill") that, in the reign of Henry the Third, "Ralph Mortimer was proved to hold, of William Earl Ferrers, of the house of Tutbury, one fee in "Magna Billing," in the town of "Peter Barre."

Our author next proceeds, according to the distribution of his subject above laid down, to the account of the "mesne or usufructuary manor," as held of the lords paramount of the several moieties already mentioned. We will give it in his own words, in order to render this part of the subject clearer.

"MANOR.—Having treated of the paramount manors, it remains to trace the lords who held the usufructuary possessions, or mesne manors under the paramount lords, in whom the ultimate property and reserved services of the feudatory were vested. I say *manors*, for each fee in this vill held by Peter Barre of Ralph Mortimer and of Margaret de Ripariis, constituted a distinct manor, and the tenure was separately noted in the inquisitions, though from unity of ownership in the family of Barry, who possessed both, no motive remained for keeping them apart, and they ceased to be distinguished."

The descents of the family of Barry, as proprietors of this consolidated *mesne* manor, are then traced, by help of the *Rotuli Hundredorum*, *Originalia*, and other public and private evidences, to the 35th of Edward the Third, from which time the family is entirely lost sight of; and we have only one or two scattered notices relative to this property or its possessors previous to the 5th of Henry the Fifth, when Sir Nicholas Lillyng, of Abington, Knight, died seized of it, being held (as we find from the Book of *Escheats*) "of the King by unknown service." The subsequent conveyance of the manor by the representatives of Lillyng to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, rests only upon presumption; but that upon her attainder (in the first of Richard the Third) a reversionary grant, subject to the life interest of Thomas Lord Stanley (her third husband) was made of it, by the Crown, to John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, and again forfeited by the attainder of that nobleman, after the battle of Stoke (in the 2nd

of Henry the Seventh), is proved by the Parliament and Patent Rolls; and a mistake in Bridges (the former historian of the county) is then corrected by the useful and important observation, that "it was no uncommon practice for our Kings to make feoffments of their lands to the uses of their wills," and that the grant (5. Henry VII.) by which this manor, together with many others, passed to Sir John Fineox (Lord Chief Justice) and others, and which is supposed by the above-named writer to have vested in Fineox the usufructuary interest, was in fact made to him and his co-feoffees in trust to settle on the Dean and Canons of Windsor, in recompense of their prayers for the souls of the King and others of the Royal Family. By the detection of a second mistake in Bridges (arising from a confusion of names) we next find that, notwithstanding this grant (which was avoided by the King's executors) the manor remained in the Crown till the 32d of Elizabeth, when it was granted to certain persons in fee, who the next day had license to alienate it to Freeman, of Ecton. Thus far the author has been guided entirely by the light, often dim and doubtful, of ancient records. From Elizabeth, downwards, the evidences are of a different description, and need not here be followed, our only purpose in pursuing the descent of this property with such dry minuteness having been to bring into view, by a single instance, the nature of the county-historian's duty as to this branch of his office, the character of the authorities to which he must exclusively trust for his safe acquittance, and the gross errors and false conclusions into which they must infallibly lead him, unless he is previously fortified by an acquaintance with ancient laws and custom sufficiently extensive to protect him against the consequences of too implicit a reliance on the apparent evidence of names and mode of conveyance.

We now return to the prefatory address of this intelligent antiquary, for the purpose of exemplifying the method pursued by him in the remaining part of his arrangements.

"Its restricted limits," he says, "have not permitted him to attempt more than satisfactorily to trace a manor *into* and *out of* a family; nor perhaps is it to be regretted, for the line of blood through which it descended, especially if combined with the collateral ramifications, may be exhibited much more clearly in a genealogical table than by verbal narrative, and the technical references to the escheats or inquisition post mortem, introduced to verify the descents, remove in a great measure the necessity of abstracting them. The pedigrees have relieved the text also from the dry details of dates, matrimonial alliances, and honourable appointments. The leading authorities are placed at the head of each, but the author has taken nothing on trust which he had the means of subjecting to the test of public or private documents. Numerous as the pedigrees will be found, none uncon-

nected with manorial property have been admitted, or the number might easily have been augmented, to an almost indefinite extent, from heraldic visitations, and families of respectability possessed of impropriations, advowsons, and other estates."

We cannot pass over this paragraph without saying a few words on the subject of the genealogical part of a County History. While we fully agree with our author as to the necessity of imposing some certain and definite restrictions on the adoption of matter of this description, which would otherwise swell to so abundant an increase as wholly to swallow up every other department in a county history of almost any assignable dimensions; we suspect that the particular limits to which Mr. Baker proposes to confine himself have been dictated by an attachment, in this instance too partial, to the forms of methodical arrangement. The object of County-History, so far as it regards property in the descent of families, is too general to be narrowed to that which relates to *one species* of property, and the possessors of that property only—more especially when we reflect that, since the introduction of modern law and usage, the manor (*eo nomine*) is often the least considerable in point of extent and value, of all the properties into which a district may happen to be divided; and, therefore, while we acknowledge the greatest positive inconvenience as necessarily attendant on admitting the principle of universal suffrage into the question of, who are the parties to be entitled to the honours of genealogical distinction in a County-History, we cannot allow either the good sense or policy of excluding all but such as happen to have, or to have had, either in themselves or their ancestors, the property of a manor within the parish. The actual amount in value, and, in some instances, length of possession merely, would form a much better criterion of admission or rejection. Among the yeomanry even, especially of the more distant counties, it frequently happens that a farm of fifty or a hundred acres has been transmitted from father to son in a course of lineal descent for many centuries; and the pedigree of such a family,* we

* On this branch of our subject, we would beg leave incidentally to suggest to the county-historian that the humble memorials of the church-yard, and the neglected pages of the parish register, are often calculated to convey local information, and lead to local inquiries, more curious and instructive than the costly tablets, or prouder effigies, of the church or chancel. It is useful, even with reference to general and statistical history, to mark the different degrees of adhesiveness to their native soil which characterize the inhabitants of different districts. It is interesting to the imagination to discover, or

do not hesitate to aver, is a subject of much greater local interest and attraction than that of a Rivers or a Mortimer, whose sole connexion with the district may have arisen from the possession of a manor within its limits during the reign of one of the Edwards, or of a more recent proprietor, who may have purchased for a few hundred pounds, and upon the speculation, possibly, of an inclosure, or of some other source of latent profit, the empty title and disused privileges which, upon Mr. Baker's principle, would give him the right of enrollment in his genealogical archives. It is of no little importance to the County Historian, in the light of worldly prudence and policy, to be on the best possible terms with the principal land-owners of the district, whether they be, or be not, the lords of manors; and, were it upon this principle only, we should counsel him to give up a little, even of the best conceived arrangement and method, to meet the wishes of those without whose assistance he can do nothing, and to whose patronage he must look not only for the reward, but even for the bare continuance of his labours.

But to proceed—

"The monastic establishments, and possessions of the religious houses, follow the manorial history; for, though ecclesiastical in their origin, yet having been converted into lay property by the dissolution, this seemed the most natural arrangement.

"In describing the pictorial embellishments of the manor-houses and mansions, the portraits may be thought to engage a disproportionate attention; but it should be remembered that they not only command a strong local and family interest, but are the frequent ob-

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think we discover, in the sturdy yeoman, or yet ruder mechanic, whom we meet in our chance peregrinations, the unconscious descendant of some Saxon Ceorl, or British bondman, planted in the same district that is still occupied by those of his own name and race, and the date of whose original settlement in it is lost in the shades of impenetrable obscurity. And it affords room for much of profitable, as well as melancholy reflection, when, in the name of some present proprietor of a mere cottage with half an acre of garden-ground, we are enabled to trace the fallen fortunes of some once noble or illustrious family—the owners of many manors, extending over half a county—degraded, perhaps, by the folly or extravagance of a single individual—perhaps, by a course of misconduct pursued from generation to generation—perhaps, by the consequences of political convulsions, and an unfortunate, though honest and respectable adherence to a losing party. These are speculations which tend to enhance the importance, and elevate the dignity of *the science* of Archæology.

jects of inquiry to the amateur and collector for the purposes of topographical and biographical illustration.

"The history of a parochial benefice naturally suggests three divisions;—by whom founded, and to whom the patronage belongs; of what it consists; and by whom held. Where the impropriate rectory and advowson of a vicarage have been severed, the descent of each is separately deduced from the crown grantee, or the period of separation. Their ancient and modern state are also distinctly treated. A brief explanation of the ecclesiastical taxations and surveys is introduced under Abington, the first parish *. In the general summary of each benefice, the Easter offerings and surplice fees are always implied though omitted; and where the rectorial and vicarial rights have been regulated under acts of inclosure, the official allotment of the land has been adopted, which in many cases is several acres less than the modern admeasurement.

"The series of incumbents, down to the middle of the 16th century, is (with occasional additions) copied from Bridges, or the authority of the Lincoln Registers; and continued to the present time, from a transcript which the author has been kindly permitted to make from the Episcopal Registers at Peterborough."

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* "Much conjectural ingenuity has been exercised on the origin and primary constitution of parishes; and it is now generally contended by the most intelligent ecclesiastical antiquaries, that the "Parochia" of the seventh century, so often confounded with the modern parish, was synonymous with the diocese; and that the distribution of the kingdom into parishes, in the present acceptation of the term, did not originate in any specific decree, but was the work of ages. The episcopal registers of Lincoln commence in the reign of King John, and presentations to most of the benefices in this county occurring in them, within a few years of their first establishment, it may safely be inferred that the parochial division of this county, as it now stands, was nearly completed by the end of the 12th century. A comparatively few parishes were formed in the Saxon æra; but, being too extended in their boundaries for the accommodation of a thinly-scattered and dispersed population, or for the spiritual superintendence of a single priest, the Norman lords were encouraged to erect churches within their manors, and endow them with the whole or a portion of the tithes of a certain circuit of ground, which thus became a parish; with the patronage of the living vested in the founder and his heirs as the reward of his piety.

"The first fruits and tenths of all the spiritualities in the kingdom were at an early and undefined period obtained by the see of Rome; and pope Innocent the Fourth having assigned them for three years to king Henry the Third, to incite his co-operation in the Crusades, Walter, bishop of Norwich, was delegated to take a survey (1254, 38 Hen. III.), which has been usually termed *The Norwich taxation.*"

Two Hundreds only (those of Spelho and Newbottle-Grove) are completed, and that of Fawsley begun, in the present division of this history; and the author observes that he has considerably exceeded the quantity of matter contemplated in his original estimate. What he next adds, we insert by way of contrast to the splendid publications of Hoare and Whitaker, and by way of example to those who, with such specimens before their eyes of topographical and ornamental magnificence, might hereafter be deterred from the pursuit by the belief that it must necessarily be attended with an expense and risk so far beyond the compass of any moderate means or resources.

"He has not only," says the author, "adopted a much smaller type than the other county histories now in progress; but, in order as much as possible to economise space, has printed the names of incumbents and epitaphs (where practicable) in columns, and the pedigrees in a much smaller type and in the most condensed form. He knows not whether it will be right or prudent to enlist this plea in palliation of his embellishments not being either so numerous or highly-finished as he could have wished; but at least he can safely affirm that he has gone to the extreme boundary which a due regard to prudential considerations would warrant."

Such are the general outlines of a plan, the best suited of any that has come within our notice to the main purposes of a County History, and of which all that can be alleged to qualify our praises is, that it is (perhaps) too drily methodical, and affords too little scope for those illustrations of local scenery, the manners and customs of antiquity, and the characters and actions of individuals, which, though in some degree adscititious and ornamental, rather than necessarily component parts of the subject, are nevertheless too grateful to the imagination, and too refreshing to the mind, exhausted by the wearisome pursuit of names and dates, not to deserve a station of primary importance in the table of contents prefixed to every topographical chapter. On this account, principally, we now turn from the historian of Northamptonshire to the late venerable and much-regretted author, whose topographical labours, after illustrating with so much true taste and judgment the antiquities of Whalley and Craven, have been recently and prematurely terminated, just as he had completed the first division of a work which was proposed to embrace the whole extent of the largest of the English counties.

No work of County History has hitherto issued from the press (not excepting even Sir Richard Hoare's magnificent Wiltshire) so splendid, in respect both of typography and graphic illustration, as Dr. Whitaker's Richmond; and yet, with all the author's high reputation and acknowledged talent, few (we believe) have fallen so far short of the expectations formed by

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readers of real science and desirous of substantial information, principally in those very points in which we have represented Mr. Baker as far excelling. That the causes of this failure are to be met with in the ill-directed spirit of enterprise evinced by the publishers rather than in any defect of judgment on the part of the author, is an inference due, perhaps, to this eminent character; but it is not to be the less lamented that he surrendered his judgment to those who, with all their skill in what constitutes the external attractions, are so much less competent judges as to the essential requisites of works of learning and science. The imaginative faculty, and enthusiastic spirit of the genuine antiquary, are, however, displayed in almost every page of his history; and his very prospectus, while it tends to correct the fastidiousness of those who conceive that the higher powers of the mind are necessarily excluded from participating in the dull investigations and duller details which form the basis of the topographer's labours, will also serve the purpose of supplying all that is most evidently deficient in the outline of Mr. Baker's system.

"The author's researches, besides a personal application to original authorities existing in public libraries, and, where he may be permitted, in private collections also, will extend to an exact survey of every parish: thankful as he shall always be for previous directions to objects of curiosity, he will take nothing upon trust. He will see every thing with his own eyes: he will make minutes upon the spot. In order to the attainment of some accuracy in those parts of his subject which depend upon written evidence, he most respectfully desires the representatives of ancient and noble families, who may be induced to encourage the projected work, to consider what a stamp of worth and authenticity is impressed upon the whole by a general opinion of its having been compiled from original authorities. In more than one topographical work already before the public, it has been, with very few exceptions, the happiness of the author to have drawn from the first fountains of information. In this age of general intelligence and liberal communication, little, it may be hoped, remains of that absurd jealousy, by which the ancient stores of families were supposed to contain unknown and unsuspected secrets, which might shake the titles to estates*. The most superficial knowledge of

* The limitations which the wisdom of our laws had imposed on the right of disputing titles confirmed by length of possession ought generally to satisfy the most timid proprietor in permitting the inspection of *ancient* evidences; and the most general abstract is sufficient to answer all the legitimate purposes of the county historian with reference to the deduction of more *modern* transfers and limitations. The great cause of the Marquis Cholmondeley and Lord Clinton, which turned on the supposed want of analogy between legal and merely equitable estates, considered as affected by the statute of

the law of England, as it exists at present, must in a moment remove every such apprehension. Discovery, while it is the most animating object of a topographer, can alone give an interest in the minds of real judges to a topographical work. What, for example, would have been the feelings of the writer—what the loss and disappointment of his readers, had he been debarred from access to the stores of the Cliffords, in their two surviving branches at Skipton and Bolton? And can it be supposed that in a county, which for several centuries has been the principal residence of so many noble families, distinguished for their activity and exertions in war and peace, the grantees also of so many religious houses, there should neither have been curiosity to collect, nor care to procure the evidence, which from time to time had fallen into their hands?

"Antiquarian research, and even poetry itself, have of late been turned to the elucidation of ancient manners; and the pursuit is a decisive proof of the superior intelligence and curiosity which belong to modern times. Heretofore, when an antiquary had given a tolerable view of the ruins of a religious house, the name of the founder, the date of the foundation, with the manors and carucates which it possessed, in faithful and dull detail, his office was performed, and his readers were satisfied. Meanwhile it never occurred to the one or the other that all this was the body only, not the soul of monastic history; that monkish manners, a state of life not only picturesque and magnificent, but combined in some degree both with piety and usefulness, was a study for philosophers; that all its varieties are yet accessible, and, what is better, accessible not only by means of direct and formal narrative, but through the medium of inference and induction (one of the most delightful exercises of an intelligent antiquary) in the compotuses of the religious houses. To the stores of this nature, which are reposited in the libraries of ancient families, and still perhaps unexplored, the author looks with anxious expectation: but in the Harleian and Cotton Libraries, and above all, in the indigested, but almost inexhaustible collections of Dodsworth, he reckons with certainty on much original intelligence.

"Architecture, ancient and modern, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, will always be regarded in this work with peculiar attention; and the magnificent seats of the nobility and gentry, with which this great county abounds, together with the distinguished specimens of art in painting and sculpture, with which they are severally adorned, will not fail to receive a due tribute of respect.

"The entire text of *Doomsday*, Leland's *Itinerary*, and many portions of that of Camden, will be incorporated with the work. The

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limitations, might, during its pendency, have justified, or at least excused, a degree of even jealous caution, which the late ultimate decision of that important controversy, by the highest court of appellant jurisdiction, should (among its other great public benefits) be looked to as having rendered, for the future, altogether unnecessary and futile.

late returns of population will also be subjoined to the account of every parish.

"Subsidiary to the author's department in this laborious work, are those of the draftsmen and the engraver, concerning which the public have a right to be informed, that no expense will be spared to render the history of Yorkshire, what, *in the present state of the national taste, can alone procure for it a favourable reception*—TRULY MAGNIFICENT. To this end, distinct but superior artists will be engaged for subjects of *landscape* and architecture."

To the announcement contained in the last paragraph nothing was wanted but the name of the *picturesque* artist (*J. M. W. Turner*, R. A.), those of the engravers (*Landseer*, *Pye*, &c. &c.), and a catalogue of the subjects selected for the exercise of their several and splendid talents (such as, *The Fall of the Tees—the Junction of the Tees and Greta—Moss-Dale Fall—Aysgarth Force*, &c. &c. &c.), to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of all that is grand and beautiful in nature, or excellent in art, that the work projected is no vulgar County History, the tardy produce of fifty years' toilsome labour amidst the dust and cobwebs of the Record-room and Chapter-house, "beautified" with here and there a rich engraving of some heavy heap of monumental absurdity, or a Sylvanus-Urban-like groupe of churches remarkable only for their general uniformity of outline, neglect of detail, and glorious contempt of all the rules of chiaro-oscuro and perspective. But, though it promises something very different from this, it at the same time promises something which, however admirable in itself, and excellent in its own peculiar style of excellence, is altogether at variance with the main end and object of topography, and above all calculated to make both author and reader lose sight of the point in view, and regard the substance of the work as merely subservient to the grand purpose of its ornament. In its own enlarged acceptation, it may indeed be said that there is scarcely any subject which, as either principal or accessary, may not be enlisted into the general service of topography. Yet, in the light of a science, it is something essentially distinct from either geology, botany, civil and ecclesiastical history, or mere superficial and picturesque descriptions, although in some respects intermixed with and dependent on all of them. The illustrations by which it is accompanied ought to be selected with reference to its more immediate and principal objects—the territorial peculiarities and divisions, and the perishable and perishing remnants of monumental and architectural antiquity. Directed to these purposes, it is scarcely possible to render the delineations which should accompany a work of topography too various, minute, or comprehensive;

and they are purposes which admit of the greatest plainness and simplicity, as well as of the highest refinement and excellence, of which the art of engraving is capable*. The multiplication of maps and plans illustrative of the subject under discussion, is of all things the most desirable; and, while on this topic, we would strongly recommend that, in a County History, the description of every parish be accompanied with a map explaining its boundaries and subdivisions (where subdivided) into tithings, townships, or other districts, and pointing out the situation of every house or hamlet referred to in the course of the history. This is a point, indeed, which appears to us to be of such peculiar importance, that we would willingly sacrifice to its attainment all the proud embellishments which modern luxury has substituted in the place of the old homely representations by which our older county histories are disfigured. We will go farther, and say, that, in the way of landscape, wherever it should occur that, by a few choice sketches, a strong general impression may be conveyed of the

* To the many other merits of Mr. Baker's excellent *History of Northamptonshire*, some of which have been already enumerated, should be added the selection and execution of the engravings, which are remarkable for their clearness and accuracy, and for the combination of neatness and elegance, with a just regard to economy. There are no maps or plans, however, to accompany the local description; and though we suppose that it is of course intended by the author to give a general map of the county with the concluding portion of his labours, that is not nearly enough to satisfy what topography, in our estimation, demands in this department of illustration. Sir Richard Hoare's meagre outline of the principal bearings of his "*Vale of Wily*," is far too trivial and inconsiderable for the purpose; and we would remark, "*en passant*," that, though there is something pleasant and attractive in the notion of parcelling out a county by its natural divisions of hills and rivers, in preference to the arbitrary, and most irregular and unaccountable apportionment of hundreds, rapes, and wapentakes, yet a little reflection will evince the incompatibility of such an arrangement with a parochial survey. It might, however, be attended to with advantage in a general description of the whole district, which may be thus presented under a sort of bird's-eye view upon the departmental system. And, in constructing maps of this description, we will venture to recommend the adoption of Lehmann's system of plan-drawing, which has lately been introduced into England by Mr. Siborn's (of the 9th regt. inf.) work on plan-drawing. The peculiar excellence of this system is, that the inequalities of the surface, instead of being left to the fancy of the draughtsman, are described in so exact a manner, that, at any point, the elevation of the point, the angle of inclination of the surface there, and the quantity of the adjacent surface which may be seen from it, can be instantly determined.

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grand and distinguishing features of an entire district, the interest and attention of the reader might be powerfully assisted and strengthened by the introduction of them. But then they should be kept in their proper places—as auxiliaries—not as principals; and the selection of subjects should be such as best to correspond with the main object of the work—not such as from their poetical and limited nature (however lovely and romantic) have no more immediate connexion with the topography of the district than would be exhibited by a groupe of indigenous flowers in the manner of Van-Huysum, or of cattle or horses in the best style of Cuyp or of Wouvermans. It is difficult indeed to say what bounds will ever be set to the increase of this pernicious species of luxury, unless the pride of authorship, or (what is better) the genuine love of science, step in to avert the sacrifice, which must otherwise soon follow, of all that is really valuable in works of topography to the love of outward shew and embellishment; and we may form some notion of the strides which a mania (so hostile to the true interests of literature) has already made in this department, by comparing the splendid picture-book, thus honoured by the name of Whitaker, with the dwarf folio "put forth" during the infancy of county-history by Mr. Daniel King of Chester, under the proud designation of "*The Vale-Royal of England*, or *County Palatinate of Chester* illustrated—adorned with maps and prospects, and the coats of arms belonging to every individual family of the County, 1656,"—in which the "courteous reader" is indulged with one view of the provincial metropolis (the south-west side), with the names of the different buildings obligingly engraven over them—the ichnography or "ground-plott" thereof—the city arms, and those of the earls, and of the eight barons of the County Palatine—a small map of the county—a coin of Domitian, with the reverse and legend—and a votive altar dug up at Chester in 1653—all in the compass of a single sheet,—a single prospect of the cathedral (a bird's-eye), and one other engraving (a fancy-piece) of the good Earl Lupus sitting in his parliament; and for these the author claims the special favour of his countrymen, as having "adorned" the history of his native county "with several pieces of sculpture, for the more graceful appearance of the work," while his "old acquaintance and true friend, Thomas Brown," superscribes an epistle congratulatory, which is prefixed to the publication, with peculiar reference to this branch of its merits, thus—"To his endeared friend Mr. Daniel King, the ingenious author of that worthily-to-be-commended work, and accurate piece of the geographical and historical description of the *Vale-royal of England*, or *County Palatine of Chester*, most artificially adorned with typography and sculpture."

Before we dismiss, however, the subject of graphic illustration, we cannot forbear noticing, with due praise, the public-spirited proceeding of several of the gentry of Durham and its vicinity, who, at a meeting held for the purpose on occasion of the then approaching publication of Mr. Surtees's excellent history of that county, entered into certain resolutions, of which the following deserve to be more widely circulated:—

"I. That it is desirable to preserve by engravings some of the more curious specimens of ancient architecture in this county, and also the portraits of a few of the most distinguished men born in or connected with it.

"II. That the county-history now preparing for the press by Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, Esq. affords a favourable opportunity of securing these purposes.

"III. That the proposal already circulated, for raising a subscription to furnish such engravings to the author for insertion in his work, meets the approbation of this meeting, as a measure calculated to preserve the *more interesting remains of antiquity*, and to contribute to the *useful embellishment* of the work, *without rendering it necessary to impose so high a price upon it as would greatly limit its circulation* and utility.

"IV. *That the castles or other residences of gentlemen are not proper objects to be engraved out of this subscription.*"

The publication itself, which this very laudable measure was designed to adorn and compliment, constitutes one of the best and most perfect specimens of county-history that it has been our fortune to meet with, blending together, in very happy proportions, the severer labours of the genealogist and antiquary, and the more congenial reflections and illustrations of the man of taste and feeling*. The engravings, which have been so liberally contributed, are for the most part finely executed, and in general also well selected. Portraits of distinguished individuals are among the most interesting and useful of the illustrations peculiarly fitted to county-history; but, for the smaller memorials of antiquity, such as seals, rings—for detached pieces of architectural variety or adornment—for the generality of monumental remains—for fonts, stalls, and piscinæ—and a number of other subjects which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of the experienced antiquary—we would strongly recommend a much humbler and cheaper style of execution, even where (as in this instance) the author is

* We have only to subtract from this general commendation the superfluity of ancient deeds and evidences given at full length, a practice which tends enormously to swell the dimensions of a county-history, without any advantages at all commensurate with the increased expense of the publication.

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personally saved from the expense attending it, for the sake of securing the preservation of these and similar relics in so much greater extent and variety than can possibly be accomplished on a scale of undiscriminating, and in such instances, useless magnificence.

We cannot at present treat of the many excellent works which have successively appeared in illustration of our provincial antiquities during the last and present centuries,—at the head of which stands Hutchins's Dorset, and the long line embraces Mr. Nichols's voluminous History of Leicestershire; nor can we afford space more than to notice the remainder of the list of county-histories already in progress or promised to the public; and, in so doing, we shall revert to the preface of Sir Richard Hoare, with which we commenced our remarks on the present auspicious state of topographical undertaking.

After observing (in a passage which we have quoted already) upon the advances hitherto made in the pursuit,—

"Much still," he adds "remains to be done; for many a county is yet undescribed, though some are now actually in preparation and printing. Amongst the former, I may state the intended history of Northampton, by Mr. Baker; and amongst the latter, the splendid histories of Hertfordshire, by Mr. Clutterbuck—Durham, by Mr. Surtees—and a portion of Yorkshire, by the late Dr. Whitaker, in whom the lovers of topography have experienced a severe loss. The History of Cheshire has been lately published by Mr. Ormerod—a part of Sussex, Hereford, and Rutland; and we may shortly expect to be gratified by a well-arranged history of the ancient town of Shrewsbury, as well as of a portion of Suffolk, by Mr. Gage."

The last-mentioned gentleman has recently published a history of his family seat and parish of Hengrave, valuable no less for the ornamental and useful illustrations, than for the very curious details of private history and biography, and of ancient customs and characters, which it exhibits; and we should rejoice at being told that the entire county of Suffolk, (than which none in England stands more in need of the labours of the topographer,) was in such able hands.

Of other counties which still remain to be illustrated by the labours of the topographer, that of Devon (with which the great work projected by the Messrs. Lysons has, we fear, abruptly terminated) is still unhonoured by any thing which deserves the name of a separate history; and Hampshire, Lincoln, Lancashire, Shropshire, the greater part of York, Derby, Huntingdon, Bedford, Berks, Buckingham, and Middlesex, to which may be added most of the Welsh counties, are those which immediately occur to us as unprovided with even the name of an historian.

After making so favourable a report as to the present state and prospects of topographical science in England, it would be palpably absurd to complain of the want of public encouragement, or of a due appreciation of the rank which topography is entitled to hold among the objects of literary pursuit. But it is only of late years that a genuine feeling in its favour has begun to diffuse itself; and it has as yet made only a very uncertain and partial progress in the general estimation. The important aid and advancement which it has received from the publications made by the record commissioners has perhaps contributed in no small degree to the increasing popularity of the science.* A great deal still remains to be looked for, however, from the same high source of encouragement; and we may possibly, at no distant period, revert to the subject of our present discussion, for the purpose of explaining the peculiar use and value of the various stores which have thus been opened, as well as of those which still remain, either wholly or comparatively, inaccessible to public research. But the example thus set by the wisdom and liberality of the Legislature may be reasonably expected to operate upon other public bodies, and also upon individuals, in proportion to their respective resources, and to the means which they possess of contributing to the general object—that of preserving and transmitting to posterity the perishable memorials of local history and antiquities throughout the kingdom. The "absurd jealousy," of which Dr. Whitaker speaks in terms of merited ridicule, which formerly proved the means of shutting out from the inspection of the eager antiquary many of the sources of in-

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* In this increased encouragement to works illustrative of local and family antiquity, we may perhaps detect a sign of the altered spirit of the times, with reference to what has been often disdainfully called "the pride of ancestry." For a considerable time before the French Revolution—indeed during the greater part of the last century—it was accounted philosophical and gentlemanly to forget these vain and adscititious distinctions—or, if remembered, to convert them into subjects of ridicule and satire. The family pedigree was consigned to dust and cobwebs, if not parted with to the taylor and cheesemonger—the family arms disappeared from the places which ancient custom had rendered conspicuous by them—unornamented neatness, and an almost republican simplicity, became the fashion of the day, in furniture, houses, and monuments; and, so far from boasting of a long line of illustrious ancestors, people began to look as if ashamed to own that they ever had a grandfather. A more natural, as well as more honourable and grateful feeling, has replaced this sickly cant of equality; and an English gentleman is no longer afraid of being laughed at for displaying the proudest feather in his cap of gentility.

XUM

formation contained in the evidences of private families, exists (if at all) in a much smaller degree than heretofore, and is pretty nearly extinguished among men of liberal education, and a tolerable degree of acquaintance with the laws of their country. It is not to be doubted, however, that in many an unsuspected corner of many an old family mansion there still repose, among the dust and cobwebs of ages, (undisturbed, more perhaps owing to the indolence and indifference, than to the fears or scruples of the possessor,) multitudes of papers, consisting of private correspondence, or auto-biographical memoirs; no less deeply interesting to the families under whose custody they are kept in hereditary and disregarded wardship, nor less valuable to the elucidation of ancient customs or privileges, nor less important to the general history of the periods to which they refer, than the *Paston* and *Tixal Letters*, the *Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson*, or the *History of the Earls of Sutherland*; and, in the present state of antiquarian research, it ought to be impressed on the minds of such careless and irreverent proprietors, that they are guilty of no less than sacrilege towards the manes of their ancestors, as well as of the greatest injustice (equivalent to a robbery) towards the public, by withholding any longer from the curious and intelligent the license of inspecting and examining the store-houses, in which it is at least probable that so many of these hidden treasures are deposited. To corporations, ecclesiastical as well as civil, and other public bodies, the conservators of documents relating to their particular districts, it should be represented that, as trustees for the public, they cannot, without the grossest dereliction of duty, suffer to remain hoarded in inaccessible chests and boxes the muniments and records of which the usufruct is in those of whose interests they are the guardians, whenever the public service (of which this is a part) requires their inspection. And to individuals, who, without possessing any peculiar means of adding to the general stock of information, have yet that local interest (which all ought to experience) in the places of their births or residence, the spirited example of the gentry of Durham may be held forth as a stimulus to similar (or perhaps more important without being more expensive) acts of liberal aid and encouragement.—In those counties, more particularly, which have within their reach the great advantages to be derived from public literary institutions (hitherto so little understood, or applied to purposes of practical utility), the topographical historian has a right to expect assistance and encouragement the more extensive from the greater facility of their attainment. We would suggest, for example, the obvious expedient of the circulation, in the name and by the authority of such institutions, through all the parishes, or other local districts of the county, and addressed to

the resident clergymen and principal landed proprietors, or other individuals of influence and respectability within their limits, of certain general queries directed to the extent and boundaries, the produce and cultivation, divisions and subdivisions of property, names of freeholders and other proprietors, of every district, with the state of the parochial registers and the church evidences, and any particulars of local interest to be extracted from them. The returns to these circulars, which would not fail to be very numerous and important, though not in all instances of equal minuteness and accuracy, ought to be deposited in some place of easy access, with every facility of reference by way of index and arrangement; and this, which might be accomplished at a very trifling expense to the funds of the institution, would be productive of a saving to the county-historian, of time, labour, and expense almost incalculable, and place him at once in a situation from which he might expect (that which no conductor of similar undertakings can look forward to with any reasonable hope or confidence) some return of profit to compensate for years devoted to the pursuit of his object.

That object, indeed, constitutes in its very pursuit, to the ardent and zealous antiquary, the full reward of its attainment; and, without any further insisting in this place on the importance and dignity of the object, its utility to the ends of general history and political science, or its connexion with the laws and constitution of the country, we shall indulge only in a few remarks on the attraction and interest which the study itself holds out to those initiated in its mysteries. Who can trace, without imbibing somewhat of a correspondent enthusiasm, the sentences with which the ardent and rejuvenescent Sexagenarian (whose labours have since been so unfortunately terminated) commences his latest undertaking, the mere announcement of which, from its magnitude, might deter the youngest and most enterprising!

"In the year 1811, the author of the *History of Craven*, oppressed by sickness, and its concomitant despondency, took a lingering and reluctant leave of topography. At the close of that work he supposed himself to be standing on one of the Cold Kald Heads, which offered an ample view of those mountains and plains of Richmondshire. He beheld with the eye of fond imagination the "Roman Bracchium," with its summer camp. Beneath appeared the gray towns of Nappay, while, bounding over the rocks of Aysgarth, the Ure conducted him to another Bolton, pregnant with facts and recollections. Immediately beyond rose the proud towers of the Nevilles, at Middleham; and, far to the North-east, the Norman Keep of Richmond, begirt with its monastic accompaniments. In a vale to the East the arches of Coverham

distinctly presented themselves. In the fertile meadows beneath appeared the fragments of Joreval, and Tanfield far beyond, in whose church repose, beneath magnificent tombs, the Marmions of real history.

"Time was (he added in the same tone of despondency) when such a scene would have inspired and dictated another work. But the recollection of advancing years and declining health checked at once the unreasonable impulse, and compelled him to resign a History of Richmondshire to some younger and more vigorous antiquary, on whom he would willingly have bestowed, had it been in his power, whatever portion he might possess of two qualifications indispensable to a true topographer—namely, perseverance and enthusiasm.

"In the course of six years no such 'young and vigorous antiquary' has appeared to accept the gift, or to exert the qualifications; but in the mean time by a singular blessing of Providence, the strength and spirits of the author have been renewed; and his whole constitution has undergone a kind of rejuvenescence. Imagination, curiosity, and the spirit of research, have, in his breast, become as active as ever. Locomotion and change of scene relieve the tedium, and remove the inconveniences of unremitted study: the assistance of skilful artists at once excites and gratifies the writer; and instead of shrinking, as he once did, from the toil of a History of Richmondshire, considered as a whole, he now dares to regard it as the auspicious commencement of a still greater undertaking, as an opening to more extended research, and more copious illustration."

Let it not be considered that we have transgressed the limits of our jurisdiction as "retrospective" critics, in making these copious references to recent publications, and to those even which are actually in the course of issuing from the press. The theme of all is antiquity—the delight engendered by them, that which results from the exercise of our reflective faculties—their tendency, to excite to similar pursuits and similar gratifications. However, as we began with the venerable Father of British Topography, we will conclude with one of his earliest and most enthusiastic disciples, thinking that we cannot furnish a vindication of those pursuits which we are advocating, more complete for the uninitiated and sceptical, or more congenial with our own present feelings, than that contained in the dedicatory epistle prefixed by good Bishop Kennett to his "Parochial Antiquities."

"As to the performance, I am under the concern to vindicate it from the slights and ridicules that may be cast upon it by idle witty people, who think all history to be scraps, and all antiquity to be dust and rubbish. I say this only—next to the immediate discharge of my holy office, I know not how in any course of studies I could have better served my patron, my people, and my successors, than by preserving the memoirs of this parish and the adjoining parts, which before

lay remote from common notice, and in few years had been buried in unsearchable oblivion. If the present age be too much immersed in cares or pleasures, to take any relish, or to make any use of these discoveries; I then appeal to posterity: for I believe the times will come, when persons of better inclination will arise, who will be glad to find any collection of this nature; and will be ready to supply the defects, and carry on the continuation of it.

"I doubt there is but one argument against such historical attempts: that is, men have degenerated from the piety, and integrity, and industry of their forefathers, and therefore do not love to be upbraided with the memory of them; and lead such a vicious, at least such an useless life, that they desire no other mercy from after ages but silence and oblivion; and therefore must fear and hate that sort of learning, which may hereafter call them fools, and other proper names. So that antiquity has indeed the like enemies with religion; those despise it who are sensible they live contrary to the rules and examples of it.

"Whereas men would have some appetite to the notice of ancient things and persons, if they had the spirit to improve the acts and imitate the virtues of their good old ancestors. And they would delight to read any account of former ages, if they could themselves hope to make any figure in future story.

"This, Sir, makes me confident, that whoever are fond to be ignorant of past times; yet your family, and all the long descendants from it, will ever prize antiquities, and love a faithful relation of any matters of fact. For will not your posterity rejoice to find upon record the good and laudable deeds of their predecessors? Will it not divert them to read how the first baronet of their name raised a beautiful and regular seat at Amersden? How he kept there a hospitable and well-governed house, and by his prudence and charity reformed a rude and licentious people? How he rescued the patronage of this church from the hands of one, whose principals betrayed him into no affection for it? How he twice conferred the same church with no regard to interest or importunity? How, out of his own proper soil, he enlarged the bounds of the church-yard; and made a like addition to the adjoining garden of the vicar? How, by his countenance and kind endeavours he recovered an estate (before embezzled) to the proper pious use of supporting and adorning the parish church? How he was pleased to accept a share in that new trust, and what a conscience he made in the discharge of it? How just he was to the interest and honour of his other church at Burcester? How he filled it with an incumbent of exemplary goodness and serviceable learning? And how he made it a greater beauty of holiness, by giving a very noble service of communion-plate and all other decent ornaments for the Lord's table and the pulpit?

"When they come to the history of his son and heir, what fuller satisfaction will they have, in reading his character of virtue and honor, of generosity and public spirit! How will it please them to observe that he had an early education to good principles and good letters?—That he always showed a respect to scholars, a reverence to divines,

and a veneration to the Church of England; *and that even his good nature could not betray him into a kind opinion of any other sect or party!* That he managed his private affairs with discretion and ease; and administered public justice in calmness and with courage. That he was often projecting and promoting the strength and beauty of his parish-church, and set an example of constant access to and good behaviour in it? That he was encouraging and assisting the improvement of the vicar's manse, and making some augmentation to his slender portion of the glebe? That in a neighbouring church of his patronage, for the two first turns of presentation, he referred the choice of fit persons to the sole judgment of the bishop, and by such deference did his lordship and himself most particular honour? And how will it please them to be put in remembrance of a great many other good and glorious actions, which I might now foretell, and they will hereafter find completed?

"And I have the vanity to hope, that some of those who shall succeed in the benefice I now enjoy, will be glad to recollect, that they had a certain predecessor, who seemed to have some zeal for the good estate of his church and parish, who was at some charge and pains to search into histories and records, upon no other motive, but the love of his parochial charge, and the benefit of posterity."

And again, in his preface—

"I am sensible there be some who slight and despise this sort of learning, and represent it to be a dry, barren, monkish study. I leave such to their dear enjoyments of ignorance and ease. But I dare assure any wise and sober man, that *historical antiquities*, especially a search into the notices of our own nations, do deserve and well reward the pains of any English student; will make him understand the state of former ages, the constitution of governments, the fundamental reasons of equity and law, the rise and succession of doctrines and opinions, the original of ancient and composition of modern tongues, the tenures of property, the maxims of policy, the rites of religion, the characters of virtue and vice, and indeed *the nature of mankind*. I wish the excellent parts of many other writers were not spent upon more frivolous arguments, where, by subtleties, and cavils, and controverting quibbles, they serve only to weaken Christianity, and (what were otherwise pardonable) to expose one another."

There are many in whom, although not falling under the worthy bishop's censure as lovers of "ease and ignorance," a smile may fairly be excited by the adulatory strain of his panegyric, and the spirit of some of his remarks, certainly, in no small degree, at variance with modern liberality; but there are none who will not recognize in the above passages the genuine enthusiasm of antiquarian genius, and few who will not be amused by the pictures which they present of the character and modes

of thinking of a century past. In the *Patron of Amersden*, as represented by the glowing portraiture of the author, we may see the Sir Roger de Coverley of the *Spectator*, divested, indeed, of his whimsical peculiarities. But, if it be remarked that the bishop's observations apply to the study of history and antiquities in general, and not to that particular branch of it which is the subject of our present contemplation, we may answer, that there is none among them that does not also apply to topographical science, and may not lawfully be appropriated by the intelligent county historian.

In an age peculiarly marked for the advancement of those sciences which depend upon calculation and abstract reasoning, we feel the more strongly disposed to promote and encourage pursuits connected with feelings, which, in contemplation of the past or the future, induce an occasional forgetfulness of "the ignorant present." The influence of local attachments is closely interwoven with the most exalted qualities of the human understanding, which find room to unfold themselves and expatiate within the narrowest limits. The solitary vale of an unknown and nameless river —a sequestered rural parish — or the territory of an extinguished and forgotten lordship, may furnish recollections of the deepest interest and strongest attraction. Politicians may despise, and utilitarians ridicule the speculations we would cultivate; but the man of true genius and comprehensive intellect will admit their wise and beneficial tendency, while he venerates the feelings which they are calculated to indulge and animate.

We do not precisely know in what region of the skull Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim have thought proper to place the organ of locality; but, unless it is immediately contiguous to, and almost undistinguishable from, that wide province in their map, to which they have assigned the appellation of "Imaginativeness," we are fully persuaded that they are misinformed on the subject, and that the chart of their discoveries has yet to undergo very material correction. Homer, whose venerable forehead (in the well-known Towneley marble) exhibits so magnificent an expansion of the imaginative faculty, is no less deserving of being ranked as the first of topographers than as the first of poets; and Sir Walter Scott, who (as we have been assured by a member of the Phrenological Society) bears testimony hardly less cogent to the truth of the theory, is a living example of the union of the poetical and topographical faculties at least equally irresistible.

But, if we even coincided in opinion with those who form the lowest estimate of its positive advantages, we should still think that the delight of the pursuit (at least, as it has been

described to us by its most zealous votaries) was sufficient to justify and promote it. The keenest and most successful sportsman cannot (we believe) form a conception of the exquisite pleasure attendant on a chase, no less healthful to the body, no less abundant in incident and variety, even of a mere physical character, but a thousand times more recreative to the mind and imagination than that to which he devotes himself. The distant spire of some yet unexplored parish church invites his inquiry; and the antiquary sets off on his steeple hunt, regardless of road or weather, eager for the attainment of his end, but not so as to neglect the thousand objects of interest and reflection which occur to him in his progress. He arrives at the village; and here, perhaps, a minor and digressive hunt commences, in pursuit of a stray sexton or parish-clerk, the janitor of the sacred edifice. The delay or disappointment only whets his thirst, and disposes him to the keener relish of the anticipated possession. But our powers fail us in the attempt to paint the enjoyment which crowns his labours—the full revelry of the imagination amidst altar-tombs and mural tablets—the recumbent effigies of the Anglo-Norman period—the rich brasses, contemporary with our Henries and Edwards—and the kneeling forms of alabaster, coloured to the life, which distinguish the worthies of the age of Elizabeth. Nor are the humbler records of the church-yard forgotten, and many a rude rhyme—many a sentence expressive of kind love and of pious animation and confidence, repays the pain of decypher-ing, and completes the triumph of the new discovery.

ART. II.—*The Yorkshire Tragedy.—Not so New, as Lamentable and True. Written by* W. Shakspeare. *Printed for T. P.* 1619.

In order to render more complete and satisfactory our account of the early English Drama, as comprised in the series of notices we have already given on that subject, we shall occasionally supply the reader with short papers on single plays, chiefly anonymous ones, and such as may, for various reasons, be deemed worthy of a detailed examination.

In chusing the subjects of these papers, we shall chiefly have regard to the intrinsic merit of the piece to be examined; but there may be other circumstances connected with certain plays, which may render them fit subjects of remark, even where the mere merit they possess might not demand it: such as their having been plausibly attributed to any distinguished writer of the period to which they may belong—their being

peculiarly calculated to illustrate the manners and customs of that period—their manifest relation to any distinguished persons or remarkable events—or for other reasons of a similar kind. But when we meet with any one that seems to include most, if not all of these claims upon our notice, it seems peculiarly desirable to lay it before the reader of the *Retrospective Review*. And such is, in a great degree, the case with the play which we have chosen for the subject of the present paper. It has considerable intrinsic merit; it has been confidently attributed to Shakspeare, by those who, according to their pretensions at least, ought to be competent judges on such points; and finally, it is little more than a dramatic representation of an actual event which took place just before it was written.

With respect to the question, of whether or not this play be the production of Shakspeare? we shall leave the decision of this point entirely to our readers; if, indeed, they will choose to decide without any satisfactory evidence either one way or the other. Setting aside the internal evidence contained in the work itself, there are many plausible arguments to be urged on both sides of the question; but none that are in the least degree decisive. With respect to the proofs to be derived from the work itself, we shall only say, that there are passages in it which might have been written by Shakspeare, and which are, in fact, not unworthy of him: and that, even as a whole, it would not detract from his fame to have written it. But we must be understood to say this with reference to the manifest object of the work. If it made any pretensions to rank as a regular tragedy, divided into acts, and constructed on strict dramatic principles, it would then be ridiculous to think of it for a moment as the production of the author of *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. But it pretends to no such thing. It is nothing more than a dramatic representation of a real event, which was agitating the minds of the spectators at the very time it was represented; and it pretends to be nothing more than this. It merely seeks, by means of the usual dramatic illusion, to place before the *senses* of the people what was already present to their imaginations; just as our modern melo-dramas seek to embody any of the striking events or popular stories of the day by actual representation. It pretends to nothing more than this, and it effects nothing less; and there is no reason why Shakspeare should *not* have written it, any more than why he should. If he *had* written it, on the principle of merely dramatising the known fact, he would not have done it much better than it is here done; and there were many of his cotemporaries who could have done it quite as well.

The story dramatised in this play is simply that of a gentle-

man of family and fortune in Yorkshire, named Calverly, who in a paroxysm of passion (in which there appears to have been some mixture of unfounded jealousy) murdered two of his children, and attempted the life of the third (a babe in the cradle), and of his wife. As it is probable that the real grounds for these fatal acts were but little known to the public at the time, the dramatiser has, judiciously enough, chosen to attribute them to other motives than the mere phrensy of the moment; or at least he has supposed other and more conceivable causes for that phrensy. He represents the murderer as plunged into all sorts of riotous excesses, and, just before the commencement of the piece, driven to the last pitch of despair by losses at play, which have reduced him to total beggary. The drama (which is very short) commences with one of those purely expletive scenes, between the serving men of the principal persons, which are so common in the old plays, and which seem introduced for no end but that of occupying so much time. We are then, in the second scene, introduced to the husband and wife.

It may be worth while here to point out what strikes us as being a proof of considerable judgment in the dramatiser of this story, whoever he may have been. He gives *no names* to any of the dramatis personæ, except the servants. To have given them different names from those of the persons connected with the story would have been an impertinence, as those were well known to every one; and to have given them the real names would have destroyed the dramatic effect, by cutting off all aid from the imagination of the spectator, and thus making the scene too real for representation—to say nothing of his perhaps not considering himself entitled to do this, in regard to the friends and connections of the parties. In the second scene we are introduced to the husband and wife, in a very spirited and dramatic manner; and the characters of both are drawn with a masterly hand, not only in this first scene, but throughout the piece. That of the wife, though a mere sketch, is one of those sweet personifications of female gentleness and forbearance which we meet with only in this age of our dramatic literature; and that of the husband, though a sketch also, is as natural a one as ever was delineated: absorbed in his own selfish passions, and heeding nothing but what gratifies or molests *them*, his wife's gentleness, instead of allaying, does but add to his phrensy, when he comes home to her, raving for the loss of his last stake at play, and demanding her dowry that he may return to lose that too—as he feels he shall, and indeed wilfully determines that he *will*, rather than appear to want wherewithal to lose; as if losing his last farthing would prove him not to be poor,—which is what he above all things

dreads to be thought. We cannot help thinking, too, that the perfectly gratuitous manner in which he abuses his wife—applying the foulest of epithets to her and her children—is finely characteristic of such a mind in the state in which it is then represented to be; madly attributing to her vices of which he knows that she is not guilty even in thought, as a sort of imaginary justification of himself *to himself* for the treatment that he has predetermined to inflict on her; as if merely *calling* her a strumpet, and his children bastards, would make them such, and excuse him for treating them as such! Such, at least, is the interpretation we are disposed to put on parts of this scene; which we will now no longer detain the reader from the perusal of: premising, however, that it is possible that portion of the scene we now allude to may have been suggested, indirectly, and perhaps unconsciously, by a circumstance connected with the real story: it is said, that the perpetrator of the deed, being of a violent and passionate temper, struck one of his children, and that his wife, who was present, angrily desired him to "correct his own children, when he was able to get any;" and that thereupon he immediately committed the acts on which the tragedy is founded. Those who are accustomed to watch curiously the minute operations of the human mind, will not think that we are idly or heedlessly binding together, as cause and effect, what never could have been such.

We proceed to extract what may be considered as the opening scene of the drama:—

"*Wife.* What will become of us? All will away.
My husband never ceases in expense
Both to consume his credit and his house:
And 'tis set down, by heaven's just decree,
That Riot's child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings—midnight revels—
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill-beseeming
The ancient honor of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses, and false fortunes,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad
His fortunes cannot answer his expense,
He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms;
Forgetting heaven, looks downward,—which makes him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,

But vext his money cannot make them last:
A fearful melancholy—ungodly sorrow.
O, yonder he comes. Now, in despite of ills,
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Pox o'the last throw! It made five hundred angels
Vanish from my sight. I'm damn'd—I'm damn'd.
The angels have forsook me. Nay, it is
Certainly true: for he that has no coin
Is damn'd in this world; he is gone—he's gone.

Wife. Dear husband!

Hus. O! most punishment of all, I have a wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked! thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property; thou, thou, thou. [*Exit.*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse—both beggary of the soul
And of the body;—and so much unlike
Himself at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him. He comes again.

Re-enter Husband.

Hus. If marriage be honorable, then cuckolds be honorable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool! what meant I to marry, to get beggars? Now must my eldest son be a knave, or nothing; he cannot live upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him. That mortgage sits like a snaffle upon my inheritance, and makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter, and my third a thief or an under-putter—a slave pandar. O, beggary! beggary! to what base uses dost thou put a man! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd; he bears himself more proudly—has more of his credit. Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!

Wife. Good sir, by all our vows, I do beseech you,
Shew me the true cause of your discontent.

Hus. Money, money, money; and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent.
Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desires. But I beseech you,
As you're a gentleman of many bloods,
Though I myself am out of your respect,
Think on the state of those three lovely boys
You have been father to.

Hus. Pish! bastards, bastards, bastards! Begot in tricks—begot in tricks.

Wife. Heaven knows how those words wrong me: but I may
Endure those griefs among a thousand more.
O, call to mind your lands already mortgaged,
Yourself wound into debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon; and ——

Hus. Have done, thou harlot,
Whom, tho' for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou, thy words
Shall kill my pleasures?—Fall off to thy friends;
Thou and thy bastards beg; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you,
And revel in your company! Curbed in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom? that I flagg'd in money?
No—those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my 'state was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Hus. Nay, I protest,—and take that for an earnest,—
I will for ever hold thee in contempt, [*Spurns her.*
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in bed, till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Hus. Look it be done. Shall I want dust,
And, like a slave, wear nothing in my pockets,
But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails?
O, much against my blood! Let it be done.
I was ne'er made to be a looker-on—
A bawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs myself,
And make them yield. I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave; it shall. [*Exit.*

Hus. Speedily—speedily.
I hate the very hour I chose a wife:
A trouble—a trouble! Three children, like three evils,
Hang upon me. Fie, fie, fie! Strumpet and bastards!"

There are few things (we grieve to think that it is so), there are few things in the drama more *natural* than this scene. The next example that we shall give is no less so. At the end

of the preceding scene the lady goes out as if to seek her uncle for the purpose enjoined her, and in the meantime two or three "gentlemen" enter, and remonstrate with her husband on his conduct—it does not appear by what authority; and one of them fights with, wounds, and disarms him. There is no apparent object or pretence for introducing these persons; and the only excuse we can discover for it is, that the husband's passions may thus be roused up to a pitch of rage and phrensy which they might otherwise not be supposed to have reached; and these may keep rankling in him till his wife's return; which is supposed to take place in the scene which follows:—

"*Enter* Wife *and* Servant.

Ser. 'Faith, mistress, if it might not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.
Wife. I grant I had; but, alas!
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
My uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly as if his serious eye
Had numbered all his follies:
Knew of his mortgaged lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself withered with debts; and in that minute,
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,—
Guessing his kindness to me (—as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had), tho' his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at court; a good and sure relief
To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.

Ser. I should think so, mistress. If he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you, I should think the devil must keep open house in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will. Now, pr'ythee, leave me; I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of usurers' hands.

Now there's no need of sale; my uncle's kind:
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.—
Here comes my husband.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Now—are you come? Where's the money? Let's see the money. Is the rubbish sold? those wise-acres, your lands? Why, when—the money—where is it? Pour it down—down with it—down with it: I say pour it on the ground—let's see it—let's see it.

Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope my words shall like you well. I bring you better comfort than the sale of my dowry.

Hus. Ha!—What's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hearing.—My uncle, glad of your kindness to me, and mild usage (for so I made it to him), hath, in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at Court, of worth and credit: which so much overjoyed me—

Hus. Out on thee, filth! over and over-joyed when I am in torment? (*Spurns her.*) Thou politic whore, subtler than nine devils, was *this* the journey to nunck? to set down the history of me, and of my state and fortunes? Shall I, that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in service? To crouch and stand, like an old man i'the hams, with my hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head i'the church? Base slut! *this* fruit bear thy complaints?

Wife. O, Heaven knows
That my complaints were praises and best words
Of you and your estate; only my friends
Knew of your mortgag'd lands, and were possess'd
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good
Or my poor children's, (tho' it suits a mother
To shew a natural care in their reliefs,)
Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood:
Consume it as your pleasure counsels you;
And all I wish, e'en clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant looks and modest words.

Hus. Money, whore, money—or I'll—

[*Draws a dagger.*

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

What the devil! How now! thy hasty news!

Ser. May it please you, Sir,—

Hus. What! may I not look upon my dagger?
Speak, villain, or I'll execute the point
On thee;—quick—short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a gentleman from the University stays below to speak with you. [*Exit.*

Hus. From the University? So—University—
That long word runs thro' me. [*Exit.*

Wife. Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
Had offer'd violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery
Would shew but little here; would scarce be seen
Among my miseries. I may compare,
For wretched fortunes, with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferr'd;
A place of credit a base servitude.
What shall become of me and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse?—my pretty beggars.
I see how Ruin, with a palsied hand,
Begins to shake this ancient seat to dust.
The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes; I can scarce see:
This grief will last;—it wakes and sleeps with me."

The next scene exhibits the wretched husband in conference with the Master of the College, where his brother is pursuing his studies—who comes to remonstrate with him on having suffered his brother to be imprisoned for some debt of *his* (the husband's), for which he had become bound. Towards the end of this scene a sudden thought seems to strike him—he calls for a bowl of wine—swallows part of it—and dismisses the master with a promise speedily to satisfy him on the score of his brother's unhappy situation. And just at this moment, as he is reflecting on his vices and miseries, and the causes and consequences of them, one of his little boys comes in to him, playing. The scene which ensues, and part of that which follows it, we shall give as a concluding extract; and must add (almost against our will—for who would be willing to confess that *this* is human nature?) that they are written with admirable truth and simplicity. The idea of the first passage, in which the child mistakes his father's contortions for sportive attempts to frighten him, is truly Shakspearean; the conceit between the "white boy" and the "red boy" is far from being a false or a

far-fetched one; and the exclamation of the child—"O! you hurt me, father!" is the very perfection of truth and nature.—He believes that his father is playing with him,—only too roughly!—

"*Enter a little* Boy, *with a top and a scourge.*

Son. What ail you, father? Are you not well? I can't scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up all the room with your wide legs.—Puh! you can't make me afraid with this;—I fear no vizards nor bugbears.

[*He takes up this child by the skirt of his coat with one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.*

Hus. Up, sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. O! What will you do, father?—I'm your white boy.

Hus. You shall be my red boy; take that. [*Strikes him.*

Son. O, you hurt me, father!

Hus. My eldest beggar,
Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread;
To cry at a great man's gate; or follow,
"Good your honour," by a coach; no, nor your brother.
'Tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my head's broke?

Hus. Bleed, bleed,
Rather than beg. Be not thy name's disgrace;
Spurn thou thy fortunes first, if they be base.
Come view thy second brother's. Fates! my children's blood
Shall spin into your faces! you shall see
How confidently we scorn beggary. [*Exit with his Son.*

Scene changes.—A Maid discovered with a child in her arms; the Mother on a couch by her, asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep.
It bodes no good, when heaviness falls so deep.
Hush, pretty boy. Thy hopes might have been better.
'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour won.
Hard, when the father plays away the son!
Nothing but misery serves in this house—
Ruin and desolation. Oh—

Enter Husband, *with his* Son *bleeding.*

Hus. Whore, give me that boy. [*Strives with her for the child.*

Maid. O, help! help! out alas! murder! murder!

Hus. Are you gossipping, you prating, sturdy quean?

I'll break your clamour with your neck. Down stairs;
Tumble, tumble headlong. So—
[*He throws her down, and stabs the child.*
The surest way to charm a woman's tongue
Is, break her neck: a politician did it.
Son. Mother! mother! I'm kill'd,—mother! [*Wife awakes.*
Wife. Ha—who's that cried? O me! my children!
Both, both—bloody, bloody! [*Catches up the youngest child.*
Hus. Strumpet, let go the boy! let go the beggar!
Wife. O, my sweet husband!
Hus. Filth, harlot!
Wife. O, what will you do, dear husband?
Hus. Give me the bastard.
Wife. Your own sweet boy—
Hus. There are too many beggars.
Wife. Good, my husband—
Hus. Dost thou prevent me still?
Wife. O, God!
Hus. Have at his heart. [*Stabs at the child in her arms.*
Wife. O, my dear boy!
Hus. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house—
Wife. O, heaven! [*She is hurt, and sinks down.*
Hus. And perish!—Now be gone:
There's whores enough, and want would make thee one.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O, sir, what deeds are these?
Hus. Base slave, my vassal!
Com'st thou between my fury to question me?
Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, sir.
Hus. Hold me? Presumption! I'll undo thee for it.
Ser. 'Sblood, you've undone us all, sir.
Hus. Tug at thy master?
Ser. Tug at a monster.
Hus. Have I no power? shall a slave fetter me?
Ser. Nay, then, the devil wrestles; I am thrown.
Hus. O, villain! now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee.
Set quick spurs to my vassal; bruise him, trample him.
Lo—I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled,—away, away.

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* This seems to justify what we have said above, as to his not really suspecting her virtue, notwithstanding the epithets he applies to her and her children.

Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar.
Fates! I'll not leave you one to trample on."

Before he is able to accomplish his design upon the other child, he is taken, examined by a magistrate, and committed for trial. And the piece concludes by his being led out (as on the succeeding day) to be executed,—having first had an interview with his wife, in which she exhibits the same forgiving gentleness and forbearance that she had done before this fatal consummation of his guilt.

Such is *A Yorkshire Tragedy;* a little drama evidently written by a powerful hand, and as evidently struck off in great haste, and to serve a temporary purpose. It is, as far as we are acquainted with works of this kind, unique in its kind, with reference to the age in which it was written; being, to that age, what the melo-drama is to our's. With this especial difference, however,—that, though collaterally it derives its interest from the curiosity we feel about the crimes and misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, yet its direct and immediate effect arises from the simple and natural developement of human passion; and the obvious tendency of that effect is to strengthen the human heart, by informing it of its wants and weaknesses, and at the same time soften it by making it a partaker in those of others. Whereas, the modern substitutes for this kind of drama, though they unquestionably do stir the imagination and disturb the affections, accomplish this end merely *as an end*—which is bad; and they accomplish it by means in themselves mischievous—which is worse. Instead of choosing guilt for their main theme, and developing its natural causes and natural consequences, they choose innocence lying under the imputation of guilt, and suffering all the punishments attendant on it. The melo-drama is undoubtedly a most clever invention, as far as its mere attractiveness goes; and the writers of our own days may claim all the merit that is due to the originating of it. Do what we will, we cannot avoid being *interested* (as the phrase is) by one of these dramas, when it is well constructed—we mean "well," with reference to the end it has in view. And it is very possible to feel that interest without being in the least degree aware of its deleterious effects, either at the time or afterwards. But we do not believe that it *is* possible to avoid these effects, or to avoid feeling and acknowledging them when they are properly examined and pointed out. We have not space to do this now, nor would it perhaps be quite consistent with the objects of our work. We have, however, thought it worth while to say thus much on the subject, because we cannot help observing that time seems in no degree to blunt the public

appetite for this unwholesome dramatic food, or rather drink; for it is the dram-drinking of the drama; with this obvious advantage in favour of the subject to which we have now compared it,—that the material of which the one is composed can occasionally be used medicinally, if the patient or the prescriber chooses; whereas, the other in no case can.

ART. III.—*Observations on the more Ancient Statutes, from Magna Charta to the* 21*st of James I. cap.* 27. *With an Appendix, being a proposal for new modelling the Statutes. By the* Hon. Daines Barrington, *Justice of the Counties of Merioneth, Carnarvon, and Anglesey. London: sold by* S. Baker *and* G. Leigh, *in York-street.* 4*to.* 1766.

"Tout homme de bon entendement," says an old French writer, "sans voir une histoire accomplie, peut presque imaginer, de quelle humeur fut un peuple, lorsqu'il lit ses anciens Statuts et ordonnances, et d'un mesme jugement peut tirer en conjecture qu'elles furent ses loix voyant sa manière de vivre."—This very sensible observation would form an appropriate motto for a work, which is amongst the greatest desiderata in our literature—a philosophical and censorial history of the English Law. The system of our jurisprudence, awfully intricate as it has become, had its origin and progress in certain definite causes, which are for the most part capable of being traced and analysed. Not a statute can have been enacted in our Parliaments, not a rule adopted by our Courts, but upon some ground or reason arising out of the necessities or the prejudices of society. In its turn, the law exerts a powerful influence upon the feelings and conduct of the community; and thus, both as cause and effect, is intimately blended with national history. To maintain that the rule and guide of human actions is unconnected with their history, is a paradox to which every one must refuse his assent.

It is singular, considering the interest and utility of such an enquiry, that so little has hitherto been effected towards its accomplishment. Perhaps the real cause may be discovered in the difficulty of the undertaking. Such high and various knowledge, such opposite and extraordinary qualities, would be requisite to complete the work, that we doubt whether an individual will ever be found, whose ability, and industry, and inclination, shall all urge him to the attempt. He must be a nice and painful antiquarian, but a profound and enlightened historian; a laborious lawyer, but a high-minded philosopher; a curious

observer of particulars, but a masterly combiner of generals; in short, a man skilled in all opposites. It is not, therefore, very marvellous that we do not possess any one writer uniting in himself all these rare attributes, though we are not without authors who severally lay claim to the individual qualities. In Hume the philosopher prevails: in history he is a compiler; in law and antiquities a novice. Mr. Reeves, on the contrary, the author of the only work which has any fair claim to the title of a History of the English Law, is a mere lawyer. "I believe," says he in his preface, "little is to be acquired by travelling out of the record; I mean out of the statutes and year-books, the parliament-rolls and law-tracts." The reason which he gives for this truly legal opinion has always appeared to us peculiarly unsound. "The *lay*-historians, like the body of the people, were as unconcerned in the great revolutions of legal learning in those days as in ours: and we now see a statute for enclosing a common, or erecting a public workhouse, make no small figure in the debates of parliament; while an act for the amendment of the law, in the most material instances, slides through in silence." It might have occurred to Mr. Reeves, that though chroniclers are silent as to the act for the amendment of the law, traces of it must still be discoverable in their pages in the increasing intelligence and the new wants of society—in short, in all the various circumstances which have induced the change. Historians may neglect to notice the repeal of the statutes against witchcraft, but cannot we gather from their narratives the causes of that repeal in the diffusion of books and knowledge, and the consequent dispersion of superstition? The natural result of the system adopted by Mr. Reeves has been the production of a work so cruelly tedious and painful to the reader, that the most resolute industry often fails to accomplish its perusal. It is the Arabia Petræa of the unfortunate law-student, with no spot of verdure, no spring of water to cheer and refresh him. Notwithstanding the extraordinary aridity of these volumes, they are still highly useful, on account of the accuracy and extent of their information. The chapter in the Commentaries "on the rise, progress, and gradual improvement of the laws of England," is one of the ablest sketches we possess of the manner in which the *historical* part of a history of our law should be treated.

Mr. Daines Barrington is more of the antiquarian and historian than of the philosopher or lawyer. He has selected from the earliest volume of our statute-book a number of acts, upon which he has given a commentary, curious rather in an antiquarian point of view than in its illustration of the changes introduced into our legal polity. Many of the statutes commented upon afford an ample field for the display of much

research into the manners and customs of the times. Others again throw much light upon the historical events of the period. Upon some occasions the author digresses considerably, but the matter thus introduced is always curious and valuable. Upon the whole his work may be regarded as in itself interesting and amusing, and capable of furnishing much important assistance to any one engaged in the compilation of a more complete and luminous history of our old law. In the present article our object will be to shew, by a reference to Mr. Barrington's work, and by such further illustrations as may at the time occur to us, the intimate connexion existing between the history of our law and that of our constitution, character, and manners.

The concluding words of the twenty-ninth chapter of *Magna Charta,—nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus rectum vel justitiam,* afford the author an opportunity of making some observations upon a practice strongly illustrative of the spirit of the age in which it prevails—the soliciting and bribing of persons in judicial situations. The standard of public principle must be miserably low when those who are appointed to distribute justice are the first to pollute the pure fountains from which it ought to issue; and yet until a late period in our history we find instances of the practice. The observations of Mr. Barrington apply more particularly to the interference of the Crown, with the duties and conduct of the Judges.

"The latter part of this chapter of *Magna Charta* is calculated to prevent abuses in the Crown, with regard to the administration of justice. It was usual to pay fines anciently for delaying law proceedings, even to the extent of the defendant's life; sometimes they were exacted, to expedite process and to obtain right: and in some cases, the parties litigant offered part of what they were to recover to the Crown. Maddox collects, likewise, many instances of fines for the *King's favour;* and particularly of the Dean of London's paying twenty marks to the King, that he might assist him against the Bishop, in a law suit. William Stutevill presented to King John three thousand marks, for giving judgement with relation to the Barony of Mowbray, which Stutevill claimed against William de Mowbray.

"To the honour of the very pure administration of justice in this kingdom, since the revolution, we can hardly suppose such a practice to be avowed and established in a civilized country. But it must be remembered, that Charles the Second, in appeals to the House of Lords, used to go about whilst the cause was hearing, and solicit particular lords, for appellant or respondent: and England is, perhaps, the only country in Europe where the judges are not solicited in the face of the sun. Whitelock, then a barrister, applied to the judges with regard to a prosecution for a libel on his father, who had been on the bench, and was then dead. The libeller was indicted after this previous conversation, and convicted. Oliver Cromwell also interfered in the decision of the Scottish Judges, whilst he was Protector:

"In sessions and sizes we bear the stroke and sway,
"In patents, and commission of quorum always chief,
"So that to whether soever we did weigh,
"Were it by right or wrong, it passed without reprief,
"The true man let hang, sometimes to save a thief,
"Of gold and of silver our hands were never empty,
"Offices, farms, and fees fell to us in great plenty."

"From this practice being so universal, Hobbes contends, that he whose private interest is to be decided in an assembly, may make as many friends as he can; and though he procures them with money, yet it is not injustice."

A history of Judicial Corruption, though in its result not very favourable to the professors of the law, would be highly curious and valuable. During the reign of the Stuarts this evil appears to have mounted to a higher pitch than at any other period of our history, and so blunt was the moral feeling of the public upon the subject, that the crime was scarcely regarded in an odious light. Clarendon somewhere mentions a message which he received from the Queen, to favour a particular suitor, and if our memory be correct, without that reprobation which the act merited.

The corruption of Lord Bacon has been sometimes extenuated, on the ground that he was merely following the example of his predecessors in the acceptance of gratuities, and that his offence partook strongly of the spirit of the age. It cannot, however, be supposed, that Bacon was not aware of the magnitude of his crime. In his address to Serjeant Hutton on his becoming a judge, he solemnly cautioned him to beware of corruption. "That your hands, and the hands of your hands (I mean those about you), be clean and uncorrupt from gifts, from meddling in titles, and from serving of turns, be they great ones or small ones." There can be no doubt that, at this period, judicial corruption was esteemed much less disgraceful than at the present day. Bacon himself endeavoured to frame an excuse out of the prevalence of the evil. "And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged," says he, in a letter to the king, "when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail *and partake of the abuses of the times.*" It is singular to observe the different shapes in which the bribes were administered in Lord Bacon's case. In several causes he received large sums in money. In one cause, "a dozen of buttons, after the cause

ended, of the value of £50;" in another, "£200 in money, and a diamond ring worth 5 or £600." "Of the Apothecaries, besides a rich present of ambergrease, £150." "In the cause of Kenday and Valore, a cabinet worth £800."

When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he received two presents from certain suitors of his court,—a glove filled with gold pieces, and a golden goblet; but Sir Thomas returned the money and retained the glove, and after drinking the gentleman's good health out of the golden goblet, restored it to the donor.

The latest proceedings against a judge for malversation in his office were in the case of the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor, who was impeached, in the year 1725, of high crimes and misdemeanors, found guilty, and sentenced to a fine of £30,000.

The influence which has been exercised by the Crown in the election of members of parliament would also furnish ground for a curious inquiry. Even from the pages of Clarendon, who does not appear to have thought it necessary to conceal the fact, many instances might be collected of the open and gross exertion of the royal influence. In the time of Charles II. means were taken to secure the election of many of the king's domestic servants (*Clarendon's Life*, vol. ii. p. 442); so that, at one time, his majesty had nearly 100 members of his own menial servants and their near relations at his own disposal. (*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 711.) Attempts were openly made by the king's ministers to buy the votes of members by promises of reward and preferment, "the most dishonourable and unthrifty brokery," says Clarendon, "that can be practiced in a parliament." (*Life*, vol. iii. p. 767.) The king himself appears to have been in the habit of applying personally to individual members, and of soliciting their support. When Sir George Downing brought forward his project to new model the Treasury, the king warmly espoused it, and declared, that "he had converted many in the House who had disliked it; and that since it came into the House of Peers, he had spoken with many of the Lords, who seemed most unsatisfied with it, and he was confident he had so well informed many of them, that they had changed their opinion, and would be no more against that proviso." (*Clar. Life*, vol. iii. p. 604.)

In commenting upon the statute of 13 Rich. II. c. 5, he takes the opportunity of making some observations upon the subject of *impressment*, a question of constitutional law which has been much and angrily agitated. The learned argument of Mr. Justice Foster, while Recorder in Bristol, in the case of Alexander Broadfoot, who was indicted for murder in the year 1743, is generally supposed to have exhausted all the authori-

ties upon the subject;* but, as Mr. Barrington well observes, should the point again arise in a Court of Justice, a diligent and judicious search may be productive of many fresh materials. He has adduced several additional authorities, especially with regard to the power of impressing for the land service. In illustration of this subject, he has cited, in his notes, several instances in which individuals were impressed to serve in the king's household.

"And first with regard to the power of pressing for the land service, of which there were formerly precedents. In the forty-seventh year of Henry the Third an order issued to the sheriff of every county, that, taking to his assistance the Custos Pacis, he should collect out of every township at least four able-bodied men, who were to repair to London on a particular day. Even so late as the year 1596, Stowe mentions, that a thousand men were pressed for the land service; they were afterwards, indeed, discharged, instead of being sent to France as intended; and the chronicler, who states the fact which happened in his own time, does not even hint at a doubt about the legality of this measure. It is likewise asserted in Rushworth's Collections, that the power to press soldiers is not to be disputed.

"There is also an ordinance of the 28th June, 1659, which throws light upon this point, and shews the apprehension of what was supposed to be law at that time. It is entituled, *An Ordinance to encourage Mariners and impress Seamen*,—the last clause of which is as follows—'And, lastly, for the better encouragement of seamen and watermen, to apply themselves the more willingly to this service, it is further enacted and ordained, that all mariners, sailors, and watermen, who have served an apprenticeship of seven years, shall hereby be exempted and freed from being pressed to serve as soldiers in any land service.' This ordinance likewise punishes the mariners, endeavouring even to avoid the being pressed, by imprisonment of six months."

In the compilation of this note Mr. Barrington has overlooked a highly curious authority in the Reports of Sir Edward Coke, which proves that letters patent used to be issued for the purpose of impressing young choristers for the King's service, and that the practice was continued at all events as late as

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* The whole of Sir Michael Foster's arguments may also be found in one of Mr. Charles Butler's earliest works—"*An Essay on the Legality of impressing Seamen*," published in 1778. Some additional facts and arguments are added by Mr. B. and a few pages in the second edition were written by Lord Sandwich. (Vide *Reminiscences*, p. 70.) The tract is not republished in the collection of Mr. Butler's works, and is now rarely to be met with in a separate form; it is, however, reprinted in the *Pamphleteer*, No. XLV.

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the reign of Elizabeth. The passage to which we allude is to be found in Jehu Webb's case, in the Eighth Part of Coke's Reports.

"So where a commission is made *to take boys singing* in cathedral churches, &c. or other places where children are taught to sing, to furnish the king's chapel, these general words, by construction of law, have a reasonable intendment, scilicet, that such boys as are brought up and taught to sing, to seek and get their living by it, may be taken for the king's service, and it will be a good preferment for them to serve the king in his chapel; but the son of a gentleman, or any other, who is taught to sing for his ornament, delight, or recreation, and not thereby to get his living, cannot be taken against his will, or the consent of his parents or friends; and so it was resolved by the two Justices and the whole Court of Star Chamber, anno 43 Eliz. in the case of one Evans, who had, by colour of such letters patent, taken the son of Clifton (a gentleman of quality in Norfolk), who was taught to sing for his recreation; which Evans, for the said offence, was grievously punished."

The use of torture in England, as an instrument both of the law, the church, and the state, is a subject of much importance, and has been illustrated in a very able manner by Mr. Barrington, in his Observations on the Statutes of Westminster, the 1st and 27th Hen. VIII. c. 4.

"Fuller informs us, that one Hawkins suffered this punishment in the reign of Henry the Sixth, in order to extort evidence from him; and Sir Edward Coke, in the case of Lady Shrewsbury, says, that *the nobility of England are not subject to torture* in crimine læsæ majestatis; which seems to admit, that in other crimes they were liable to it; or otherwise affords a strong inference, that persons of a lower rank might in treason be subject to this sentence. King James, in his Works, mentions, that the rack was *shewn* to Guy Fawkes during his examination; and yet this attempt of procuring evidence is not taken notice of by any historian or lawyer of the times; though every circumstance relative to the powder-plot must have been most publicly known. Upon the murder of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, the Judges were asked, whether he could be tortured in order to extort a confession? They answered, indeed, to their honour, in the negative; but their being thus consulted shews, that, in the apprehension of the king's counsellors, they might have inflicted this punishment. It is not pretended by this, that the instances were frequent; and fortunately this most horrid practice hath been discontinued, so that there cannot be the least legal pretence ever to revive it. Torture, indeed, by no means prevails so universally in the other countries of Europe as is generally apprehended: there are express laws against it both in Navarre and Biscay, though in Biscay it hath of late been permitted in treason and heresy. There are also many regulations by the ordinances of the state of Lucca, to prevent its ever

being inflicted a second time, but upon fresh as well as stronger proofs; and if the executioner introduces any new severity during the examination of the criminal, he is punished with death. It is used in China, and in most parts of Asia: the act of union hath forbidden it in Scotland."

"There is a parenthesis of some ambiguity likewise thrown into this preamble, which relates to the confession of the criminal required by the civil law, ("which they will never do without torture or pains.") I will not dwell, however, upon the true meaning or construction of this recital, but shall only observe, that the practice of torturing criminals is not spoken of with any great abhorrence by the legislature; nay, it seems to be recited as allowed to have been practised in this country, in all offences tried before the admiral. I have, in my observations on the statute of Westminster the first, endeavoured to prove, that torture, though not frequently used, was not absolutely unknown in England, since which some additional proofs have occurred. Oldmixon in his history asserts, that a confession was thus extorted from one Simpson in 1558. Sir Walter Raleigh also at his trial mentions, that Kemish was threatened with the rack, and that the keeper of this horrid instrument was sent for, which seems to prove, beyond all doubt, that this mode of punishment had been occasionally used, otherwise there would not have been a regular officer who had the custody of it. Torture still continues to be used in most countries in Europe, and amongst the rest in France, though honest Montaigne hath written with great warmth against it. Montesquieu hath likewise a short chapter, by which he would seem to condemn it; but it is the most fantastical in his whole work of the *Esprit des loix*,—the very great abilities and learning, which appear in almost every other part of it, entitle him, however, to not only these, but greater liberties with his readers.

"The present King of Prussia hath, to his honour, abolished it in his own dominions: 'La question se donne en Allemagne aux malfaitures après qu'ils sont convaincus, afin d'arracher de leur propre bouche l'aveu de leurs crimes: elle se donne en France pour averer le fait, ou pour decouvrir les complices; il y a huit ans que la question est abolie en Prusse.'

"The Marquis Beccaria, who seems to have adopted most of Montesquieu's ideas, makes use of the following argument against the use of torture: 'The person suffering this agony either confesses, or not; if he is guilty, and does not acknowledge his crime, he is acquitted when he deserves death: if the accused is innocent, he hath been tortured, when the putting him upon his trial was more than sufficient punishment.'

"He likewise observes, that those states of Europe who permit torture in the course of civil justice, never allow it to be made use of in their camps, where the martial law takes place.

"Ammianus Marcellinus informs us, that the Egyptians shewed remarkable firmness, whilst under the most excruciating pain, to extort a discovery from them. 'Apud eos (Egyptos,) erubescit, si quis

non insitiando tributa plurimas in corpore vibices ostendat; et nulla tormentorum vis inveniri adhuc potuit, quæ obdurato illius tractûs latroni elicere potuit, ut nomen proprium dicat.'"

This curious subject had engaged the attention of the late Sir Samuel Romilly, whose benevolent mind was always alive to inquiries in which the interests and happiness of his fellow-creatures were involved. At his death some MS. collections on the use of torture in England were found amongst his papers, and were communicated to Miss Aikin, who has made a judicious use of them in her *Memoirs of the Court of King James the First*. The authorities thus collected form an admirable supplement to the observations of Mr. Barrington, on which account we have thought it proper to insert them in the present article, together with such few illustrations as have casually occurred to ourselves. The whole will thus form a more complete collection of facts than can, perhaps, be met with elsewhere.

One of the first instances in which a question arose as to the use of torture in judicial cases, in this country, was on occasion of the proceedings against the Knights Templars. In a former volume we gave some account of the torments to which these unfortunate men were subjected in other parts of Europe. In England, the archbishop of York, during the examinations taken by him against the supposed offenders, was desirous of applying the rack; but suggested to several monasteries and divines the doubts he entertained whether he could have recourse to it, seeing that in this realm of England it had never been seen or heard of. He further desired their opinion, whether, if torture should be applied, it should be done by priests or laymen; and whether, if no person could be found in England to do the office, *he might send for expert torturers from foreign parts. (Walter Hemingford*, p. 256.) It may be added, that the archbishop was afterwards convinced of the innocence of the Templars, and directed many of the knights to be supported at his own expense, *(Dugd. Monas.* l. 184.)

"The trial by rack," says Blackstone (4 Com. 326), "is utterly unknown to the laws of England, though once, when the dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, and other ministers of Henry VI., had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for the beginning thereof they erected a rack of torture, which was called, in derision, the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London." In the reign of Edward IV., however, an instance occurs of the judicial employment of the rack.

Sir Thomas Cooke, who had been Lord Mayor of London, was arraigned of treason for lending money to Queen Margaret, and a witness was produced against him who had been examined on the rack (*Fuller's Worthies*, p. 317.) In the reign of Henry VIII. this instrument of torture was applied to spiritual purposes, and that too upon the person of an unfortunate woman. At the instigation of the respective Chancellors, Rich and Wriothesly, Anne Ascough, who was accused of heresy, was racked repeatedly after her condemnation, for the purpose of extracting evidence against some other court ladies of the same opinions.

In the reign of Elizabeth, to the eternal disgrace of that queen, the rack became an active instrument of torture, and was employed chiefly against the Catholics. The commissioners for inquiring into treasons, and the members of the high-commission court, appear to have applied it at their will and pleasure; and a pamphlet was written under the eye of Burleigh, entitled "*A Declaration of the* favourable dealings *of her Majesty's Commissioners*," in extenuation of the practice. On the trial of the Babington conspirators, Sir Christopher Hatton, one of the commissioners, put the following question to one of the prisoners; "I must ask thee one question—was not all this willingly confessed by thyself without menacing, without torture, and without fear of any torture?" (*Howell's State Trials*, v. i. p. 1131.) So Sir Edward Coke, on the trial of Lords Essex and Southampton, says, "Though I cannot speak without reverent commendation of her Majesty's most honorable justice, yet I think her overmuch clemency to some turneth to overmuch cruelty for herself; for though the rebellious attempts were so exceedingly heinous, yet out of her princely mercy no man was racked, tortured, or pressed to speak any thing further than of their own accord and willing minds, for the discharge of their consciences (*State Trials*, vol. I. pp. 1338, 1348.) In another place, Sir Edward Coke enumerates, among the privileges of peers, that they are not to be tortured. "For the honor and reverence which the law gives to nobility, their bodies are not subject to torture *in causa criminis læsæ majestatis* (12 Rep. 96.) In the third Institute, however, he declares that *all* torture of accused persons is contrary to law (p. 35), and in his second Institute, he observes, that Magna Charta prohibits torture by the words, *nullus liber homo aliquo modo destruatur* (p. 48.)

The use of torture was probably resorted to occasionally in the reign of James I., if we may trust the authority of Selden. "The rack is used nowhere as in England; in other countries it is used in judicature when there is a *semiplena pro-*

batio, a half proof against a man, then, to see if they can make it full, they rack them if he will not confess; but here in England they take a man and rack him, I do not know why, but when somebody bids." On the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, which took place in the first year of James's reign, Sir Walter asserted that Keymis, his captain, "was offered the rack to make him confess." Lord H. Howard replied, that Keymis "was never on the rack," and the commissioners "protested before God," that "there was no such matter intended to their knowledge." However, on Raleigh's inquiring whether the keeper of the rack had not been sent for, Sir William Wade, one of the commissioners, admitted, that when the solicitor and himself examined Keymis, they told him that he deserved the rack, but did not threaten him with it. It should appear from Raleigh's question, that there existed at this time an officer, whose duty it was to employ the instrument of torture. (2 *State Trials*, 22.)

On the trial of Garnet, the Jesuit, for the Gunpowder-Plot, Lord Salisbury asserted that nothing had been drawn from him by "racking or any such bitter torments;" "a matter ordinary," he said, "in other kingdoms, but now forborne here." However, in an account published by authority, it is expressly stated that Guy Fawkes came to his trial weakened by the effects of the rack; and Owen, Garnet's servant, who was reported to have died in prison, is said to have expired under the torture (*Memoirs of the Court of James*, vol. i. p. 269). Oldcorn, the Jesuit, also, is said to have been five several times racked in the Tower, and once with the utmost severity for several hours (*Butler's Memoirs of English Catholics*, ii. 260.)

It is a singular fact, that so late as the reign of Charles II. a writer should be found in this country openly to defend the use of torture in judicial proceedings. In a tract, entitled, "*The Law of Laws, or the Excellency of the Civil Law above all human Laws whatsoever, by* Sir Robert Wiseman, *Knight, Doctor of the Civil Laws**, 1664," the writer enters into an elaborate examination of the subject, and argues it in a manner which, if we were not indignant at its atrocious spirit, would

* Sir Robert Wiseman, who was Dean of the Arches, married Elizabeth, the youngest sister of Lord Keeper Guildford. He is described by Roger North as "an old man but very rich, and withal a most just and *good-natured* person." Sir Robert and the Lord Keeper lived on terms of great friendship, their principles being apparently very similar.—See *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, vol. ii. p. 298.

amuse us with its folly. "Neither does it derogate," says Sir Robert, "from the clemency of the civil law, that it seems to deal so sharply with those, against whom there are grounds enough to suspect them of some enormous crimes, whereof they are accused, but not evidence full enough to condemn them, as to allow such persons to be set upon the rack, thereby to manifest their innocence by an obstinate denial, or to discover their guilt by a plain confession."—"To bring men to the rack in such cases for trial's sake is not to be censured for cruelty. *Non ex sævitiâ sed ex bonitate talia faciunt homines*—such things are done by men not out of cruelty but goodness." It is curious to find the advocates for the rack, the pulley, and the wheel, using precisely the same arguments which some of the supporters of the whip and the tread-mill employ at the present day. "*Sane hic juris rigor*," says Mæstertius, "*(si aliquis sit) utilitate publicâ compensatur*;" "for by the terror thereof," adds Sir Robert Wiseman, "it is free from the machinations of wicked and lewd men." "These were the cautions," adds the same writer, after examining the practice of torture by the civil law, "which the Roman state did prescribe to be used in this sharp, but as their policy stood (who did not love upon a slender proof to take away the lives of their people) very necessary course of trial by torture, which peaceable and just men could not be offended with, because it was to defend and secure them from the rage and rapine of vile men; and if evil men did groan under that severity, they had their desert and might thank themselves."—"When a man," says a modern Wiseman, "has been proved to have committed a crime, it is expedient that society should make use of that man for the diminution of crime; he belongs to them for that purpose;" and the degree of severity to be employed is only restrained to that "which will not excite compassion for the sufferer and lessen the horror of the crime;" so that in a community where the feelings of the people are sufficiently blunted to endure without sympathy the spectacle of the rack, it may be highly "expedient that society should make use of that instrument for the diminution of crime." *Sane hic rigor juris utilitate publicâ compensatur!*

We shall conclude the present article with an amusing enumeration of vulgar legal errors, which Mr. Barrington has been at the pains of collecting.

"It may, perhaps, be thought singular to suppose, that this exemption from serving on juries is the foundation of the vulgar error, that a surgeon, or butcher*, from the barbarity of their business, may

* Joseph Scaliger informs us, that a duke of Brunswick, in his

be challenged as jurors. It is difficult to account for many of the prevailing vulgar errors with regard to what is supposed to be law. Such are, that the body of a debtor may be taken in execution after his death; which, however, was practised in Prussia before this present king abolished it by the *code Fréderique*. Other vulgar errors are, that the old statutes have prohibited the planting of vineyards, or the use of sawing-mills; which last notion I should conceive to have been occasioned by 5 and 6 Edw. VI. cap. 22, forbidding what are called *gig-mills*, as they are supposed to be prejudicial to the woollen manufacture. There is likewise an act of 23 Eliz. cap. 5, which prohibits any iron-mills, within two and twenty miles of London, to prevent the increasing dearness of wood for fuel. As for sawing-mills, I cannot find any statute which relates to them; they are, however, established in Scotland, to the very great advantage both of the proprietors and the country.

" It is supposed likewise to be penal to open a coal-mine, or to kill a crow, within five miles of London; as also to shoot with a wind-gun, or to carry a dark-lanthorn. The first of these I take to arise from a statute of Henry the Seventh, prohibiting the use of a cross-bow; and the other from Guy Fawkes's dark-lanthorn in the powder-plot. To these vulgar errors may be added the supposing that the king signs the death-warrant (as it is called) for the execution of a criminal; as also, that there is a statute which obliges the owners of asses to crop their ears, lest the length of them should frighten the horses which they meet on the road.

" To these vulgar errors may be perhaps added the notion, that a woman's marrying a man under the gallows will save him from the execution. This probably arose from a wife having brought an appeal against the murderer of her husband, who, afterwards, repenting the prosecution of her lover, not only forgave the offence, but was willing to marry the appellee. It is also a prevailing error, that those who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish. I may likewise add to these, that any one may be put into the Crown-office for no cause whatsoever, or the most trifling injury. An ingenious correspondent, to whom I have not only this obligation, suggests two additional vulgar errors, " When a man designs to marry a woman who is in debt, if he take her from the hands of the priest cloathed only in her shift, it is supposed that he will not be liable to her engagements." The second is, " that there was no land-tax before the reign of William the Third."

An instance of the first of these vulgar errors may be found in a note to Rousseau's *Emile*, p. 137. Rousseau had in that work adduced it as a proof of the humanity of our laws, that butchers are not received *as witnesses* in matters of life and death; but, in a note to the later editions, he adds, that the

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time, took a particular pleasure in knocking down an ox.—*Scaligerana*, p. 37.

English translators of his work had corrected his mistake, and had mentioned the cause of it, viz. that butchers were not admitted *as jurors* in criminal cases!

To Mr. Barrington's list of vulgar errors may be added the following:—That if a criminal has hung an hour and revives, he cannot afterwards be executed—That a funeral passing over any place makes a public highway—That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife by selling her in open market with a halter round her neck—That second cousins may not marry, though first-cousins may—That it is necessary, in some species of legal process against the king, to go through the fiction of arresting him, which is done by placing a ribbon across the road as if to impede his carriage—That the lord of a manor may shoot over all the lands within his manor—That pounds of butter may be of any number of ounces—That bull-beef shall not be sold unless the bull have been baited previously to being killed—That leases are made for the term of 999 years, because a lease of 1000 years would create a freehold—That deeds executed on a Sunday are void—That, in order to disinherit an heir at law, it is necessary to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole property.

ART. IV.—*Orlando Furioso di* Messer Lodovico Ariosto, *Venetia*, Fr. de Franchesci, 4to. 1584.

The first edition of the *Orlando* was published in 1516, and the next edition was not published for sixteen years. The immense difference between the two editions, proves very clearly that the original beauties of thought derive their principal effect in poetry from the language in which they are expressed. Ariosto employed these sixteen years in improving his style, in rendering his diction more perspicuous, more correct, more classical, and more chaste,—in selecting such terms, epithets, and turns of expression, as rendered his language a perfect mirror of his mind. Instead of seeking to render his thoughts and imagery more sublime by veiling them in the language of doubt and uncertainty, instead of having recourse to vague and ambiguous forms of expression, and studying that obscurity in which some think the essence

of the sublime consists, his great ambition was to select his terms with such critical precision that every sentence might appear a picture, rather than a description of his thoughts. During these sixteen years, which were almost exclusively devoted to the improvement of his style, he added little to that luxuriance of imagination which characterized the first edition, and still less to that fertility of invention which will always place him, if not the first of all poets, at least inferior to none. The romantic world, from which he selected his images and associations, gave him an advantage which neither Homer, nor Virgil, nor even Milton enjoyed; for though the latter revelled in the ideal world, though he wantoned in the regions of immaterial existence, still all his happiest images and situations are selected from the sensible or material world. Obliged, like other mortals, to collect his knowledge from the dim planet in which he lived, he had no virtues to bestow on the unembodied essences which formed the subject of his poem, but what distinguished beings of terrestrial and incarnate mould; and the necessity of being always on the wing, frequently prevented him from enriching his descriptions with those delightful though humbler images, which, however unworthy the dignity of his celestial characters, have conferred upon the *Orlando* one of its principal charms.

The labour which Ariosto bestowed on improving the style of his first edition, is a labour which it is fashionable to decry at present. We are told, that "in the irksome task of repeated revision and reconsideration, the poet loses, if we may use the phrase, the impulse of inspiration; his fancy, at first so ardent, becomes cold and flattened, and no longer excites a corresponding glow of expression. In this state of mind, he may correct faults, but he will never add beauties."* These observations are applied, by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, to Mr. Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*. He labours to shew, that Mr. Campbell has destroyed many of the beauties of the first edition by subsequent revisions and alterations; but how absurd is it to conclude, from a few such instances, that the work of revision and repeated correction ought to be abandoned, and the production left in its original state, with all its faults and beauties thick upon it. Yet such is the character of the taste and the character of the criticism which prevails at present. We are taught to believe, that whatever is not produced by the impulse of the moment is not nature. The term—*nature*,

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. i. p. 256.

has been, in all ages, made the veil of ignorance, and pretended illumination. When the ancient philosophers found themselves unable to account for the cause of any physical effect, they had immediate recourse to the spell produced by this word, and got over the difficulty by saying, it was the effect of *nature*. In no age, however, has nature been rendered such an instrument of ignorance and literary despotism, as the age we live in, particularly in France and England. The fact is, that the same principles are advocated and combated by the same writers, and both are covered over, and rendered sufficiently specious to wear the aspect of truth, by filling up the interstices of error with a few natural observations, which are mere common-place, or at least expressed a thousand times before by other writers. From being sensible and natural, however, we are liable to take it for granted, that all the errors with which they are mixed up, are as true and natural as themselves. But it is in writing, as in life—the greatest rogue puts on the smoothest face, and the most shallow reasoner talks most about nature. By this means, he qualifies himself to assert and deny the very same thing,—and, in fact, to assert almost any thing, by coming about it in a certain specious and seemingly natural way. Thus it is, that whether we yield to the spontaneous dictates of nature alone, and express only what her impulse inspires, or re-examine, chasten, and refine the rudeness of her first suggestions, we are equally in the power of the critic. In the former case, he tells us, we are not sufficiently chaste, sufficiently correct,—and, in the latter, that we are too chaste and too correct. Of this, we have instances without number, in the chief reviews of the day. In the very volume of the *Quarterly Review* which declaims so strongly against repeated revisions, and which says, that "public taste, like a fine lady, stoops to the forward and the bold," we meet with a long tirade against Mr. Curran's eloquence, condemning him for yielding to that very glow of nature which Mr. Campbell is condemned for not yielding to. What, then, is a writer to do, in order to please the critic, who attacks him with a two-edged sword? If Mr. Campbell sinned in taming and refining his language too much, how much more would Mr. Curran have sinned in doing so? for a license must be granted to the orator, which the poet can never claim,—at least, his audience will grant it to him, if the critic will not, and all criticism is false that sets itself in opposition to public feeling. In oratory, every expression is supposed to be the impulse of the moment. If it be marked with the slightest trace of art, of study, of premeditation, the effect is lost, the audience are put upon their guard, they begin to distrust, the moment the orator betrays the slightest appearance of asserting anything which does not

emanate from the pure and unexamined impulse of his immediate feelings, or of the passions and emotions which his subject naturally inspires. The audience are right in so doing. Their own feelings inform them, that he who advocates an honest cause, is naturally fired with passion and indignation against those to whom he stands opposed; and, while he is so, we forget and forgive his most extravagant expressions, if we can only reconcile them with the feelings by which we suppose him agitated. In fact, absolute nonsense will be the most sublime and natural eloquence, if the agitation of the moment be sufficient to account for it; but let the Reviewer put the most chastened and classical language into the mouth of his orator, and if every sentiment be not in perfect harmony with the feelings by which he appears to be actuated, all his *limæ labor* is exercised to no purpose. His eloquence, with all its over-laboured refinement, is false and spurious, and produces no effect upon the audience; while the language of real passion, however unpolished, is true and natural eloquence. It is, in a word, what it ought to be, the dictates of real feeling, and the audience appreciate it as such.

If, then, Mr. Campbell sinned in chastening his thoughts and language too much, how insufferable, how unnatural would it be in Mr. Curran to do so, having a license in yielding to the untamed energies of his nature, of which the poet could never avail himself. And yet the critic in the *Quarterly* grants the license to the poet, and takes it from the orator. This, surely, is criticism with a vengeance. Who was the greater orator, Cicero or Demosthenes? To the absence of that "chastened and temperate description" of eloquence "to which alone," says the critic, "in the advanced state of our national taste, we can reconcile ourselves," Cicero was inferior, only because he possessed this "chastened" taste in too high a degree, and he would be beyond all comparison inferior to Demosthenes, were his eloquence of so "temperate a description" as the critic would have it to be. It was far, indeed, from being so temperate, but yet it was more temperate than that of Demosthenes. Cicero had well weighed and examined the whole of what he intended to say before he entered the forum, and could not therefore completely succeed in divesting his speeches of all appearance of art and study; and the traces of art would have been still more visible had he not been really affected and inspired by his subject. Yet this inspiration was not, like that of Demosthenes, pure and unmixed, as vanity, or the love of distinguishing himself above all the orators in Rome, had always a share in the feelings and anxious trepidation of the moment. Demosthenes, on the contrary, was impetuously and irresistibly carried away by the impulse of his feelings: he

thought not of himself. The liberties of his country were all he held dear—all that gave inspiration, conviction, and persuasion to his eloquence, and he consequently kept much farther aloof from that "temperate description of eloquence," which the reviewer can alone reconcile to himself and to the improved taste of the age.

But though he is for putting eloquence in chains, he can give full flight and license to the poet, who neither wants, nor is justified in availing himself of it. Though the orator is always supposed to speak from the impulse of the moment, the poet never is. His language, it is true, must be the language of feeling and of passion; but we know it is a feeling which he has conjured up in his own mind, which arises not from actual existing causes, but from ideal creations of his own. His feelings, consequently, may be wrong, because the species of agency by which they are elicited is of that character which is sometimes liable to deceive us. If the poet make the images, circumstances, situations, &c. which he has pictured to himself, produce feelings different from what they would produce in real life, or at least, if they be not of the same character, they are consequently erroneous and unnatural feelings.—Now he is undoubtedly exposed to imbibe such feelings from the light and airy beings of his own creation, for the mind may be so engrossed or so strongly affected by the impressions made upon him by the images which he has already created, the associations which he has already formed, the circumstances and situations which he has already described, that the image which he creates and is describing at the moment may not be able to remove this affection,—in which case, it will not produce that effect upon him which it would produce in real life, where its agency would be stronger, not only from the mind's being more open to its impressions, in consequence of its freedom from those antecedent impressions caused by poetic associations, but also because a real, existing object, which presents itself to us in no ideal questionable shape, must necessarily act more powerfully and be more capable of removing antecedent impressions than the "airy nothings" or fairy images of the bard. The poet is, therefore, liable to be deceived by his own creations while he is in the act of forming them, and consequently the impressions and affections which they make upon him, and which he describes accordingly, may be very unnatural, and appear so to all his readers. In calling them unnatural, we do not mean to say, that they are unnatural so far as regards himself; for, in the situation in which he is placed, and acted upon as he is by a train of indescribable emotions and glimpses of thought which present half an image to him, and then withdraw it before he can seize upon it, it is

impossible he can feel otherwise than he does, or rather his feeling them proves them natural, because there can be no feeling without a cause to produce it, as all feelings are impressions made upon us, and no impression can bring itself into, or be the cause of its own existence. If, at this moment, a cause began to act upon a man different from any that ever acted upon any man before, he would instantly be sensible of feelings which no man ever felt before; but will it be said this feeling is unnatural, because it is confined to the individual?—because no man can feel it but himself?—because, in a word, it is a monster in the world of feeling? To maintain it unnatural, is to maintain that the effect should not follow from its cause. In fact, every feeling is natural to him by whom it is felt, but it does not follow that the poet is justified in describing his feelings as they are felt, and publishing them immediately to the world, because the images, associations, or circumstances, from which he leads us to suppose they have arisen, will not appear natural causes to us,—that is, we cannot be made to believe, that they would produce the feelings in us which he describes them to have produced in him; and we are right in not believing it, for the feelings which he describes do not by any means proceed exclusively from the causes to which he assigns them, and from which he himself imagines at the moment they do arise, but from a multiplicity of finer influences acting upon him at the same moment, from relations which he perceives between things of so fine a texture that the relation is scarcely seen when it vanishes from sight. The more he is alive to impressions, the more eager he is to grasp at their causes, the more liable he is to be led insensibly into some strange mood or other, a mood which he never felt before, and which he will never feel again without some change or shade of modification,—as we think it hardly within the verge of possibility that the same ideas, images, perceptions of relation, glimpses of thought, and of half-embodied images—images that belong neither to heaven nor to earth,—too ethereal to mix with the grosser elements of human knowledge, of too earthly a mould to escape entirely the detecting, analyzing, and decompounding acumen of genius,—we think it impossible, we say, that this intellectual brood should ever follow each other twice in the same order; or, indeed, should ever follow each other in any order. They cannot, therefore, ever lead the poet a second time into the same identical mood, though, if they should follow in nearly the same order and number, they will certainly leave him in a mood not very different from it. At any rate whether they ever return or not in the same order or number, it is obvious, that such a train of images and associations will

insensibly lead the poet into a mood of feeling different from that in which he knew himself to have been when they began to pass in review before him. In describing, therefore, the feelings of the moment, he must necessarily attribute them only to such of the causes which produced them as are capable of being described, and omit those finer influences and shadowy causes which elude his grasp. The consequence is, that the feelings which he describes are far from being the sole result of the causes to which he ascribes them, as a thousand influences were exercised over him by causes too minute to be detected. The feelings and emotions which he describes, therefore, though natural, do not naturally arise from the causes to which they are attributed, but from the combined operation of them, and many other causes; and the reader, accordingly, who was never affected by those other causes, and to whom they are not described, feels very naturally that the images and creations of the poet are not sufficient to excite the feelings which he describes, that they do not excite them in himself, and that they would not excite them in the generality of mankind; and as the common feeling is the true criterion of taste, he naturally condemns the taste of the poet.

Is the poet, then, to suppress in his description that part or portion of his feelings that were elevated by causes which he cannot describe, and give expression only to the rest? This is impossible. To describe the exact degree of influence exercised over his feelings by these finer and nondescript causes, is as difficult as to grasp or describe the causes themselves. Feeling can neither be weighed nor measured, nor divided; for though mixed feelings will arise from the action of mixed or opposite agencies, the piercing acumen of genius can never ascertain how many separate elements these mixed feelings are composed of, or, in other words, what portion of the mixed feelings arises from each distinct and particular agency. The poet should, therefore, always describe his feelings as they exist at the moment he is making the description, for otherwise he will describe feelings that have no existence; but then he must take care not to give this description immediately to the public, for though he describes feelings that are perfectly natural, he does not describe all the influences and energies by which these feelings were produced, and consequently the public can never consider them natural without abandoning the judgment pronounced by their own feelings. The public, however, do not pronounce his feelings unnatural, virtually speaking, though they designate them by that term,—a proof that the public judge always right, though the terms in which they express their judgment are frequently wrong. The public pronounce the feelings which we have just described unnatural, but

by this they only mean, if they were to explain their meaning, not that such feelings could, in no case, and under the influence of no circumstances, situations, or sympathies, be naturally felt, but that they are feelings which cannot naturally arise from the causes to which the poet ascribes them. In this they pronounce a right judgment. Should the poet, however, describe those feelings which the public condemn as unnatural, and describe, at the same time, (what he cannot describe,) that multitude of finer and half-ethereal causes from which, as we have already shewn, these feelings originated, the public, so far from condemning them as unnatural, would not only acknowledge them to be the pure offspring of nature, or natural agency operating on the mind, but they would rank, and would be justified in ranking the poet who describes them above Homer and Milton, and all the poets the world ever has, or ever shall produce, for it requires a genius to detect and perceive all the causes that operate upon and give existence to our feelings, which nature has never granted and never will grant to the most gifted of her favourites. We are, therefore, justified in calling the feelings described by the poet, whether he describes them as his own, or as those of another, unnatural, if we see no sufficient reason for indulging them, or if he associates them with images or assertions which a person in his situation or state of feeling would never think of. When Hammond says —

> "Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
> Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire,
> This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
> Oh! let me with this sigh of love expire,"

we instinctly feel he does not speak the language of true love, from his invoking Juno and Venus. A person really or deeply in love would think of the object of his affection alone, would invoke her alone, would sigh for her alone, and instead of wishing to die with one sigh if she remained inexorable, is so infatuated with passion, or so in love with his passion and wretchedness, that he would still wish to continue in love, still wish to sigh for her and dwell upon her image. As to invoking Juno and Venus he would never think of either, because he believes in neither; and the true lover says nothing but what he believes. He is incapable of every species of trick and deceit. True passion can suffer no alloy—no base ingredients to mix with it. He has no recourse to fiction or imagination, for the light play of fancy has no charms for the mind which is pre-occupied with the deeper workings of passion. The more powerful is passion, the more is the mind exalted above every thing low, despicable,

and mean. It is impossible to deprave the principles of a lover, without eradicating, at the same moment, the passion to which he is a slave; so that the more he is trampled upon by the tyranny of love, the more he tramples himself upon every thing base, and the more armed he is against all the approaches of depravity. If Hammond, then, was really in love, he would not fly from his Delia to invoke Juno and Venus,—for it would be playing the hypocrite to invoke two goddesses whom he knew, or at least believed, did not exist,—an hypocrisy of which true love is incapable.

The causes which we have already mentioned shew, that the greater the genius of the poet, the more liable he is to be deceived by the multiplicity of ideas, associations, images, catches of thought, or glimpses of perception which crowd upon his view, and produce a glow of feeling, enthusiasm, passion, inspiration, or whatever we please to call it, which repels the exact degree of influence which each distinct and separate image should and would exercise over his mind, had he not been under the dominion of these multiplied impressions, but also produce new impressions of their own. Can any thing, then, be more obvious, than that this influence will continue while this crowd of images, &c. and their consequent impressions, continue to influence his mind. It is certain, however, that the crowd of images and associations which acted upon him to-day, and their attendant impressions, will recur to-morrow, if he recur himself to the description which he gave of them. Their memory is too fresh upon his mind to be forgotten; and until they are forgotten, he will continue liable to the same errors. By recurring, however, to other subjects, which induce in like manner a new set of influences over him, or by mingling in the bustle of the world, which equally give a new tone to his feelings, the former influences and their subtle, ethereal, and indescribable causes are forgotten, and he reads his own productions like other men. He then perceives that the feelings which he has described could not naturally arise from the causes or agencies to which he has ascribed them; and as the real causes which co-operated in producing them have not now even an ideal existence, their shadowy nature being too airy and unsubstantial to lay any fixed hold on his memory, their influences are consequently unfelt, and the feelings which he described, and of which they were partly the cause, are perceived to be unnatural even by himself.

When we say that these causes prevent the poet, in many instances, from being affected as he ought by his own creations, no matter whether these creations be poetic images, poetic associations, tragic situations, or that ideal, indescribable brood

which we have already mentioned, we do not mean to say that there are not many other causes which co-operate in producing the effect. We could mention many more, but it is sufficient to shew that such causes exist, and that consequently the poet, however exquisite and refined his feelings may be, is liable to be imposed upon by the creations of his own mind, and that he is only capable of perceiving his errors when the influence of these creations are past and gone; and the more susceptible his feelings are, and the more exquisitely "alive to each fine impulse," the more liable is he to be influenced by them, and consequently the more he is placed under the necessity of revising and correcting if he would do all that justice to his feelings of which he is capable,—for the man of no feeling may revise and re-revise, and revise for ever, and he will still be the dunce which he was at the commencement. This is rendered sufficiently evident by the quantity of poetic trash which is published at present; and yet critics will maintain, that the evil arises from too much correction. But what do poets gain by availing themselves of the license granted them by modern criticism, for every fault which they commit, no matter whether it arises from negligence, want of genius, want of revision, or any other want, is attacked, sneered at, and ridiculed by those very critics who encourage them to spurn the trammels of rigid examination and repeated perusal. We are every day reading in reviews the exposure of faults, which the reviewers themselves ought to sanction and defend if they were governed by the laws which they themselves have made. The fact is, that according to the system of criticism which has been practised in this country during the last twenty years, the greatest beauties may be turned into ridicule, and the greatest faults held up as models of perfection.

One fact, however, ought to suffice to open the eyes of those who are inveigled by the critics—those critics who first encourage them to commit faults, and then lash them for it: it is, that no poet ever became immortal, ever retained even a second-hand reputation, who did not revise and revise, and revise again. Horace's advice on this subject is worth that of all the reviewers now illumining the world with their romantic dreams. He advises the poet who would secure immortality, to hold back his work nine years. Virgil wished to destroy the *Eneid*, because he had not time to put a finishing hand to it, to give it all that finished excellence of which he knew himself capable. "Statius," as Dr. Johnson observes, "amidst all his pride and indigence, *the two great hasteners of modern poems*, employed twelve years upon the *Thebaid*, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labours.

" *Thebais, multa cruciata lima*
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

" Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to Mantuan praise."

The grace and elegance of Ovid is proverbial; but Ovid himself well knew how difficult it was to attain this grace without time and revision. Accordingly, the Epistles which he wrote in his banishment want that exquisite polish which he bestowed on his other writings; but of this he was himself aware, and ascribes it to his want of leisure;—and, as Dr. Johnson observes, " was so far from imagining revisals and corrections unnecessary, that at his departure from Rome, he threw his Metamorphosis into the fire, lest it should be disgraced by a book which he could not hope to finish."

The reviewer, therefore, who censures Mr. Campbell, for chastening his work too much, while he attacks Mr. Curran for not chastening his eloquence—that eloquence which, as we have already shewn, ought to be the pure and unsullied offspring of genuine feeling, no matter in what terms this feeling may express itself, is the advocate of a most perverted taste; and we have no hesitation in saying, that it is the propagation of such false principles, such a vitiated taste, that has misled and bewildered so many of our living poets, many of whom have evinced a bold stretch of genius, but, through actual fear of the reviewers, have written arrant nonsense, that it might appear to be, what the reviewers extolled so much, the offspring of immediate and spontaneous feeling. It was the interest of the reviewers to do so, because it gave them an opportunity of turning them into ridicule for following the directions, and availing themselves of the liberty, we may call it licentiousness, which they not only affected to allow themselves, but which they so strongly recommended.

It is to the labour and repeated revision which Ariosto has bestowed on his work, that he owes his immortality;—and we do not hesitate to say, that there is not a single production of the present day on which such labour has not been bestowed, that will ever descend to posterity, no matter whether it be the production of genius or not, for the more genius, the more necessary is the *limæ labor*. Dulness sees but little at a time, and consequently it is more apt to see that little clearly; but genius, in its daring flight, attempts to grasp the unexplored extent of real and imaginary existence. It is, therefore, every moment liable to be deceived, for he who contemplates remote objects cannot so easily discriminate their minuter parts as he whose intellectual vision is confined to ob-

jects immediately within his reach. The productions of genius stand, therefore, more in need of correction than those of dulness, not only for the reasons just assigned, but because the latter are not worth correcting,—indeed, any work not worth correcting, and correcting again, is not worth publishing, and consequently not worth the critic's observation.

In saying so much on the utility of repeated revisions we have two objects in view: the first arises from our subject, the second from a regard to the literature of our country, and the cultivation of a chaste, elegant, and classical taste. In shewing the necessity of repeated revisions we defend Ariosto—in the first instance, from the imputation of producing a work which, to judge of him by modern criticism, would be more the production of art than of nature; and, in the second, to put writers of undoubted genius on their guard against the pretended liberty allowed them by the critics—those very critics who, while they encourage them to commit faults are lying in wait to pounce upon, and not only expose, but turn into ridicule every fault which they commit. It is the elegance and classical purity of Ariosto's diction that has procured him the epithet of divine, and makes him recognised in Italy as the most pleasing and captivating of Italian poets. A reviewer in the *Quarterly*, indeed, asserts "that Ariosto's being more pleasing than Tasso arises from the fatiguing corollary which the *Jerusalem Delivered* forms to the *Siege of Troy*."—What an admirable and profound observation! And yet we are inclined to suspect that no man thinks of the *Siege of Troy* while he is reading the *Jerusalem Delivered*, except the critic himself, who reads it not, as other readers, for pleasure, but for the purposes of his profession.

"*Docti orationem artis intelligunt, indocti voluptatem.*"

He who is not thinking of criticism, but yields to the spontaneous instinctive influence of every scene, circumstance, and situation which is placed before him in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, is so strongly affected by them, that he neither thinks of the author nor of the *Siege of Troy*; but when he turns to Ariosto he feels a pleasure of a higher and more indescribable nature. In reading Tasso, the expression does not always represent the image clearly and distinctly as it exists in nature, because the terms which he makes use of are not always happily chosen; and whenever this takes place, the image appears either faint or obscure, either deprived of some of its distinguishing and characteristic qualities, or clothed in qualities some of which do and some of which do not properly belong to it. The reader accordingly finds his pleasure interrupted by a something which

he cannot always well describe. The things represented to him are not perfectly to his mind; he thinks he knows them, but there is a something strange in them which he cannot account for. This mars his pleasure, and frequently obliges him to stop to see what there is in the image which he cannot understand. In Ariosto, on the contrary, the terms are so happily chosen, that the object described appears as in real life. We have not to reflect a moment to perceive what the object is. We therefore pass on from object to object, satisfied that we have left nothing behind us of which we are ignorant. Every thing appears clearly and distinctly as it exists in nature. We seem not to be reading of things, but to be in the very midst of them. Every where we behold "the naked nature and the living grace." This is the glorious, the enviable result of a pure and correct style, of selecting such terms as describe objects minutely and faithfully without obscuring them. We shall, therefore, close our observations on Ariosto's style by recommending it to those who imagine "that the language of low and rustic life ought to be preferred because, in their opinion, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, and because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity." (*Wordsworth.*) We have already said so much on this part of our subject, that we shall not stop to comment on this very plausible but very absurd and delusive theory. We shall avail ourselves of some other opportunity of proving it both one and the other.

But while we thus praise the purity and elegance of Ariosto's style, we think it proper to shew that the language in which he wrote did not perfectly harmonize with his subject, and that it was too sweet, delicate, and melodious a language to make the sound an echo to the sense whenever he describes the crash of arms and the fierce encounter of hostile warriors. In shewing this defect in the language of the *Orlando*, it is unnecessary to say that it was a defect over which Ariosto had no controul; and that wherever this want of harmony is perceived, wherever the language is sweet and delicate, while the things described are boisterous, terrific, and sublime, the discord must be traced, not to Ariosto, but to the genius of the language in which he wrote. We shall hereafter shew that no translator of Ariosto should adopt his sweet and delicate cadence and melody of verse, who writes in a language capable of making the sound an echo to the sense, in the description of great and heroic achievements.

There are two species of beauty in poetry perfectly distinct from each other. The first arises from the invention or discovery of such images, sentiments, situations, scenes, events

and catastrophes as harmonize not only with each other, but with the nature and design of the subject; and the second from the propriety of the language in which they are expressed. The beauty arising from the images, sentiments, &c. which are, strictly speaking, the beauties of thought, are equally placed within the reach of all poets, in whatever age or nation they are produced, and their not equally attaining them can only arise from inequality of genius; but it is far otherwise in the beauties that arise from style and expression.—The style should always accord with the subject.

" Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar."

But this accordance, this "echo of the sound to the sense," cannot be attained in many languages. Some are too soft for "the hoarse rough verse," and some too hoarse and rugged to give back the whispers of the gentle zephyr. The French and Italian are, beyond all redemption, incapable of the grand, the terrific, and the sublime, so far as these emotions depend on the sound or echo of the verse. Wherever strength or energy is required, "the hoarse rough voice" is never heard to roar; but where the poet aims at softness and delicacy of colouring, the Italian particularly has all the means of making the "sound an echo to the sense."

Of this we have a beautiful instance in that fine simile of Ariosto, in which he compares a virgin to the tender and delicate rose.

" La verginella è simile alla rosa
Che'n bel giardin su la nativa spina
Mentre sola, e sicura si riposa,
Nè gregge, nè pastor se le avvicina;
L'aura soave e l'alba rugiadosa
L'acqua, la terra al suo favor s'inchina:
Giovani vaghi, e donne innamorate
Amano Averne e seni e tempie ornate."

CANTO I. STANZA XLII.

" The virgin has her image in the rose,
Sheltered in garden on her native stock,
Which there, in solitude and sweet repose,
Blooms, unapproached by shepherd or by flock.
For this earth teems, and freshening water flows,
And breeze and dewy dawn their sweets unlock:

With such the wishful youth his bosom dresses,
With such the enamoured damsel braids her tresses."

ROSE.

The very sounds "nativa spina," "sicura si riposa," "l'aura soave," "alba rugiadosa," seem to transport us into the delightful scene in which the poet has placed his virgin rose. The Italian language abounds in vowel sounds, particularly in the terminations of words. Indeed there are few words in the language that end in any other. In all words derived from the French or Latin ending in consonants, the Italians invariably reject the consonant, and add a vowel to it. At the same time the Italian has few useless consonants like the French, so that its happy mixture of vowel and consonant sounds renders it the most pleasing and musical in the world. It would seem to have been formed not for the general purposes of language, but for the sole and exclusive communication of pleasure. It is said that the Italian is corrupted Latin, and this corruption is ascribed to the Northern barbarians, who over-ran and subjected the country to their dominion. If this be a fact, how came it to pass, that in the alterations made by these barbarians there is a perfect unity or harmony of design, and all the words impressed with a kindred character, that bespeak it the language of one people. How could barbarians, speaking different languages themselves, fall into the propensity of terminating their words in vowel sounds; but, what is still more difficult to be answered, how could these very barbarians improve and refine the words borrowed from other languages, and render them more musical, clear, and distinct. The Italian rejects all rough and harsh consonants, and particularly abounds in liquids.—These liquid sounds they seem to prefer to vowel sounds, for it is a practice with them to reject the final vowel if the preceding consonant happen to be either of the four liquids L, M, N, R.

In fact, if the Italian were a language formed from a mixture of the original Latin, and that of the different nations which over-ran Italy, it would have no fixed and determined character, no propensity of terminating all its words in vowels, because it would have necessarily partaken of the different idioms and genius of the languages spoken by these different nations.—"Languages," as M. Grandval justly observes, "always retain distinct characteristics of their origin," but the Italian has only one characteristic: it is evidently the language of one people; for a language compounded of different languages would more or less partake of the different characters of each. It would possess the softness, the harshness, the brevity, the diffuseness of the different languages of which it was composed; but the Italian has only one character, that of softness and melody. It

is true that no language more readily admits of terms borrowed from different languages, but this is no proof that it is a compound of these languages, for it impresses its own character upon all the terms which it adopts. Instead, therefore, of conforming to the languages to which it is indebted, it makes them conform to it, a proof that it has only one individual character. Without entering, however, into the origin of the Italian, which is foreign to our purpose, without inquiring whether it be the offspring of barbarian grossness or elegant refinement; it is certain, at least, that whatever be its origin, no language can be more distinct in its articulation, more tender, delicate, and melodious in its sounds. It is, therefore, a language made altogether for pleasure, and admirably adapted to the portraiture of soft and enchanting images; but what it gains in delicacy, it loses in strength, nerve, robustness, energy, sublimity, and ardour. The Italian poet, however, may conceive as bold and sublime images, may indulge in as warm and enthusiastic feelings as the English poet; but in attempting to embody them in language, he can never make "the sound an echo to the sense." The Italian reader, however, from his intimacy with the language, can enter into the spirit of the poet, and perceive the glowing ardor of his conceptions, though his language has not a single trait of strength or energy.—Having never been in the habit of associating strong, loud, boisterous, and rugged sounds, with boldness, greatness, and sublimity of conception, or difficulty of action, he possesses a power of abstracting himself in all such instances from the influence of sounds, of seizing the naked and original conception of the poet, and of identifying himself with the enthusiasm of his feelings; but the English reader, whose language possesses a versatility of power, and an adaptation to all the purposes of poetry, of which no other language is equally capable, can never follow him, can never enter into that "soul of soul" by which he is animated and inspired. He is so accustomed to find bold and daring images expressed in sounds that are an "echo to the sense," that he can never reconcile soft, soothing, and delicate sounds with bold, lofty, and aspiring conceptions—not reflecting that the Italian language has no other sound to express them, and that whatever be the images or sentiments which the Italian poet wishes to convey, he has no sounds or words to convey them in but what are of a soft and delicate character. The English language is of all languages in the world the best adapted to the expression of all the various associations, modes, and shades of feeling; which rouse, agitate, or tranquillize the human breast; and it is in the expression of such *feelings* that poetry consists. Beyond this its dominion does not extend, for though the wide range of ideal being is

laid open to its excursions, yet that ideal creation which is not the immediate offspring of feeling, is a mere *brutum fulmen*.—Whatever be the passion or affection that exercises its influence over the English poet, he writes in a language that not only yields to him at once, but which would seem to be better adapted to the expression of such feelings than any other. Dr. Johnson says of Goldsmith, "that he always seemed to write that best on which he was immediately employed, as if his genius were not so well adapted to any other." The same may be said of the English language. Is the poet languishing in love? It would seem the language purposely intended to express his passion. To give instances would be needless: all our readers can recollect instances without number. Does love lead the victim of passion to associate its languishing and moody feelings with kindred images in nature? What language can keep passion and imagination in closer harmony?—

> "In these lone walls (their days' eternal bound),
> These moss-grown domes, with spiry turrets crown'd,
> Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
> And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
> Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
> And beams of glory brighten'd all the day.
> But now no face divine contentment wears—
> 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears;
> The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
> Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind—
> The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
> The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
> The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
> The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.
> No more these scenes my meditation aid,
> Or lull to rest the visionary maid."

It is not merely because these images are in unison with the feelings of the unhappy Eloisa that we quote this passage, but because the very measure and cadence of the verse, abstracted from the ideas, are in unison with them also. Long and heavy syllables have an indescribable solemnity that admirably accords with doleful, melancholy feelings. What language, then, can supply words so peculiarly suited to these feelings as the "lone walls," "moss-grown domes," "solemn light," "darksome pines," "hollow wind," "wandering streams," "dying gales." All these sounds are an echo to the sense. But while the English language is thus exquisitely adapted to the softer and tenderer affections, it seems still more peculiarly

adapted to express the stronger and sterner passions of the soul. Indeed it is in the expression of these passions that it excels all languages whatever. To quote instances of pure and unmixed sublimity would be as unnecessary as to quote instances of pure love. We shall therefore, as in the last passage, quote an instance of mixed sublimity. The pure sublime is a simple emotion of the mind; but where it is mingled with terror, it loses a portion of its sublime character, and produces a grating, painful sensation on the organs of sense. Thus, a man viewing an extensive prospect from the summit of a lofty mountain, is filled with great and sublime emotions—emotions that affect the mind alone; but place him on the summit of a precipice, the emotion passes from the mind to the organical senses, and produces a painful and uneasy sensation. This feeling, consequently, is partly of a mental, partly of a sensible or physical character; but though real causes will produce this mixed feeling, how difficult is it to produce it by mere words, particularly in a language so capable of expressing the softer affections of the soul as the language in which we write. And yet who can read Milton's description of the opening of hell's gates without feeling a certain painful, grating sensation, arising from the mere sound of the words accompanying the sublime emotion which it excites in the mind.

——" On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors; and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus."

This organical sensation owes no part of its existence to the circumstance described, for the circumstance itself affects only the mind, but the very sound of the words in which it is expressed so peculiarly accords with the nature of the circumstance, that we cannot pronounce them without feeling that painful and grating sensation which we have described. Had an Italian poet described a similar circumstance, his language could not supply him with words to produce an effect of a similar character. He would affect the mind alone, but could exercise no influence over the physical part of our nature. The poetical effect, however, is never so powerful as when the mind and body are affected at the same moment; nor is any language so well adapted to the various purposes of poetry as that which enables the poet to produce this two-fold effect, or in other words, the language in which the sound may be made an echo to the sense.

So far, then, as regards the mere style of Ariosto, it is cer-

tain that the soft and delicate character of the Italian language rendered it impossible for him to make the sound and sense always harmonize with each other. He had frequently to paint bold and imposing scenes, to describe daring and heroic actions; and though he had words to convey an image of these scenes, and a minute description of these actions, to the mind, he had no words that could prove an echo to the sense. The Italian language is incapable of "the hoarse rough verse." It wants that ruggedness, that nerve, that infinite variety of sound that accords with all the various passions and emotions of the mind, for there is no passion or emotion but what expresses itself in a tone or modulation of sound peculiarly its own. This is what may properly be called the language of nature; and the more the language of poetry approximates to it the more powerful is its effect,—the more it approaches to that nature of which it ought to be an imitation.

On this subject Dr. Johnson has some very erroneous ideas. Indeed, his essay on the accommodation of sound to sense seems to have been written through a mere spirit of opposition to the prevailing opinion that such a harmony should be always observed by the poet.—It seldom happens, however, that a general opinion is found to be erroneous, if it has its origin in feeling, though erroneous metaphysical opinions may be adopted by all mankind, as the doctrine of innate ideas had been antecedent to Locke. — Accordingly, the opinion that a certain harmony should exist between sound and sense is not only founded in truth and nature, but there is no instance whatever, in which the poet has it not in his power to make the one an echo of the other, if he write in a language that possesses a sufficient variety of vowel and consonant sounds. This, Dr. Johnson thinks impossible, and labours to prove that the resemblance between sense and sound is frequently fanciful. "The representative power," he says, "of poetic harmony consists of sound and measure; of the force of the syllables singly considered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can resemble nothing but sound, and time can measure nothing but motion and duration." Now we very readily admit, that sound can resemble nothing but sound, but what is a sound? The Doctor does not tell us, and seems to take it for granted that it is too simple to require explanation. We think differently, and we are the more inclined to think so from consulting his own dictionary, and finding that he can neither explain nor define it. A sound, according to him, is "any thing audible." This is his first definition; and if it be true a sound is every thing, and every thing is a sound. When we hear a bull roar he is audible, and consequently if every thing audible be sound the bull is a sound.

XUM

The nightingale is a sound while she continues to sing; and two stones are metamorphosed into two sounds if we only knock them together. Accordingly, every thing in nature may be converted into a sound. His second definition of sound is "a noise," but if we turn over to the word noise, we are told it is "any kind of sound." To tell us that sound is a noise and noise is a sound is telling us nothing, so that we must travel farther in search of its meaning. His next and last definition of sound is, "that which is perceived by the ear." According to this definition, he who puts a pin into his ear converts it into a sound,—not because the ear perceives, but because it feels it, for it is the mind only that perceives, though custom authorizes us in applying the term perception to sensible vision.—If these definitions of Dr. Johnson were true, they would prove that sound resembles almost every thing; for as almost every thing may be rendered audible, so almost every thing may be a sound, and therefore a sound may resemble almost every thing. The fact is, that a sound, so far from being any thing audible, is not even a quality in any thing audible, it being a mere sensation produced in us by a percussion of air. A sound can have no abstract existence of its own, for it is no sound till it reaches the ear,—and consequently if there were no ears to hear it, there would be no body in nature capable of emitting a sound. This is so true, that a deaf man cannot be even made to understand what is meant by a sound. When the bull roars he emits no sound, but he causes a percussion of air that produces a sensation in our ears which we call a sound. It is evident, then, that all sounds are sensations in us, and that the infinite variety that exists in sound is only an infinite variety in our modes of feeling, or rather infinite modes of feeling. Admitting, then, with Dr. Johnson, that "sound can resemble nothing but sound," it is still evident, that every sound can resemble some particular sensation or mode of feeling, as every sound is only a particular sensation or feeling. To say that sounds resemble feelings, is, in fact, only saying that feelings resemble feelings, as sounds are nothing else but feelings or sensations in us, and have no existence beyond us.

From these observations it is obvious, that sound may be always rendered an "echo to the sense," in poetry; for, as every sentence we read is calculated to produce some sensation in us, this sensation may be imitated by a sound whatever be its nature or character. Is the sensation gentle? a soft sound will harmonize with it, because a soft sound is, in itself, unaccompanied by words, a gentle and pleasing sensation. But it will be said that there are different degrees or modes of pleasing sensations imparted by the images and associations of the poet, and that, consequently, soft sounds cannot

represent all these different modes. To this we reply, that there is as great a variety of soft sounds as there is of soft and gentle images, or of sensations excited by these images. If a thousand people are moved by any cause whatever, the emotion may differ in all of them, and yet be of a pleasing and gentle character, but the variety of the emotions would not still be greater than the variety of tone or modulations of sound in which they would give utterance to their feelings. If a person be moved or affected in any particular manner, or feel a certain, indescribable emotion which he never felt before, he will involuntarily and unconsciously express himself, or give vent to his feelings in tones or sounds different from what he ever breathed before, nor would he ever emit the same identical sounds or breathings again, if he never found himself in the same mode of feeling. He might be in a mood or tone of feeling so near it that he could not distinguish one from the other, and in such a case the tone or sound in which this feeling would express itself would resemble the former so nearly, that it might require the nicest ear to distinguish between them. Feelings that are nearly alike will, therefore, express themselves in tones that appear to be similar; but though they appear so they are never the same, for the sounds will differ from each other as much, and neither more nor less than the feelings that give them involuntary utterance. Sound, then, is capable of all the variety that can possibly be given to our feelings. The feelings of one moment approximate so nearly to the feelings of another, that we are apt to mistake them for each other, and consequently the sounds in which they express themselves; but this identity is not in the sounds which we identify with each other, but in our perceptions of them. Dr. Johnson is therefore mistaken in saying, that "the same languor of melody will suit the complaints of an absent lover or a conquered king." To him it might appear the same languor; but he who possesses that tenderness, or sympathy, or sensibility, or whatsoever we may choose to call that feeling which enters into the soul of another, through the medium of its sounds or interjections—whoever, we say, possesses this exquisite sympathy, can easily distinguish between the "languor of an absent lover and of a conquered king."

Dr. Johnson says, that whenever the sound is made an echo to the sense, "there is only the similitude of pleasure to pleasure and of grief to grief, without any particular application to particular images;" but this observation is no argument against the propriety of adapting the sound to the sense in all cases, if it be proper in any case, which he himself admits, for in no case whatever can sound represent particular images. Even in the instances which he himself has quoted, and which

he admits to be echoes to the sense, there is no resemblance between the sounds and images which they express. "We hear," he says, "the passing arrow in this line of Virgil,

"*Et fugit* HORRENDUM STRIDENS *elapsa sagitta,*

"The impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing;"

but surely neither the sound of the arrow, nor that of the word by which it is expressed, has any resemblance to the arrow itself, the sound being a mere sensation produced in us, and existing for a moment—while the arrow is a physical, material object, existing independent of us, and capable of existing for many years.

There is, then, in no instance whatever, any resemblance between sounds and things; but it must not be concluded, from this want of resemblance, that the sound cannot become, or be made, an echo to the sense; for, whenever the sensations produced by sound resemble the sensations produced by things, the sound is always an echo to the sense, which is saying, not that the sound resembles the sense, because this it can never do in any instance, but that it produces a sensation similar to that produced by the sense.

Perhaps it may be said that the sense of a writer, or the assertion which he makes, may produce no sensation in us whatever; and that whenever this happens, the sound cannot be an echo to the sense, as the resemblance is not between sound and sense, but between the sensations they produce. Where the one produces a sensation and the other none, there can be no resemblance, because that which does not exist cannot resemble that which does; therefore, the sound cannot be always an echo to the sense, as the sense frequently produces no sensation. This we admit: but then we deny that a sentence or passage in poetry can ever fail of producing some sensation in us. We have already shewn that poetry is "that mode of expression which evinces itself to have been dictated by some passion or internal emotion." Now, whatever is spoken in passion, produces a corresponding emotion in the person to whom it is addressed. When we see an honest man enraged at a villain, we are enraged at him ourselves; if we see him in tears, we are affected with grief; if he speak the language of joy and rapture, we revel in his delight.

"Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus."

Whenever poetry, therefore, produces no sensation, emotion, or passion in us, it is poetry only in name. When Locke says,

that " no propositions can be innate, since no ideas are innate;" he says what merely conveys a certain perception to the mind by which the feelings are not in the least affected. The " sense" consequently produces no sensation, and can therefore be echoed by no sound whatever, because sound imitates not the sense, but the sensation produced by it. In philosophy, metaphysics, &c. the sound can hardly ever be made to respond to the sense, because the sense hardly ever produces a sensation in us; but when Pope makes Eloisa say,

> " In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
> Where heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells,
> And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
> What mean these tumults in a vestal's veins?"

Who can avoid being impressed with a certain pensive, melancholy sensation, and who does not perceive that the long, heavy, desponding cadence of the verse is in perfect harmony with this sensation?

If the English language, then, can always be rendered an echo to the sense in poetry—a question naturally arises, how far it would be proper in an English translator to adopt the original stanza and manner of Ariosto, it being incapable of that variety of numbers, that " hoarse rough verse," that " long majestic march and energy divine," which is so frequently called for, in heroic verse, and so admirably suited to its grand and sublime character.

Mr. Rose has lately published a translation of the three first cantos of Ariosto, in the original stanza, and maintains that " nothing but a stanza can reflect the original." We maintain the direct contrary; and we feel certain, that unless there be a complete perversion of public taste, Mr. Rose's translation of Ariosto will never go through half the editions which Hoole's has gone through already. We are no admirers of Mr. Hoole: he had neither poetic ear, imagination, taste, nor delicacy; but, unqualified as he was, the heroic couplet which he adopted, and which Mr. Rose asserts " to be the measure most opposite to that of Ariosto which could possibly have been selected," gave his translation a popularity which, spite of its tameness and mechanical structure, no other translation ever met with; a proof that the English have a zest and relish for the heroic couplet. With the stanza of Ariosto we have no fault to find in the original: it is in perfect harmony with the genius of the Italian language. The stanza is composed of eight lines, in the first six of which the final words have only a variety of two sounds, which causes a constant, monotonous jingling of the same sound in English, though it is not felt in the Italian, for

reasons which will immediately appear. In the first two stanzas of Mr. Rose's translation, the final words run thus: "sing, feat, bring, fleet, king, heat; tell, rhyme, fell, time, well, climb." An English ear can never endure such a constant repetition of the same sound: the monotony is insupportable in a language which admits of all possible varieties of sound. In the Italian poetry there is no variety of the kind: every line ends in a vowel sound, and consequently, however much they may vary them, there will to the ear be very little variety. In the first place, all the sounds being vowel sounds are soft and consequently of the same character. There can evidently be no variety in soft, open sounds, as they are all simple breathings, proceeding directly from the thorax, unaltered and unmodified by any intervention of the organs of articulation. *A* differs from *e* only in requiring a larger opening of the mouth; *e* again differs from *i* only in requiring, in like manner, a larger opening; *i* differs from *o*, and *o* from *u*, in the same manner; so that all the vowels are only different modulations of simple breathings. But there is no relation whatever between the sound of any two consonants, nor between any consonant and a vowel. The variety, therefore, which is sought for in rhyme, or in the rhyming words, can never be produced by vowel sounds, whereas consonants produce an endless variety, as no two sound alike; and this variety is increased by occasionally intermixing them with vowels. Consonants then can produce variety by themselves, vowels cannot; and as every line in Italian poetry terminates in a vowel, it follows that it is incapable of that variety which is so easily attained and always expected in English poetry. It matters, therefore, little whether the Italians make three lines in a stanza rhyme with each other or not, as every line ends in a vowel, and consequently in a sound of the same character, namely, an open, melodious sound. Where variety, then, cannot be attained, it is useless to seek after it; but can the same license be granted to the English poet, who writes in a language in which there is not one word in ten ending in a vowel. The English poet can avail himself of every possible variety of sound, not only because consonants are all different from each other, but because they are also different from the vowels. To shew how incapable the Italian is of this variety by example, we cannot do better than quote the final letters or sounds in the first four or five stanzas of Ariosto. The first stanza runs, i, o, i, o, i, o, o, o; the second, o, a, o, a, o, a, o, o; the third, o, e, o, e, o, e, o, o; the fourth, i, o, i, o, i, o, o, o; the fifth, o, i, o, i, o, i, a, a; and so throughout the *Orlando*. Now, supposing Ariosto to vary the rhyme, and instead of ending three lines with *i*, and five lines with *o*, adopted the

English heroic couplet, he would still terminate every line in a vowel, and the monotony would consequently be the same. Suppose, instead of terminating his first stanza as he did, he terminated it thus, a, a, e, e, i, i, o, o, what sensible difference would there be in the variety of sounds? for to the ear they would all appear only different modulations of the same sound. From the very genius of the Italian language, it is, therefore, evidently incapable of the endless variety of English versification. Whether it repeat the same vowel, or different vowels, the effect is nearly the same; and even if the effect were different, it has only five vowel sounds to vary.

We feel, therefore, convinced that the continual repetition of the same sound, which occurs in Ariosto, can by no means justify the English translator in following his example. The ear is soon satiated with a sameness of termination to which it is not accustomed. The Italians cannot perceive this sameness, because they are accustomed to nothing else: the ear is, as it were, continually gliding over a glassy surface; and from its being unaccustomed to have its motion checked or interrupted by protuberances, or excrescences of any kind, or, to speak literally, by consonant sounds, the idea of monotony or sameness never occurs to it. In fact, the least check to this perpetual melody would be to an Italian ear like a sudden jostle. Aaron Hill well observes of Italian, that it is "like the flowing of soft sand in an hour-glass, seeming liquid while confined to its close currency, but flies dispersed, and opens its loose quality, as soon as shaken out and trusted to hard weather." The Italian, then, will admit of no harshness, no rough or jarring sounds to interrupt its melody; whereas the English language is, in a manner, made up of these sounds: for one word ending in a vowel, we have ten ending in a consonant; so that the ear is accustomed to rest on consonant or strong sounds, and as custom is a second nature it can relish no other. The most musical words in the English generally terminate in consonant sounds. Take any of the instances so frequently quoted of soft and musical sounds responding to the sense, and we shall find not only every line, but almost every word, ending in a consonant. It is difficult to find a happier instance than these two lines from Milton:—

> "Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
> Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise."

In this instance, the words *warble* and *tune* end in vowels, but they are silent, the terminating sound being *l* and *n*: so also is the celebrated passage of Pope,

" Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.
* * * * * *
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

There is, then, a constant propensity in the English ear to rest upon consonant sounds, and particularly in poetry, where the ear expects a still stronger rest on the final word. If a line in English poetry terminates in a vowel, we instantly feel, instead of this strong consonant sound which we expected, a sudden depression of the voice; for, all the other words in the line ending generally in consonant sounds, the weakness of the vowel sound makes itself sensibly felt, when it occurs in a syllable which we expected to be particularly strong. Hence, the word that should be most strongly accented is hardly heard, as it dies away in a vowel sound. In Italian it could not die away, because every other word in the line generally ending in the same dying manner, each retains its full force, and no depression is felt as in the English, all these vowel terminations being in harmony and cadence with each other. If a line in English poetry ends in a vowel sound, this vowel sound can seldom, if ever, harmonize with any other word in the same line, because few words in the line end in a vowel sound. The rhyming word, therefore, dies away and is forgotten, before we come to the next word that rhymes with it, particularly if the rhyming word does not occur in the next line, which is not the case in Ariosto's stanza.

In the following six lines from Hoole's translation of Ariosto*, the reader cannot but perceive a very sensible and disagreeable falling of the voice in the last two lines, which is entirely owing to their ending in vowel sounds:—

" Now to the stream the panting virgin flies,
And rends the air with supplicating cries:
The Pagan warrior startled at the sound,
Leaped from the shore, and cast his eyes around,
Till earnest gazing, as she nearer drew,
Tho' pale with dread, the trembling fair he knew."

All the admired passages in Pope's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey will be found to end in consonant sounds.

Mr. Rose, however, defends the propriety of translating Ariosto in the original stanza, by saying, " that the poet usually

* Canto I. stanza xv.

closes the idea with it, and that the end of most of them is marked by something epigrammatic either in sense or sound, which would be out of its place except in the concluding couplet." This epigrammatic point, we must confess, we never perceived in Ariosto's stanzas except by accident. That he never intended or proposed to conclude his stanzas in an epigrammatic point, is evident from Mr. Rose's own translation, where no such points can be discovered; and if his object was to preserve this point, why has he not preserved it? Another reason assigned by Mr. Rose for translating in the original stanza is, that "each canto or collection of stanzas may be compared to a gallery of cabinet pictures, all perhaps striking or beautiful, but frequently executed on different principles, each of which is often only in harmony with itself." Nothing can be more erroneous than this assertion, for it is obvious, from what we stated in our former number, that all the cantos of Ariosto are in perfect harmony with each other. Indeed, we are surprised how Mr. Rose could call each of these cantos striking and beautiful, if they were not in harmony with each other, for without this harmony there can be no beauty. Besides, if the parts be beautiful in themselves, though not harmonizing with each other, how can Mr. Rose assert, that "the *Furioso* often pleases *as a whole*, while it offends *in parts*." If the parts be not, as he himself asserts, in harmony with each other, how can the whole be beautiful?

Our business, however, is not with Mr. Rose, but with Ariosto: in all qualities of style he is the most chaste and correct of all the Italian poets. In pathos and intensity of feeling, Dante was his superior, and Tasso in judgment and original design. In execution, however, in the minuter graces and elegancies of diction, in accuracy of delineation, and felicity of expression, Ariosto ranked above both. He was less indebted, however, to nature than to industry, and that elegance of taste which is acquired from studying the best models. He is seldom sublime, except when he imitates; but he seldom imitates without improving on his original. One of the finest similes in the *Orlando* is that in which Medoro, endeavouring to save the body of his king, and surrounded by enemies, is compared to a boar surprised by the hunters in his cave, unable to save them, and incapable of abandoning them. This beautiful passage, however, is almost a literal copy of the following passage in Statius:—

> "Ut Lea quam sævo fætam pressere cubili
> Venantes Numidæ, natos erecta superstat
> Mente sub incerta, torvum ac miserabile frendens;
> Illa quidem turbare globos et frangere morsu
> Tela queat, sed prolis amor crudelia vincit
> Pectora et in mediâ catulos circumspicit irâ."

Of this, the passage in Ariosto is almost a literal translation:

> " Come orsa che l'alpestre cacciatore
> Ne la pietros a tana assalita abbia,
> Sta sopra i figli con incerto core
> E freme in suono di pietà e di rabbia;
> Ira la invita e natural furore
> A spiegar lugne e a insinguinar le labbia;
> Amor la intenerisce, e la retira
> A riguardare ai figli in mezzo all' ira."

But though Ariosto has thus copied his predecessors, it would be far from doing him justice to suppose that he stood in need of copying them. Writers of original genius frequently copy each other without being aware of it; but there is always a character impressed upon their imitations, which shew that they copied, not from necessity, but from pure admiration of their originals. In reading and studying the classics, the passages which are marked with characters of sublimity, beauty, grace, and simplicity, make an impression on the plastic mind of youthful genius, which no length of time can erase. The dunce endeavours to recollect every thing he has read or studied: all is equally important in his eyes, but all happens to be equally useless to him, for, not having been affected by one passage more than another, all equally escape his recollection. Not so with the admirer of what is truly beautiful and sublime: every passage by which he is affected recurs to him whenever kindred associations or circumstances become the object of his contemplation, and they so naturally associate and mingle with his own mode of thinking and feeling, that he frequently imagines they are his own, and gives them as such to the world. Ariosto had very diligently studied the Latin poets, and, therefore, fell insensibly, at times, into their modes of feeling and thinking on subjects of a similar nature. It is a fact unnoticed in the history of literature;—it is a fact neither accredited nor suspected, that writers of genius are of all others the greatest imitators. Virgil is, throughout the *Æneid*, a constant imitator of Homer; Camoëns, who possessed a genius purely original, is still a more frequent imitator of Virgil; Fontaine has hardly a line of original matter: he is a professed imitator; Montesquieu is indebted to Aristotle for whatever is most excellent in his *Spirit of Laws;* Horace has plundered all the beauties of Anacreon, Simonides, Sappho, and Pindar; Corneille has imitated Lucan and the Spanish poets; Racine adapted to the French stage the beauties of the Greek tragic poets; Terence has embellished his writings with all the graces of Menander; the Greek orators have been the models of Cicero's eloquence; Sallust is a close imitator of Thucydides;

and Rousseau is greatly indebted to Seneca and Montaigne. Shakspeare is the only original poet which England has produced; and perhaps next to him may be placed Dryden. Spenser is continually borrowing from Ariosto; and Pope is indebted to all his predecessors. Homer and Shakspeare are perhaps the only two original poets that can be named; and we suspect they would have copied and imitated like all the rest, if they had had any models before them.

In the discrimination and delineation of character, Ariosto is unrivalled; though he is more happy in pourtraying external nature and personal accomplishments, than the characters of mind, disposition, and sympathetic affections. In describing the exploits and achievements of his heroes, he is inimitable. We seem not to be readers, but actual spectators of the scene which he places before us. We have no difficulty in ascertaining the traits of character that distinguish Orlando from Rinaldo, Rinaldo from Rogero, Rogero from Rodomont, Rodomont from Maudricardo, Maudricardo from Ferrau, and so of all the other warriors. Orlando is a giant in strength; Rinaldo, with less strength, dares to attempt the most perilous exploits; Rogero seems to be a peculiar favourite of heaven; victory always awaits him—though, compared to Orlando, he is a pigmy in our eyes; and, what is still more remarkable, Rogero never excites our sympathy, favored, as he seems to be, by a superintending Providence, and exalted as he is by the poet himself; whereas Orlando never appears without calling forth the kindest feelings of our nature. Next to him Rolando is our greatest favorite.—We shall conclude by observing, that in accuracy and minuteness of description, whether the subject be the exploits of heroes, or the wild and diversified scenes of nature, Ariosto excels all poets ancient and modern. Whoever has perused his description of the single combat between Rogero and Rodomont, which concludes the work, will be satisfied of his pre-eminence in descriptive poetry.

ART. V.—*Sermons preached upon several occasions by* Robert South, D. D. *Third Edition. London, printed by* W. S. *for* Thomas Bennet, *at the Half-Moon, in St. Paul's Churchyard.* 6 vols. 8vo. 1704.

In reviewing the sermons before us, it may not be amiss, for the benefit of the reader, to prefix some account of their singular author. South lived through a long and eventful

period of our history; and his bold and ardent spirit could not remain inactive amidst a disturbed age. From the pulpit, he fought for what he conceived to be the cause of truth and common sense; he attached himself firmly to a party, and with undeviating constancy adhered to it to the end of his life. His character has been blackened by his numerous enemies; and those have but little cherished his memory who must have been his friends: he was too witty a man to be much loved.

Robert South was born at Hackney, and in 1647 he was admitted a King's scholar at Westminster; in 1649, while reading the Latin prayers on the day of Charles's death, he made himself remarkable by praying for the king by name. Being chosen a student of Christ church, he applied himself vigorously to his studies; of the proficiency he made, his sermons are a noble and lasting memorial. While he was at the University, he wrote a copy of Latin verses congratulating Cromwell on the peace he had made with the Dutch. This appears to have been an exercise for his bachelor's degree, and probably the subject was not his own choice; certainly, it was the last compliment he paid either to the Protector or his party. In 1658, he was ordained by one of the deprived bishops, and immediately he commenced his ministry by a furious attack on the Independents, to the great joy of the Presbyterians. But the restoration of Charles, in 1660, made it no longer necessary for him to temporize, and from that moment, the Presbyterian, together with his younger brother the Independent, was the constant butt of his inexhaustible wit and satire. He was made, in rapid succession, Public Orator of the University, Chaplain to the Chancellor Clarendon, and Prebendary of Westminster. After Clarendon's banishment in 1667, he was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of York: the doctor's sermons, if James ever heard them, might perhaps confirm that weak prince's political creed; they certainly never taught him Popery.

During the reign of James, he spent most of his time in privacy: he could not tolerate the encroachments that were made on the rights of the national church, and yet his creed taught him "to abide by his allegiance, and use no other weapons but prayers and tears for the recovery of his sovereign from the wicked and unadvised counsels wherewith he was entangled."

Agreeably to these principles, he could not be induced to put his name to the invitation to the Prince of Orange, which was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops. He refused also to subscribe the Oxford Association Paper to stand by that prince. He took, however, the oaths to the new government, declaring, "he saw nothing contrary to

the laws of God, and the common practice of all nations, to submit to princes in possession of the throne." During the reign of William and his successor, he firmly rejected all offers of preferment: sincere and immoveable in his principles, he strenuously opposed all union with the Dissenting Protestants, as a measure likely to prove fatal to the mother church. One of his last public exertions we are not surprised to find was in favour of Sacheverell, who found in him an able and willing advocate. He closed a long and laborious life in 1716: he was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Busby.

The character of this singular man will be best known from his sermons. His disposition, apparently open and ingenuous, stimulated by an ardent temper not always under the controul of prudence, prompted him to express his opinions without reserve or caution. He has laid himself completely open: his thoughts, his feelings, his animosities, and his predilections, are all exposed to the severest scrutiny.

In his political creed, South was the advocate of passive obedience and the divine right of kings, and these monstrous doctrines he sometimes lays down in their most enlarged and unlimited extent. He believed the Church of England to be not only the best ecclesiastical establishment on the face of the earth, but absolutely perfect and infallible, the express image of the primitive ordinances: kings, he affirmed, had their commission immediately from heaven: Charles I. was the king after his own heart; he was "a king, and, what is more, a king not chosen, but born to be so;" he was "a blessed saint;" "the justness of his government left his subjects at a loss for an occasion to rebel," but "they were pampered to unruliness," and, "to finish this poor description of him," "he was a father to his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son." (Vide Sermon preached before Charles II., Jan. 30, 1663.) And can we believe that this son was then one of the doctor's hearers: or peradventure, he was sleeping, or perhaps laughing at the good preacher's extravagant zeal. If we can find no excuse for this gross and palpable adulation, South himself can furnish us with one: he was under the influence of part of the royal prerogative, which is now seldom exerted. For in a sermon preached at Westminster Abbey, 1675, setting forth "the peculiar care and concern of Providence for the protection and defence of kings," he tells us, that the "absolute subjection" men yield to princes comes from "a secret work of the divine power, investing sovereign princes with certain marks and rays of that divine image, which overawes and controuls the spirits of men they know not how or why? But yet they feel themselves actually wrought upon, and kept under by them, and that very frequently against their

will. And this is that property which in kings we call majesty," &c. There follows more of the same stuff.

In this discourse, " for memory's sake, he sums up" a few things worthy to be observed of princes. The substance of his summing up is this,—kings are endowed with more than ordinary sagacity and quickness of understanding,—they have a singular courage and presence of mind in cases of difficulty, —the hearts of men are wonderfully inclined to them,—an awe and dread of their persons and authority is imprinted on their people,—and, lastly, their hearts are disposed to virtuous courses. Leaving the reader these heads for " memory's sake" and meditation, we will give his opinion of an old royalist in his own words, (vol. i. p. 452.) " I look upon the Old Church-of-England royalists (which I take to be only another name for a man who prefers his conscience before his interest) to be the *best Christians* and the most meritorious subjects in the world; as having passed all those terrible tests and trials which conquering domineering malice could put them to, and carried their credit and their conscience clear and triumphant through, and above them all, constantly firm and immovable by all that they felt, either from their professed enemies or their false friends."

One of the earliest public sermons we have of South's, was preached at Oxford, before the commissioners for rectifying abuses, a few months after Charles's restoration. (July 29, 1660.) It is entitled the " Scribe instructed," and ought to be read by every scribe " which is instructed into the kingdom of heaven." South was then a young man, but he possessed all the wisdom and excellent good sense which mature age and experience can give. He had already amassed a treasure of rich and useful knowledge, which he produced at once to instruct, to astonish, and confound. In this discourse, with admirable perspicuity and unanswerable reasoning, he details the qualifications necessary for one who would be a preacher of the gospel, a scribe instructed: exhibiting in himself, at the same time, an example of what he so strenuously recommended. He perhaps felt now, as one who was no friend to him insinuates, the ground on which he stood, and, emboldened by security, he commenced that attack on the Sectarians which ended only with his life. With inimitable humour and pleasantry he ridicules those preachers in tubs and barns, those despisers of all human learning, those haters and proscribers of all decency and propriety of language. For the last qualification he declares to be as necessary as any other, observing— " that as by knowledge a man informs himself, so by expression he conveys that knowledge to others ; and as bare words convey, so the propriety and elegancy of them give force and facility to the conveyance."

South, a strong supporter of monarchy and episcopacy, of course hated the Puritans with no common hatred, and many of his sermons are particularly directed against them. And never had man a subject to exert his ingenuity on more congenial to his temper, and never were poor heretics so assailed with invective and ridicule.—He dwelt with delight on their meagre, mortified faces, their droning and snuffling whine, their sanctimonious hypocritical demeanour; but in the midst of his pleasantry he shot some shafts dipped in the bitterest gall, and pointed by the most inveterate hatred. With a proud consciousness of superior learning, and perhaps a pharisaical conceit of superior integrity—with the keenest sarcasm and the most undisguised contempt, he held up to the detestation of mankind, these impudent pretenders to the gifts of the Spirit. We have two sermons on the nature and influence of the Holy Spirit, in which South exhibits, in a clear and intelligible manner, the doctrine of his own church on this important point. In doing this, he is naturally led to notice the opinions of his schismatical enemies, who defended their enormities by numerous examples of Holy Writ, and alleged that the "Spirit led them by an inward voice speaking to them, and known only to themselves." Thus, in the words of their powerful and exasperated adversary, "they ascribed those villainies, which were done by the instigation of the devil, to the impulse and suggestion of the Holy Spirit."

There are several other sermons written professedly against these fanatics; and, indeed, he is always glad of an opportunity of vilifying them whenever he can possibly find it. We have thus a picture of a singular race of men exhibited in the most striking, but yet the darkest colours, by the hand of a master: for the painter was himself a bigot, and a declared foe to those whom he pourtrayed. It is, however, useful to have the portrait drawn even by an enemy: we must look elsewhere for the more pleasing lights and colors. It appears probable, that one who has made the collected treasures of past ages his own by rescuing them from obscurity, and adorning them with new beauties, is no stranger to this portion of our literature. The author of *Old Mortality* has given body and life to the strong and characteristic outline of the Divine; and done some justice to the intrepidity and constancy of the supporters of a persecuted kirk and broken covenant. The fanatics of that time preferred the books of the Old Testament to the new: their eastern phraseology and strong metaphorical language captivated an over-heated imagination; the obscurity and mystery of the prophetic writings found a ready reception in a confused intellect; and their vague and indeterminate meaning gave facility to the perverse construction of the artful and in-

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terested. We will give the following specimen of their logic and conclusions:—

"But was there any thing in the whole Book of God to warrant the rebellion?—any thing which, instead of obedience, taught them to sacrifice Him whom they were to obey? Why, yes: Daniel dreamed a dream; and there is also something in the Revelation concerning a beast, a little horn, and the fifth vial, and therefore the King undoubtedly ought to die.—But if neither you nor I can gather so much from these places, they will tell us it is because we are not inwardly enlightened."

"He would have reconciled himself to your fate," said Claverhouse to Martin, "by a single text: for example, 'And Phineas executed judgment.'"

We cannot refrain from giving the following extract, as a specimen of South's satirical and humorous powers of description: he is still speaking of his old friends:—

"Bodily abstinence, joined with a demure, affected countenance, is often called and accounted piety and mortification. Suppose a man infinitely ambitious, and equally spightful and malicious; one who poisons the ears of great men by venomous whispers, and rises by the fall of better men than himself; yet if he steps forth with a Friday look and a lenten face, with a blessed Jesu! and a mournful ditty for the vices of the times: Oh! then he is a saint upon earth: an Ambrose or an Augustine (I mean not for that earthly trash of book-learning; for, alas! such are above that, or at least that's above them), but for zeal and for fasting, for a devout elevation of the eyes, and a holy rage against other men's sins. And happy those ladies and religious dames characterized in the 2d of Timothy, c. iii. v. 6. who can have such self-denying, thriving, able men for their confessors! and thrice happy those families where they vouchsafe to take their Friday-nights' refreshments! thereby demonstrate to the world what Christian abstinence, and what primitive, self-mortifying vigor there is in forbearing a dinner, that they may have the better stomach to their supper. In fine, the whole world stands in admiration of them: fools are fond of them, and wise men are afraid of them—they are talked of, they are pointed out: and, as they order the matter, they draw the eyes of all men after them, and generally something else."—Vol. 6. p. 110.

For the mode of manufacturing a conventicle sermon, and drawing a crowd of gaping hearers, see Vol. 4, p. 50.

South's notions of church government were as narrow and contracted as his views of civil polity.—Fire and faggot, the sword and the halter, were the rough means by which he would govern men. He was a great admirer of that "blessed saint and martyr, Archbishop Laud;" and well was it, both for the nation and himself, that he did not succeed both to that

prelate's place and principles. The love for the surplice descended, like the prophet's mantle, from the Archbishop to the Prebendary; and that detested garment which Laud tried in vain to fix on the shoulders of the Scottish clergy, his zealous follower would have twisted round their necks.

South, of course, hated the Toleration Act, for he was an enemy to all toleration.—He could tolerate neither papist, nor puritan, nor indulgences, nor forbearances; he could tolerate nothing but a "strict adherence to the constitutions of our Church, and an absolute refusal to part with any of them." In a sermon entitled "The false methods of governing and establishing the Church of England exploded," South, with all the ardour of a devoted attachment to the established hierarchy, combated the pretences alleged by the dissenters for the Church of England making concessions in order to bring about an accommodation. His arguments may, perhaps, convince some, though we confess that to us they are far from seeming conclusive. Nothing less than the overthrow of the national church could ultimately ensue, he affirmed, "from the Jesuitical principles of the Sectarians: for the Jesuit then knew his trade too well to assume his own name and profession." One consequence of this "something like a law" (he meant the Toleration Act) he declares to be "certain, obvious, and undeniable, and that is the vast increase of sects and heresies among us, which, where all restraint is taken off, must of necessity grow to the highest pitch that the devil himself can raise such a Babel to; so that there shall not be one bold ring-leading knave or fool who shall have the confidence to set up a new sect, but shall find proselytes enough to wear his name, and list themselves under his banner; of which the Quakers are a demonstration past dispute. And then what a vast party of this poor deluded people must of necessity be drawn after these impostors!"

It is needless to say, that knaves and impostors will always exist in religion as in every thing else, whether they are tolerated or not.—And fools will follow them, and stupid multitudes will listen, whose pious ravings it would be as absurd to attempt to curb by law, as it is impossible to regulate by reason. Amidst all the vehemence and strong prejudice which this sermon displays, the good sense of the author is often most conspicuous. The Papacy, he says, grew, by taking advantage of grants and favours, like courtesy passed into claim, and what was got by petition was held by prerogative.

"Thus grew the Papacy, and by the same ways will also grow other sects,"—and yet sects must grow by other ways, such for instance as persecution—what follows is worthy of notice: "For there is a Papacy in *every* sect or faction; they

all design the very same height or greatness, though the Pope alone hitherto has had the wit and fortune to confess it." So we shall always have a Papacy and a Pope: we must commend the Doctor's discernment in this at least, for though "Old Reynard the Pope" has parted with his claims and prerogative, they are not lost, but only transferred to others,—one word about the poor conforming Puritans, "whose souls the devil fished for, and his bait was the black indulgence."—*(Old Mortality.)* They were hated by the rigid Sectarians,—they were despised and suspected by the true sons of the Church.—And if you would have the conforming Puritan described by one who hated him sincerely, see this sermon.—Page 553, vol. 5.

Many of South's sermons were preached on particular public occasions, and were full of allusions to the passing and important events of the period—many are plain, practical discourses, much more calculated for the pulpit and the improvement of his hearers than his violent political declamations. Of the value of his discussions on doctrinal points we do not feel competent to pronounce an opinion: they seem to contain an intelligible statement of his own sentiments, and may be satisfactory to those who wish to see one side of a question.—Towards the close of his life he was called on to vindicate his doctrines of the Trinity against the notions of Sherlock. The dispute, being on religious topics, was consequently long, loud, and furious, and continued till the King put an end to it by the exercise of that prerogative which South was too good a subject to dispute.

The beauty and power of scriptural language are recommended to us in the following extract from "the Scribe instructed." The reader will find something about Politian, which perhaps he did not know before.

"And then for the passions of the soul; which, being things of the highest transport, and most wonderful and various operations of human nature, are therefore the proper object and business of rhetoric. Let us take a view how the Scripture expresses the most noted and powerful of them. And here, what poetry ever paralleled Solomon in his description of love, as to all the ways, effects, and extasies, and little tyrannies of that commanding passion. 'Love is strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave.' And then for his description of beauty, he describes that so that he even transcribes it into her expressions. And where do we read such strange risings and fallings, now the faintings and languishings, now the terrors and astonishments of despair venting themselves in such high amazing strains as in the Psalms?—Or where did we ever find sorrow flowing forth in such a natural prevailing pathos, as in the Lamentations of Jeremy? One would think, that every letter was wrote with a tear, every word was the noise of a breaking heart,—that the author was a man

compacted of sorrows, disciplined to grief from his infancy; one, who never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in a groan. So that he, Politian, who said he would not read the Scripture for fear of spoiling his style, shewed himself as much a blockhead as an atheist."

There is a curious sermon on the state of Adam in Paradise: it displays a most lively imagination, and contains some new and pleasing thoughts. Parts may be considered beautiful, but they are not adapted for selection: they are almost buried in the rubbish of bad metaphysics and puerile conceits.

The sermon, on Proverbs xvi. 33, (The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal of it is of the Lord,) is full of good sense and forcible expression: it is on the common and daily occurrences of human life, its changes and its fortunes,—subjects which South had studied and reflected on. The following extract is taken from it:—

"The sun shines in his full brightness, but the very moment before he passes under a cloud, who knows what a day, what an hour—nay, what a minute may bring forth? He who builds upon the present, builds on the narrow compass of a point; and where the foundation is so narrow, the superstructure cannot be high and strong too.

"Is a man confident of his present health and strength?—why, an unwholesome blast of air, a cold, or a surfeit took by chance, may shake in pieces his hardy fabrick,—and, in spite of all his youth and vigour, send him, in the very flower of his years, pining and drooping to his long home. Nay, he cannot, with any assurance, so much as step out of doors, but, unless God commissions his protecting angel to bear him up in his hands, he may dash his foot against a stone and fall, and in that fall breathe his last.

"Is a man confident of his estate, wealth, and power?—why, let him read of those strange unexpected dissolutions of the great monarchies and governments of the world—governments that once made such a noise, and looked so big in the eyes of mankind; as being founded upon the deepest counsels and strongest force; and yet, by some slight miscarriage or cross accident, which let in ruin and desolation upon them at first, are now so utterly extinct, that nothing remains of them but a name.

"No man can rationally account himself secure, unless he could command all the chances of the world; but how could he command them, when he cannot so much as number them? Possibilities are as infinite as God's power: and whatever may come to pass, no man can certainly conclude shall not come to pass."

The following is a good specimen of South's vehement and powerful declamation. He is speaking of those who charged the church of England with Popery and superstition:—

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"May the great, the just, and the eternal God, judge between the church of England and those men who have charged it with Popery; who have called the nearest and truest copy of primitive Christianity, superstition; and the most detestable instances of schism and sacrilege, reformation; and, in a word, done all that they could, both from the pulpit and press, to divide, shake, and confound the purest and most apostolically reformed church in the Christian world: and all this, by the venomous gibberish of a few paltry phrases instilled into the minds of the furious, whimsical, ungoverned multitude, who have ears to hear, without either heads or hearts to understand.

"For I tell you again, that it was the treacherous cant and misapplication of those words:—Popery, superstition, reformation, tender conscience, persecution, moderation, and the like, as they have been used by a pack of designing hypocrites, (who believed not one word of what they said, and laughed within themselves at those who did,) that put this poor church into such a flame heretofore, as burnt it down to the ground, and will infallibly do the same to it again, if the providence of God and the prudence of man does not timely interpose between her and the villainous arts of such incendiaries."

And the long prayers of the fanatics he dismisses in the same bold unqualified terms:—

"I do not in the least question, but the chief design of such as use the extempore way is to amuse the unthinking rabble with an admiration of other gifts; their whole devotion proceeding from no other principle, but only a love to hear themselves talk. And, I believe, it would put Lucifer himself hard to it, to out-vie the pride of one of those fellows pouring out his extempore stuff among his ignorant, whining, factious followers, listening to and applauding his copious flow and cant, with the ridiculous accents of their impertinent groans. And the truth is, extempore prayer, even when best and most dexterously performed, is nothing else but a business of invention and wit, (such as it is), and requires no more to it, but a teeming imagination, a bold front, and a ready expression; and deserves much the same commendation (were it not in a matter too serious to be sudden upon) which is due to extempore verses,—only with this difference, that there is necessary to those latter a competent measure of wit and learning; whereas, the former may be done with very little wit and no learning at all."

"He who trusteth on his own heart is a fool."—This was the result of a king's experience, one of the wisest philosophers that has adorned the royal brotherhood. We will give the concluding part of South's comment on the monarch's remark.—

"And thus I have given an account of some of those deceits and

fallacies which the heart of man is circumvented by; and God knows, that it is but some of many. For infinite are the impostures that lie couched in the depths and recesses of this hollow and fallacious thing. So that all that I have said is but a paraphrase, and that an imperfect one, upon that full text of the prophet Jeremy—'That the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?'—It is a depth never to be fathomed, and a mystery never to be thoroughly understood.

"Now the imputation of being a fool is a thing which mankind of all others is the most impatient of, it being a blot upon the prime and specific perfection of human nature, which is reason;—a perfection which both governs and adorns all the rest. For so far as a man is a fool, he is defective in that very faculty which discriminates him from a brute; upon which account, one would think, that this very charge of folly should make men cautious, how they listen to the treacherous proposals coming out of their own bosoms, lest they perish with a load of dishonor added to that of their destruction. For if it is imaginable, that there can be a misery greater than damnation, it is this, to be damned for being a fool."

As a good judge of men and manners, and a careful observer of human life, South deserves the highest praise. He seldom attempts the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, in which he did not excel: his business was with the broad realities of life. We have a sermon on the text, "Wo unto them that call evil good and good evil," &c. Herein we find fully developed the mighty influence of prejudices, and fashions and names, which absolutely govern the unthinking part of mankind, and exert a tyrannical sway over those who are bold enough to think for themselves. The chances and uncertainties of mortal life, the hair-breadth escapes from danger and death, the accidents and coincidences, on which all worldly happiness and honors depend, are subjects which must for ever be interesting to man, and form the best part of his philosophy. The noblest study is that of the human mind, and human life: that wisdom that it ought to teach is the means of acquiring happiness. To show that the low and contemptible things of the earth often govern the great and exalted, to teach man reasonable diffidence and modesty, to discourage unbounded hopes and expectations, to cherish noble and honorable aspirations, and to make his fellow-creatures wiser and better; to do this was the useful and honorable object of this excellent teacher. He thought, no doubt, he had said a witty thing, who called South's discourses not "Sunday, but week-day sermons;" his meaning was, we presume, if he had any, that they were written too much for worldly every-day affairs; a charge, which a very numerous class of sermon-makers have no cause to fear, who write for no day at all. South's sermons are

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adapted to all readers and all days; they contain innumerable thoughts and reflections which are true and striking, though not always the most obvious to a common thinker: and this is an unequivocal mark of a good writer. From him we might form a collection of useful maxims, in which sentiments the most profound and just are delivered in language the most expressive and correct.

Our modern divines, we think, must profit by a perusal of these discourses: they would serve as a corrective to the cloying insipidity of those unseasoned hashes which are served up by most unskilful cooks. The Doctor could recommend the practice of virtue by all the arts of persuasion, and by all the arguments which were appropriate to his hearers: with a noble sense of duty he discoursed of virtue (*vide* Sermon iv. vol. 1.) before an unprincipled monarch and a dissolute court; but their ears were shut to the words of wisdom. His sincerity we cannot doubt, for he constantly refused preferment, contented with a college living and a prebendal stall.

His faults, like his virtues, were many and great. His intolerant and persecuting spirit we have before had occasion to notice: words were the only weapons his profession allowed him to use, but he wielded them with a terrible vigor and effect. Doubtless he would have fought with the same spirit that he wrote; for during Monmouth's rebellion, he declared he was ready, if there should be occasion, to change his black gown for a buff coat. To his detested enemies, the Papists and Puritans, he could show no mercy, and allow no virtue. Milton, with him, is "the blind adder, who spit venom on the king's person;" Cromwell is "Baal," a "bankrupt beggary fellow, who entered the parliament-house with a threadbare, torn cloak, and greasy hat, and perhaps neither of them paid for;" and Sir Henry Vane, "that worthy knight, who was executed on Tower Hill." His crying sin was the contrivance of the covenant; and for this South could triumph over his unjust condemnation.

Satire, ridicule, and invective, he poured forth in a copious and continuous stream; but he was often carried away by the violence of the torrent, which he could neither direct nor restrain. He would always step aside to have a blow at the Schismatics, to slily insinuate some article of his political creed, something about prerogative, or occasionally relieve himself by a discharge from his unexhaustible fund of wit and humour. This humour often bordered on grossness and indelicacy, and his wit certainly betrayed him into expressions certainly improper, if not profane. What he could not confute by argument, he would overcome by ridicule. He well knew the value of Horace's maxim—

" Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

Forced conceits, unnatural metaphors, absurd similies, turgid and verbose language, occasionally disfigure the pages of South. But we will, as is usual, charge these faults on the times in which he lived, and attribute to his own good sense and ingenuity the numerous beauties he possesses. It may perhaps be objected to some of his sermons that they contain too many divisions and subdivisions, and that order leads to confusion: but all the heads of his discourse are fully examined and discussed; and the infinite variety and fulness of the man's understanding and imagination led him often to crowd into one short sermon what a modern book-maker would diffuse over a folio.

It would be easy to select from these sermons innumerable passages to confirm the observations that have been made. But where excellence is the characteristic mark, and faults are thinly scattered, it is almost impossible by extracts to do justice to the former, and to sift out the latter would be an invidious and unpleasant task. However, in some future number, we shall attempt this part of our duty; for, though a collection of remarkable passages may not convey an adequate idea of this vigorous preacher, yet, by a paper so formed, we shall be able to communicate a knowledge of him and his works, which might not reach many of our readers by any other channel. His sermons, indeed, to be properly appreciated, ought to be carefully studied; and we may venture to say that the labour will not be unprofitable: they bear the unequivocal stamp, which a peculiar turn of mind and a great genius cannot fail to impress. The copious and energetic language of South might serve to invigorate the well-turned and rounded sentences of many a modern scribbler, which fall softly on the ear, but have not strength to penetrate further. The man of business and active life, who has occasion to state to others what he knows himself, might be supplied from this storehouse with all the necessary stock of words and all the clearness of expression; and, if inclination prompted or circumstances required, he might from the same magazine arm himself with the weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, invective, and abuse. It is no pedantry to say that we observe considerable resemblance between the style of South and the manner of a great Athenian orator; and it is not surprising that there should be a similarity between two men of ardent temperament, who on all subjects thought clearly and expressed themselves forcibly: both were men of strong common sense, who were deeply interested in the business in which they were engaged; both waged a long and continued warfare with enemies whom they hated, and both had to support them the command of a mighty and powerful language.

ART. VI.—*Arthur Mervyn, a Tale. By* Charles Brockden Brown. *New York,* 1799.

During those unnatural times, when we and our brethren of the New World were mutually endeavouring to exterminate each other from the face of a world which was wide enough for both—(we do not now seek to examine into the justice of that quarrel), much accusation and recrimination passed between us, which reflected but little credit on either party. We, on our parts, showered down upon the Americans the most unqualified abuse; and they retorted with threats and gasconading, which they would never, probably, have made use of had they not been stimulated into a more than ordinary self-respect by the groundless exaggerations of our political writers. Among the sins and errors laid to the charge of the republicans are these—that they *are* republicans; that they are vainboasters; that they are scoffers at all things established; that they want courtesy in manners, refinement in art, and learning. But, it must be observed, that, while it is said that they are deficient in the virtues or accomplishments of refined states, there is no statement that they are also somewhat deficient in their vices. This is not fair dealing: for, however excusable it might have been when we were at war with our old friends, it should not taint our present intercourse with them. And, indeed, *patriotism* (if that be the word) should at *no* time be suffered to operate against the interests of learning. It is neither high philosophy nor good sense to admit political prejudice, at *any* time, into our discussions upon general literature. With respect to the peculiar deficiency attributed to our transatlantic friends, and their probable amendment,—let us talk over the matter impartially.

The advantages which America possesses in the way of a fertile soil, a free government, and a wide dominion, with the prospect of extending it over a prodigious space, must, we think, be obvious to most people. However the jealousies of rival states may affect to question this apparent truth, or the blind anger of the mother-country refuse to see it, yet, we apprehend, the position is too firm and undoubted to require either a moment's illustration or argument.

We do not profess to be prophets; but, claiming some of the benefits of experience which belong to adversity, and knowing something of the vicissitudes which attach even to kings and kingdoms, we may venture, without much presumption, to foretel the coming greatness of America. No man, indeed, at all familiar with the turns and chances of empire, can look upon the people of the New World and their broad fine country,

without anticipating in some degree the course of the history which is to commemorate their future greatness. We accuse them of want of refinement; and the accusation is perhaps in some degree true; but it is at least doubtful whether the point of refinement which the Americans have touched is approaching towards splendour or decay; and we should perhaps consider this question a little, before we give ourselves up to unrestrained contempt. The Tyrians, the Carthaginians, the republicans of Venice, the more famous Greeks, the Romans, were not, any of them, when in their strength, a people eminently refined. They had bold hearts, and stout sinews; and with these they fought their way up the steep road of fame. They looked at riches, and power, and wide kingdoms, as the *end* and crowning object of their labours. They battled for their generations to come. They obtained all that they wished —riches, power, and *refinement;* and it was under the weight of these acquisitions that their children were born and languished. What had braced the spirits of their fathers to gain, cost them a world of trouble to dissipate. The eagles begat daws (or doves, it matters not)—weak creatures, which fell and were extinguished, like the last sparks in a train of glory. Rome and Greece, Assyria, and Babylon, and Carthage, were undermined, and not overwhelmed. The ruin that came upon them was not from above; but it sprung up from a healthy strength which they had trodden down and despised—from servants, or from strangers. They boasted, and traded; they amassed gold; they blazed in jewels, and rolled in luxuries. They stood on the pyramid of their fathers' fame, and looked down, like Vathek, on the seemingly diminutive creations below. They did not (so small was their philosophy) consider that distance acts *reciprocally* both as to size and respect. Even the clown, although he wonders at, does not venerate the courtier. The people of the Old World could not comprehend this principle of optics; but they went on, rioting, and boasting, and gilding their poor vanities, and pampering their selfish tyranny at the expense of millions; till, at last, their sciences, and arts, and "*refinements,*" their Arabian odours and Apician luxuries, went to rack, and were crumbled to dust on the first onset of slaves or barbarian foes.

We are disposed to maintain, at present, that the "literature" of America is beginning to assume a better and somewhat peculiar character. It is not like the efforts of a young language, breaking out into poetry and fiction. It is neither rude nor refined, pastoral, sylvan, nor romantic. But it has something of the taint of civilization about it (if we may so express ourselves), something of the vulgarity which be-

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longs to cities, but beginning fast to mix with the healthy freshness of the woods and waters into which American society is gradually spreading.

It was neither a refined nor a barbarous people who went forth to colonize the Indian states. The red men, the old possessors, were not ejected by force, nor vanquished by the benefits or luxuries of a single nation; but they yielded, step by step, to the encroachments of different people,—friends and foes, navigators, traders, soldiers, Quakers, and others. Had the Indians been overcome by any *one* military or naval power, or had they been gradually won over to English or French refinement, the effect would have been necessarily different. They would have grown up as an ordinary colony, and thrived with the literature of their parent state; but, as it was, there was a Babel of tongues, and, as a consequence, a stagnation of ideas. The people could scarcely be expected to cultivate poetry, and rhetoric, and philosophy, with success, in half a dozen different languages; and there was no language so entirely predominant as to justify the extinction of the rest. It is true, that our own may be considered as the most prevalent; but there are also large inundations of emigrants from other countries, who brought their own peculiar dialects with them. The French settled in Quebec, the Dutch in New York, the British in Virginia, the Swedes on the Delaware, and, in 1681, Pennsylvania was granted by "royal charter" to William Penn and his colony of Quakers. The emigration of the other nations was sufficiently in the common course of events; but we are almost tempted to smile at this last quiet people venturing forth, under their excellent patriarch, to explore the wildernesses and mighty savannahs of the Northern America:—it is the only romance in their annals.

We are of opinion, that the reproaches which have been cast upon the literature of the Americans are not altogether deserved. Nevertheless, the defence which they have set up for themselves is, perhaps, as debateable as the attack that has been made upon them. It was the Abbé Raynal, we believe, who asserted that America had not produced a single man of genius. To this, Mr. Jefferson is reported to have said, in his capacity of President:—"When we shall have existed as a people as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakspeare and Milton; should this reproach be still true, we will inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded, that the other countries of Europe and quarters of the earth shall not have inscribed any name of ours on the roll of poets." This, as it appears to us, is an argument without a

foundation. One might almost suppose from this that the Americans were encumbered with a rude and imperfect language, or straitened by a meagre dialect; and that they had to fight their way through the intricacies of orthography, and to acquire the ordinary inversions of speech, like a people without ancestry or records. When the Egyptians possessed nothing but hieroglyphics, and the Mexicans nothing but pictures, this sort of reasoning might have been permitted to *them*. But the Americans have no claim to the benefit of their own argument. American literature is, in fact, *the literature of England*. It differs far less from our own than the Dorian music of Theocritus from the Ionic bacchanals of Anacreon. The verses of Mr. Bryant (the best of the American poets) come as assuredly from the "well of English undefiled," as the finer compositions of Mr. Wordsworth; indeed, the resemblance between the two living authors might justify a much more invidious parallel. It is quite idle to set up for America the benefit of a *young* language: she does not require it. She can stand upon her own ground even now; and it may be, that if we pursue our rivalry, we may (in some classes of literature) have, in the course of time, no such overwhelming cause for exultation.

The American writers seem, as we before hinted, to be taking a new turn in some of their works. They are emerging from their old matter-of-fact compositions, and now stand foot to foot with us, wearing the bold aspect of rivals. There is no knowing what this may lead to. The English tongue, thus transplanted, may flourish, and bear fruit all over the world. It would be curious if we, with our jumble of Saxon and Norman French, should in time spread, like an aurora borealis, over the whole horizon of literature. The Americans would then, perhaps, be less inclined than now to confess *us* as their origin. We must insist, however, on our position—that the American people stand, to all intents and purposes, on the same ground as ourselves. It might as well be contended that Homer was not a Greek, or Seneca a Latin, as to dispute the debt which America owes to our common speech. Why should she fritter away, in unprofitable distinctions, the bonds that should bind us together? The Americans, as a nation, (if they *will* have a separate claim,) have assuredly laboured under some disadvantages; and their literature has been retarded from the circumstance of their population having sprung up under different tongues. But this is at an end. They now use precisely the same language with ourselves, and have access (with but little drawback) to all the stores of English literature. Let us for a moment observe how different was the position of other nations. The Greeks possessed but the sixteen letters of Cadmus, and no records. The Romans had the benefit only of a *foreign* lan-

guage (the Greek,) which never became familiar with the people. The French had little beyond the ballads of their Troubadours, and even those sprung up amongst themselves; while the rude Norman tongue, which William introduced to us at the Conquest, altogether disturbed the current of our Saxon speech, without completely subduing it. None of these languages carried with them any train of literature, unless we except the Greek; but that was never naturalized on the Roman soil. It transferred ideas, but not words; and those only, in an advanced state of the Latin tongue, to her poets and philosophers. In their early ages none of those nations had the benefit which America possesses. They were the debtors of tradition only. It is speech which constitutes a language; but it is writings which form a literature. Without the power of recording words, there can be little improvement in any national tongue; for there can be no survey of its limits and defects.

Whatever progress America may have made in letters during the last thirty years, she will surpass, we suspect, in the years immediately to come. She has hitherto confined herself almost entirely to the "useful," in the narrow sense of the word, —to jurisprudence and science. In a country like the United States, where the classes of society remain to be formed, the comparative equality which exists reduces almost every individual to some profession or labour. It is only in more refined states, generally speaking, that *literature* can be cultivated. The useful must precede the ornamental; and the necessities of men must be satisfied before their luxuries. There may be, indeed, and there is, even in America, a small class of men, namely, the professors of science and morals, whose *business* it is to acquire (for the purposes of teaching) what it is the luxury of the multitude to learn. But even these persons invade the Paradise of poetry and fiction from no other impulse than a desire to subdue them to the mere purposes of "utility;" and that is not the spirit singly to generate poets and philosophers, nor to illuminate the renown of a country.

It has been said, that the stimulus to excellence is fame or honour, and that this "desirable honour" in America is only to be acquired in public office or at the bar. This is surely but a confined view of the subject. It is, in fact, little less than an apology for seeking only that sort of reputation which is attended with positive pecuniary profit. Men seek the bar *as a profession*,—as a means of livelihood. No one who has ever seen the forms of a court of justice, and knows the very few opportunities there are of displaying eloquence there, would ever be wild enough to adopt that pursuit merely with a view to distinction. It is the same with "public office." Besides, a man who seeks *fame* does not seek it in company with

profit. The love of fame is a finer and purer aspiration, and is seldom clogged by baser desires; in youth, *never*. We will assert, that no young man, when he first had the *mania* of literary ambition upon him, ever considered the profit that was to attend it. It is the *taste* of profit which seduces the author into coveting both the fruit and the unfading flower—both money and renown. His ambition must be poor indeed who limits his wishes to the "ignorant present," and to the return (whether in money or praise) which he can expect from it. After a time, indeed, when authorship becomes a *trade*, and the writer metes out his sentences or his verse under the hope of speedy remuneration, perhaps even the poet may have one eye to the stars and the other on the dust; and, while he aspires to earn a fame among the immortals, he may, like Mammon, admire the rich ore which veins the earth on which he treads. He may hope to reconcile both superstitions in his own grasping and ambitious person. But this degenerate ambition, this mixture of clay and heaven, will work no good; or, if occasional good should be struck out, it must be by some accidental collision, some jarring of the proud with the profitable;—or it may arise, perhaps, in some more unearthly moment, when the spirit of the stars predominates, and the constellation of poets and philosophers who have lived before us (and died) shall shine out as a beacon, or as an attractive light to witch their follower from the dust below.

Among statesmen and public orators, none have come down to us as famous, merely from the skill which they have displayed in petty disputes, whether between states or individuals. The dextrous lawyer or the wary politician may be celebrated among his cotemporaries, and he may be mentioned in history as a cunning advocate or a clever servant; but, in order to fill up the measure of a great ambition, he should advocate something more than petty quarrels or private interests. The questions which were agitated by Demosthenes and Cicero were often broad public questions of moral good, however the guise in which they appeared was national or temporary. It was not Athens against Philip; but the debate between tyranny and freedom. It was the battle of good and evil, of strength and weakness. There was a great general principle which the orator sought to maintain, a positive question which must influence the people of *all* times; and his ingenuity was not perverted nor his strength wasted upon petty personal subjects, whose interests must expire the hour in which he spoke. No doubt it is necessary that there should be advocates and orators for all questions, private and temporary; but these are not the men to make a literature, nor, so long as they *confine* themselves

to those questions, to lift their country or themselves into lofty and enduring distinction.

It has been argued more than once, and with some show of reason, we confess, that the liberty and equality which prevail through all conditions of people in the United States, *must* be necessarily favourable to its literature. Certainly the tendency of men *is* towards rank and distinctions of one sort or another: and the argument is plausible, which insists that the absence of titles, and ribands, and such "small gear," must throw the ambition of a people into other and more honourable channels. Yet, after all, we must take leave to consult experience; and from that we assuredly do not collect that equality of condition is particularly favourable to learning. There was scarcely even a dawn of Roman literature before the tyranny of the empire began. The "golden" age of our Elizabeth was, as far as regarded the great mass of Englishmen, any thing but free; and the reign of Louis XIV. of France was a gilded masque, in which the base subserviency of the nobles to the king was surpassed only by the slavish spirit with which *they* were worshipped by the millions of people below. Yet, in the times we speak of, Horace and Virgil, Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, Moliere, Voltaire, and Rousseau, grew up. They—at least those of the later ages, were not in their nature parasite plants; yet they flourished in the soil of tyranny, and sunned themselves in the approbation of queens and despots. The truth, perhaps, is, that intellect is more often *stung* to a sense of power, than *nursed* into strength. The speeches of Demosthenes were not a consequence of the liberty of Athens, but of the overbearing power of Philip. The caustic wit of Voltaire was fed by the vicious tyrannies and despicable vanities of the court of France; and he rose to the stature of a giant *in exile*. Rousseau saw the vices of his country,—its enormous inequalities, its hideous diseases—and distilled his burning sentences with a view to cauterize the general ill. Milton was nursed in the cradle of oppression; and, after throwing off the "Comus," (that fine fever of his youth,) he penned his magnificent "defence of the people of England," and rose afterwards on soaring wings to the "heaven of heaven" of poetry. Even Shakspeare himself, the most wonderful of all the creations of the earth, basked in the sickly smiles of a despotic queen, who never can be supposed to have appreciated his merit if she let pass the opportunity of rewarding it. *That* was reserved for Lord Southampton to do, *and he did it;* and Elizabeth—our "good queen Bess," (who has been too much confounded with *her age*, and over-praised), was left to bestow what she could spare from her person, on courtiers, and gallants, and sycophants, and, in a

word, on those who could extract, by some desperate alchemy of the fancy, the bloom of a goddess out of the wrinkles and sallow aspect of a faded coquette.

But to return.—We have already said that the occupation of the Americans has formed some impediment to their progress in literature. Yet we do not mean to give in to the ordinary error. It is the *quantity*, and not the *quality* of their labour, that operates against them. Few men seek literature solely as a profession. It is generally a relaxation from other employments, and what those employments are is not perhaps very material. In *our* history we do not find that all the best books have been written by idlers. Shakspeare was first an attendant at the theatre, and afterwards an actor; Milton was a schoolmaster, and then the secretary of Cromwell; Fielding was a magistrate; Smollett, Garth, Arbuthnot, and Akenside, were physicians; Defoe was a hosier; Swift was a parson; Congreve had a place in the customs; and finally, Burns was a gauger of ale and spirits, and was compelled (such was the taste of his patrons of Scotland) to clip the wings of his imagination, and plunge it "plummet deep" into the vats and abysses of all the breweries in his northern district.

At some future day we may possibly resume this subject: but at present we cannot afford room for any further discussion. We shall therefore content ourselves with giving a few short extracts from one or two of the American poets, and a couple of quotations from their novels, and then leave them to take their chance with our readers.

In respect to the poetry of our friends the Americans, little can at present be said. Their verses are too like our own to call for particular mention. Their principal writers of verse are, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Linn, (the brother-in-law, we believe, of Charles Brockden Brown), Mr. Pierpoint, Messrs. Maxwell, Eastburn, Dabney, &c. Mr. Allston, who has contrived to reconcile the two muses, of poetry and painting; and finally, the author of "Fanny," and Mr. William Cullen Bryant. Of these, the best are beyond doubt the two last. Mr. Paulding seems to be in high esteem with his contemporaries, and he probably deserves it. We can readily believe that he is a vigorous writer. Nevertheless, his *style* is at present much too laboured and artificial. Whatever power he may possess over thoughts, and however competent to satire, he has not the same sway over words; nor is the tendency of his language extremely poetical. We had marked a passage in his Back-Woodsman (the description of a storm) for extract, but we have for the present avoided it. Mr. Paulding incites his countrymen to cease copying the English, and perhaps this advice may be good. But why does he not also set them an

example? The style of his own verse is essentially *English*, and not English of the loftiest character. We do not say this in spleen, as of a person who has met with too much praise, but simply and sincerely. He may do much if he will: but whether he will do much while he disregards the great models in his *own* language (for what does he write but English?) must remain for the present a problem.

The "Columbiad" of Mr. Joel Barlow is of long standing, and has been already discussed. It is modelled after our writers of Queen Anne's time; as are also Mr. Pierpoint's "Airs of Palestine." Mr. Eastburn follows our modern writers in his octosyllabic verses. Mr. Linn is the disciple of Rogers and Campbell. The author of "Fanny" takes Beppo as his model; and Mr. Bryant, who stands certainly first upon the American Parnassus, copies the style of Lord Byron in his Spenserian poems, and in his blank verse reminds us at once both of Wordsworth and Cowper. The poem called "Fanny" is for the most part jocose; but we like the following serious stanzas better, we confess, than the author's humour, which, however, is *naïve* at times, if not very pungent.

"Weehawken! in thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

"Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

"Like the death music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

"In such an hour he turns, and on his view
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him;
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him;

The city bright below; and, far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

" Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

" Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were pass'd beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land."

Mr. Allston published, about ten years ago, in England, a little volume of poems, entitled—" *The Sylphs of the Seasons.*" The style of the principal poem reminds us often of some of Gray's odes. The Sylphs are supposed severally to address the poet, and to disclose the influences which they shed upon him. Among other things, the Sylph of the *Spring* says, that her enchantments operated upon him—

" ——— brooding o'er some forest rill,
Fringed with the early daffodil,
And quivering maiden hair;
When thou hast marked the dusky bed
With leaves and water-rust o'erspread,
That seemed an amber light to shed
On all was shadowed there.

" 'Twas I to these the magic gave,
That made thy heart, a willing slave,
To gentle nature bend;
And taught thee how with tree and flower,
In converse sweet to pass the hour,
As with an early friend."

There is something very agreeable in the conclusion of the last stanza. But Mr. Allston's sonnets are perhaps as good as any of his poems. There is one upon Michael Angelo's Last Judgment; one on that exquisite group of Raffaelle, representing the three angels appearing to Abraham;—one on the picture of Eolus, by Tibaldi, which (we mean the picture) we never could admire;—and lastly, a sonnet on the " Jacob's

dream" of Rembrandt. This picture, which we have often dwelt on when in the Dulwich gallery, is one of the grandest and most shadowy visions that ever visited the waking dreams of an artist. The sonnet is as follows:—

" As in that twilight superstitious age,
When all beyond the narrow grasp of mind
Seems fraught with meanings of supernal kind,
When e'en the learned philosophic sage,
Wont with the stars through boundless space to range,
Listened with reverence to the changeling's tale;
E'en so, thou strangest of all beings strange!
E'en so thy visionary scenes I hail;
That like the ramblings of an idiot's speech
No image giving of a thing on earth,
Nor thought significant in reason's reach,
Yet in their random shadowings give birth
To thoughts and things from other worlds that come,
And fill the soul and strike the reason dumb."

Our next extract is from an exceedingly pretty and graceful poem by Mr. Bryant; and is addressed "*To a Waterfowl.*"

" Whither 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

" Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong;
As, darkly pointed on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

" Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or maze of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chaf'd ocean side?

" There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

" All day the wings have fann'd
At that fair height, the cold thin atmosphere—
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near."

Mr. Bryant has also written a pleasant poem, entitled—"*Green River*," and another, "*Inscription for the Entrance into a Wood*" (this last reminds us, as we have said, both of Wordsworth and Cowper); we shall prefer, however, to our columns the following very striking passage from a poem called "*Thanatopsis.*"

> "Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
> Thy growth,—to be resolved to earth again,
> And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
> Thine individual being, shalt thou go
> To mix for ever with the elements,
> To be a brother to th' insensible rock,
> And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
> Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
> Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
> Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
> Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
> Couch more magnificent: thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
> The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
> Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
> Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between
> The venerable woods—rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green—and, poured round all,
> Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
> Are but the solemn decorations all
> Of the great tomb of man."

We now come to the prose writers. We shall speak merely of a few of those who have contributed to *general* literature, leaving science and the severer studies for future consideration. Among the latter, indeed, we cannot forbear glancing at Jonathan Edwards, who, as a metaphysician, has exhibited a faculty of reasoning so remarkable as to extract admiration from all persons conversant with the subject. His Essays on "The Will" and on "True Virtue" are in parts master-pieces of reasoning. His arguments are interwoven one with the other so completely, at times, as to defy the most envious analysis. They put us in mind of what is called "dove-tailing" more than any thing else that we know of in logic. They are a chain of which many links are absolutely indissoluble. Of the writers first referred to, the principal are—Mr. Washington Irving, Mr.

Charles Brockden Brown, Mr. Cooper, and the author of Koningsmarke; all which gentlemen are writers of prose fiction.

By the way,—if we may be allowed for a moment to throw a backward glance upon our subject,—we may observe that, in this walk of literature, the equality of the people of the New World becomes a positive disadvantage; for however favourable it may be to enterprize and unfettered thinking, and although it may nourish bold speculation, and be not adverse to the cultivation of science; yet, we think, that it must be held utterly unfavourable to writings of this description. Much of the merit of novels depends on a diversity and developement of character; and society must be divided and split into classes, before any great variety can exist. Where people are equal, the passions will show themselves as in all other states; but scarcely, we think, the follies: for these depend much on rank; on self-importance and servility; on wealth and poverty; and on the comparison which men make in their own minds, between their station and that of others. Something of this must of course exist in all states not absolutely savage: the lawyer and the doctor will pique themselves on being the representatives of liberal professions; the shoe-maker will value himself on his utility; and the school-master will degenerate into a dignity almost aristocratic; but still there will be less opportunity in republics than in monarchies for the foibles to flourish. Men will have fewer opportunities of exposing themselves, and novelists will lack matter in proportion.

The merits of Mr. Washington Irving have already been so often and so seriously insisted upon, that little remains for us to say. That he has great merit is undoubted; and that there is a pleasant amicable vein running through his writings, we are very ready to admit. It is this last ingredient that has neutralized the sharp spirit of criticism. He is, indeed, a very agreeable writer; but he has scarcely the *power* either of Charles Brockden Brown, or Mr. Cooper, or of the author of Koningsmarke. He is almost too polished for a native of the woods and savannahs: we look for something else, as the growth of the wilderness. He is not *national*, but English. The faded gentility of the last age can never be revived with effect: it is essentially dead. The delicate humour of Addison has betrayed many writers into an imitation of his style. He himself certainly had not too much energy, and was as assuredly deficient in imagination. His forte was a quiet humour, an unaffected pleasantry; but what was graceful in him, and touching from simplicity, becomes in most of his imitators vapid and dull. Mr. Washington Irving is, perhaps, the best of them; but we should scarcely call him a very masculine writer. His humour (which is the best part of his

genius) is neat and graceful; but his sketches of character are meagre, and his pathos is artificial and frail.

Charles Brockden Brown was the first writer of prose fiction of which America could boast. In his style, and in his treatment of subjects, *he* also is unquestionably English. He grounded himself upon the manner of Godwin, and followed the grand and gloomy track of that celebrated writer. Like him, Brown's object was to take a single human heart, and strip and anatomize it nerve by nerve; to cast his victim amongst appalling scenes and stirring passions; and in this he has in a great degree succeeded. But Brown had no power over character: he dealt only with events; that is to say, with sickness, and death, and peril; with hair-breadth escapes from tigers and savages; with depths, and rocks, and the boundless wilderness. The hero of his tale was merely an object set up to connect these things, or make them probable. In himself he was often little better than a phantasma or a madman. Yet, although Brown cast his stories in the same general moulds as those used by the author of Caleb Williams and St. Leon, his details of circumstances are different; and his descriptions of nature are perhaps more vivid and true. Indeed, his talent for stirring the expectation of the reader, and keeping his anxiety alive from first to last, throughout some hazardous encounter, or mysterious event, can scarcely be paralleled in the history of fiction. His portraits also of American life are absolutely alarming:—they are bare, comfortless, uncivilized. We see the rafters, the coarse dress, the little hoard of corn, the poor cottage built hastily of logs; and on the outside we hear the howling of wolves and panthers, the rustling of the rattle-snake, and the quiet tramp of the murderous savages going on their way to execute some hideous revenge. We look for the walls of a town, and the poor-house, as a refuge against violence and want. It is not solely, however, in woods and huts that Brown luxuriates: he takes us often into cities, and makes us amends with fevers and assassinations for the forest wonders which we have left behind. Nothing can be more uninviting than his descriptions of American society: yet we remark that there is little of what is mean or time-serving, little of the fantastic humours, to be found in his stories; and this is so far well, though unamusing. We are told that society in the United States has altered very considerably since the time in which Brown wrote (about thirty years ago); and we can readily suppose the fact. Upon the whole, this author may be considered as one of the best writers of romantic narrative (we give up character) that the present age has produced. There is scarcely any one, indeed, who is so eloquent as he often times is; and not one who can excite such breathless

apprehension, or so sublime a solitary fact. The only incidents that can be compared with those of Brown are—the scene under the cliffs in the "Antiquary," and that between the two ladies and the panthers in the "Pioneers." As a specimen of Brown's style, we shall give one of the scenes from Arthur Mervyn.

Mervyn and Welbeck (his patron), it must be owned, stand somewhat in the same relation to each other as Caleb Williams and Falkland; but the character of the patrons differ, and they are animated altogether by different impulses. Falkland is the more original, and certainly the best; but some of the scenes painted by the disciple would not disgrace his master. There is an energy of language about them, a terrible expectation raised; and the incidents, if they tend somewhat towards the improbable, are soul-stirring and eloquently described. There are few things in romance which produce so extreme an interest in the reader, as the interview between Welbeck and Mervyn, during the period of the plague. Mervyn is wandering about under the influence of that frightful disease, when he arrives at the steps of Welbeck's door, and there he sinks with fatigue. The dread of the horrors of the hospital, added to the idea of Welbeck's dwelling being abandoned, tempts him to seek shelter in his enemy's house. He enters accordingly, and occupies the bed-chamber of Welbeck. Mervyn is at this time in possession of a a large treasure (in bank notes), which he hoards with the intention of giving it to the proprietor, who is an orphan girl, wheresoever he can find her. This treasure the desperate Welbeck had long sought for in vain. Accident had given it to Mervyn, who (dying, as he supposes, of the plague, and in a desolate house) resolves to enclose it in a paper, and address it to some well-known and benevolent man. At this moment, Welbeck himself, who was supposed to be dead, is discovered. This is the account of the meeting:—

"Welbeck's countenance and gesture displayed emotions too vehement for speech. The glances that he fixed upon me were unsteadfast and wild. He walked along the floor, stopping at each moment, and darting looks of eagerness upon me. A conflict of passions kept him mute. At length, advancing to the bed, on the side of which I was now sitting, he addressed me—

"'What is this?—Are you here?—In defiance of pestilence, are you actuated by some demon to haunt me like the ghost of my offences, and cover me with shame?—What have I to do with that dauntless, yet guileless front—with that foolishly confiding and obsequious, yet erect and unconquerable spirit?—Are there no means of evading your pursuit?—Must I dip my hands a second time in blood, and dig for you a grave by the side of Watson?'

"These words were listened to with calmness. I suspected and

pitied the man, but I did not fear him. His words and his looks were indicative less of cruelty than madness. I looked at him with an air compassionate and wistful. I spoke with mildness and composure.

"'Mr. Welbeck, you are unfortunate and criminal.—Would to God I could restore you to happiness and virtue! But though my desire be strong, I have no power to change your habits, or rescue you from misery.

"'I believed you to be dead. I rejoice to find myself mistaken. While you live, there is room to hope that your errors will be cured; and the turmoils and inquietudes that have hitherto beset your guilty progress, will vanish by your reverting into better paths.

"'From me you have nothing to fear. If your welfare will be promoted by my silence on the subject of your history, my silence shall be inviolate.

"'Death is the inevitable and universal lot. When or how it comes, is of little moment. To stand when so many thousands are falling around me, is not to be expected.—I have acted a humble and obscure part in the world, and my career has been short; but I murmur not at the decree that makes it so.

"'The pestilence is now upon me. The chances of recovery are too slender to deserve my confidence. I came hither to die unmolested, and at peace. All I ask of you is to consult your own safety by immediate flight; and not to disappoint my hopes of concealment, by disclosing my condition to the agents of the hospital.'

"Welbeck listened with the deepest attention: the wildness of his air disappeared, and gave place to perplexity and apprehension.

"'You are sick,' said he, in a tremulous tone, in which terror was mingled with affection; 'you know this, and expect not to recover. Nor mother, nor sister, nor friend, will be near to administer food, or medicine, or comfort;—yet you can talk calmly, can be thus considerate of others—of me, whose guilt has been so deep, and who has merited so little at your hands!

"'Wretched coward!—Thus miserable as I am, and expect to be, I cling to life. To comply with your heroic counsel, and to fly—to leave you thus desolate and helpless, is the strongest impulse. Fain would I resist it, but cannot.'"

He hurries to the door, but there hesitates.

"'Whither should I fly?—The wide world contains no asylum for me. I lived but on one condition. I came hither to find what would save me from ruin—from death. I find it not. It has vanished. Some audacious and fortunate hand has snatched it from its place, and now my ruin is complete. My last hope is extinct!

"'Yes, Mervyn, I will stay with you!—I will hold your head—I will put water to your lips—I will watch night and day by your side. When you die, I will carry you by night to the neighbouring field—will bury you, and water your grave with those tears that are due to your incomparable worth and untimely destiny. Then I will lay myself in your bed, and wait for the same oblivion.'"

He accordingly remains, and relates the story of his escape from the river. (He had plunged into the water for the purpose of suicide; but when there, was unable to adhere to his resolution, and being a good swimmer, attained the shore.) Besides this, he speaks also of other events, and among the rest, of the treasure which had escaped his search. It had been placed by Lodi, the former owner, in a book; and that book and its contents had been discovered by Mervyn, who now speaks—

"'Cannot you conjecture in what way this volume has disappeared?'

"'No,' he answered, with a sigh.—Why, of all his volumes, this only should have vanished, was an inexplicable enigma.

"'Perhaps,' said I, 'it is less important to know how it was removed, than by whom it is now possessed.'

"'Unquestionably:—and yet, unless that knowledge enables me to regain the possession, it will be useless.'

"'Useless then it will be; for the present possessor will never return it to you.'

"'Indeed!' replied he in a tone of dejection; 'your conjecture is most probable. Such a prize is of too much value to be given up.'

"'What I have said flows not from conjecture, but from knowledge. I know that it will never be restored to you.'

"At these words Welbeck looked at me with anxiety and doubt.

"'You *know* that it will not!—Have you any knowledge of the book?—Can you tell me what has become of it?'

"'Yes.—After our separation on the river, I returned to this house. I found this volume, and secured it. You rightly suspected its contents—the money was there.'

"Welbeck started as if he had trodden on a mine of gold. His first emotion was rapturous, but was immediately chastised by some degree of doubt.—'What has become of it? Have you it? Is it entire? Have you it with you?'

"'It is unimpaired. I have it, and shall hold it as a sacred trust for the rightful proprietor.'

"The tone with which this declaration was accompanied, shook the new-born confidence of Welbeck.—'The rightful proprietor! true; but I am he. To me only it belongs; and to me you are, doubtless, willing to restore it.'

"'Mr. Welbeck, it is not my desire to give you perplexity or anguish—to sport with your passions. On the supposition of your death, I deemed it no infraction of justice to take this manuscript. Accident unfolded its contents. I could not hesitate to choose my path. The natural and legal successor of Vincentio Lodi is his sister. To her, therefore, this property belongs, and to her only will I give it.'

"'Presumptuous boy! and this is your sage decision. I tell you that I am the owner, and to me you shall render it! Who is this girl?—childish and ignorant!—unable to consult and act for herself on the most trivial occasion. Am I not, by the appointment of her dying

brother, her protector and guardian? Her age produces a legal incapacity of property. Do you imagine that so obvious an expedient as that of procuring my legal appointment as her guardian, was overlooked by me? If it were neglected, still my title to provide her subsistence and enjoyment is unquestionable.

"'Did I not rescue her from poverty, and prostitution, and infamy? Have I not supplied all her wants with incessant solicitude? Whatever her condition required has been plenteously supplied. This dwelling and its furniture was hers, as far as a rigid jurisprudence would permit. To prescribe her expenses, and govern her family, was the province of her guardian.

"'You have heard the tale of my anguish and despair. Whence did they flow but from the frustration of schemes projected for her benefit, as they were executed with her money, and by means which the authority of her guardian fully justified? Why have I encountered this contagious atmosphere, and explored my way, like a thief, to this recess, but with a view to rescue her from poverty, and restore to her her own?'"

The arguments of Welbeck are of no avail. Mervyn still keeps possession of the money, and the passions of his enemy are roused. He has sufficient command over himself, however, to forbear from violence; and his countenance gradually sinks from anger into sadness. Mervyn is lying on his sick bed watching the paroxysms of Welbeck, who mutters—

"'Yes; it must come—my last humiliations must cover me—my last confession must be made! To die, and leave behind me this train of enormous perils must not be!

"'Oh Clemenza! Oh Mervyn! ye have not merited that I should leave you a legacy of persecution and death. Your safety must be purchased at whatever price my malignant destiny will set upon it. The cord of the executioner, the note of everlasting infamy, is better than to leave you beset by the consequences of my guilt. It must not be!'

"Saying this, Welbeck cast fearful glances at the windows and door. He examined every avenue, and listened. Thrice he repeated this scrutiny. Having, as it seemed, ascertained that no one lurked within audience, he approached the bed. He put his mouth close to my face. He attempted to speak, but once more examined the apartment with suspicious glances.

"He drew closer; and at length, in a tone scarcely articulate, and suffocated with emotion, he spoke—'Excellent but fatally obstinate youth! know at least the cause of my importunity—know at least the depth of my infatuation and the enormity of my guilt!

"'The bills—surrender them to me, and save yourself from persecution and disgrace. Save the woman, whom you wish to benefit, from the blackest imputations—from hazard to her life and her fame—from languishing in dungeons—from expiring on the gallows!——

"'The bills—Oh save me from the bitterness of death!—Let the evils to which my miserable life has given birth terminate here, and in myself!—Surrender them to me, for——'

"There he stopped. His utterance was choked by terror. Rapid glances were again darted at the windows and door. The silence was uninterrupted except by distant sounds, produced by some moving carriage. Once more he summoned resolution, and spoke—

"'Surrender them to me, for—*they are forged!*'

He is proceeding with his disclosure, when noises are heard in the street, and afterwards on the stairs of the house. Welbeck hurries to the door, and Mervyn (in order to save Welbeck from the penalties of forgery) seizes the notes, which were under his pillow, lights them, and throws them blazing on the floor.

"The sudden illumination was perceived by Welbeck. The cause of it appeared to suggest itself as soon. He turned, and marking the paper where it lay, leaped to the spot and extinguished the fire with his foot. His interposition was too late: only enough of them remained to inform him of the nature of the sacrifice.

"Welbeck now stood with limbs trembling, features aghast, and eyes glaring upon me. For a time he was without speech. The storm was gathering in silence, and at length burst upon me. In a tone menacing and loud, he exclaimed—

"'Wretch! what have you done?'

"'I have done justly. These notes were false. You were desirous of destroying them, that they might not betray the innocent. I applauded your purpose, and have saved you from the danger of temptation by destroying them myself.'

"'Maniac!—miscreant!—to be fooled by so gross an artifice!—The notes were genuine! The tale of their forgery was false, and meant only to wrest them from you!—Execrable and perverse idiot! your deed has sealed my perdition:—it has sealed your own. You shall pay for it by your own blood! I will slay you by inches! I will stretch you as you have stretched me—on the rack!'"

Welbeck rushes upon him, and is in the act of overpowering him, when noises are heard at the door, and Mervyn is rescued from his grasp.

We have been compelled to break the interest of the narrative, in order to accommodate it to the space which we could spare; but, even broken and disjointed as it is, the reader will probably agree with us, that it betrays marks of no ordinary hand.—Brown was not without his faults. He was defective, generally speaking, in the construction of his plots. His story turns too entirely on one character, and the events are sometimes improbable; but he has redeeming points,—a stern masculine eloquence, and apparent sincerity of purpose, a plain

dealing with events (if we may so speak), and occasionally scenes of overwhelming interest.

Mr. Cooper, the author of *The Pioneers*, is a young man of high and undoubted talent. There is a freshness and vivid beauty in some of his scenes, which may challenge competition with *any* writer of the present day. He is much more dramatic than Brown; but he has not the same power over the passions, and scarcely the same burning and impetuous strength of narration. He deals pleasantly with men, and brings out their peculiarities, their vices, their foibles, and graceful distinctions; while Brown, on the other hand, is content with the passions alone; but these he traces to their root, or spreads abroad in all their florid grandeur. The fault of both writers is that they make too much for *points;* and it is more particularly the fault of Mr. Cooper. His spirit lies tame sometimes for half a volume, and then springs up fevered and irritable, and pushes an incident to the very verge of our belief.

Besides these writers, there is also another author of considerable promise; namely, the author of "*Koningsmarke, or the Long Finne.*" He does not tell a story particularly well, nor is he so expert in the display of character as Mr. Cooper; but there is quite as much spirit in his style, and incomparably more wit than in any American book that we have yet seen.—These last named gentlemen are our contemporaries, and, as Retrospective Reviewers, we shall refrain from doing more than justifying, by one extract, our encomiums on Mr. Cooper. Two young ladies are wandering in a forest, adjoining one of the new inland settlements of America.

"They proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature; when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"'Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?'

"'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. 'Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

"Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried—

"'Look at the dog!'

"Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when

his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'

"At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

"'What does he see?' said Elizabeth: 'there must be some animal in sight.'

"Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

"There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encourage their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"'Courage, Brave!' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; "courage, courage, good Brave!'

"A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.—Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

"All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the

movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as they commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

"Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate, and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

"Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatening blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant; when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lash-

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ing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

"Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"'Hist! hist!' said a low voice; 'stoop lower, gall; your bunnet hides the creater's head.'

"It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool! 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

"Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge."

If there be a scene of more interest than this in any of the novels of the present day, we can only say that we do not know it. It should, however, be read, not as an insulated fact, but in its due place in the story: and there will be found worthy also of especial attention, the old Indian who has survived his tribe; Mr. Justice Temple and his daughter Elizabeth; Mr. Oliver Edwards, and Mr. Richard Jones; Billy Kirby, and Hiram Dolittle; and above all, the hunter of the wilderness—"the Leather-stocking,"—who abandons the dwellings of man for the homes of the serpent and the panther; the infallible marksman, and the as infallible friend; who comes upon our more eastern imaginations like an ungracious anomaly, and departs, like a dream, towards the setting sun, leaving the reader his friend for ever.

ART. VII.—*The History of the Bucaniers; being an impartial relation of all the Battles, Sieges, and other most eminent Assaults committed for several years upon the Coasts of the West Indies, by the Pirates of Jamaica and Tortuga: both English and other Nations. More especially the unparalleled atchievements of* Sir H. M. *Made English from the Dutch Copy: written by* J. Esquemeling, *one of the Bucaniers: very much corrected from the errors of the Original by the relations of some English gentlemen, that then resided in those parts.*

Den Engelseman is een Duyvil voor een mensch.

London: Printed for Thomas Malthus, *at the Sun, in the Poultrey.* 1684.

The States of Genoa and Venice, about the middle of the 14th century, were the only powers in Europe that derived their support from commerce. Many of the inhabitants of both these cities were able mathematicians, and had acquired a high repute as hydrographers and mariners, and were encouraged and patronised all over Europe. The States flourished till a mutual struggle took place for mercantile pre-eminence, in which Venice gained the advantage, by engrossing the whole trade of India, then carried on through the interior of Asia, or by the way of the Red Sea. Frequent commotions and distracted councils induced many of the Genoese to quit their native country, and repair to those parts where active genius met with due encouragement. Portugal was, at this time, laudably engaged in prosecuting discoveries on the Coast of Africa, and readily received all those individuals able, by their talents and skill, to assist in the great design. The art of navigation was yet in its infancy, nautical astronomy scarcely known, and naval architecture in a rude and imperfect state. The timbers of the ships were badly put together, and frequently much decayed; the masts, yards, rigging, and sails were heavy, awkward, and unhandy; and whatever wonder may be excited at the New World remaining so long undiscovered, a slight consideration of the frail materials of which their barks were composed, added to the superstitious ignorance of the mariners, will soon dispel it, and astonishment take its place that they ever accomplished a voyage at all. Among others who repaired to the Court of Lisbon was Columbus. This intrepid navigator was neither to be intimidated by danger, nor subdued by difficulties. He boldly launched into the Northern Ocean, at a tempestuous season of the year, and most probably from the

high latitude (73° North) he attained, discovered the coast of East Greenland, and thus, though not aware of it, found himself in a portion of the New World. After several other voyages to the islands in the Western Ocean, to England, and the Coast of Guinea, in the course of which he made accurate observations on every thing important in his profession, he became convinced of the* spherical form of the earth, and of the possibility of sailing on a westerly course to the shores of Asia, unless impeded in his progress by the discovery of regions hitherto unknown. After various mortifying repulses from different powers, he sailed under the auspices of Spain, in 1492, and had the exquisite satisfaction of seeing his arduous exertions amply rewarded by arriving in the West Indies : the completion of his undertaking was reserved for the unfortunate Magellan. Hitherto England possessed no Royal Navy;—her fleets (such as they were) had been provided by the merchants and the Cinque Ports. But in 1488, the Great Harry, the first ship which could properly come under that denomination, was launched, which likewise appears to be the first that carried three masts. Cannon were used in naval actions as early as the thirteenth century, by the Venetians. The English did not employ them in their ships till 1480. The guns were mounted on a kind of platform, and fired over the gunwale of the vessel; but, in 1515, the Henri Grace de Dieu was built with port-holes. Previous to this, the vessels had but one deck. The first advantage of the invention of ports was to increase the number of decks to two and three. Still, however, the ships, when compared with those of the present day, were miserably fitted, and exceedingly clumsy.

Had the Court of Spain delayed much longer in acceding to the wishes of Columbus, it is most probable that his first visit to the Western shores would have been under the British flag. Henry VII. who had been too much disturbed by the internal commotions of the kingdom to attend to the first application, invited the great navigator to England, but the invitation was too late, for Columbus had already sailed.† The discovery of the continent of America, and, shortly after, the Eastern passage to India, round the Cape of Good Hope, by De Gama, were at-

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* The spherical form of the earth, and the possibility of circumnavigating the globe, had been asserted by Sir John Mandeville, in the 13th century.

† Henry, foiled in his attempt, determined to share in the advantages. He fitted out an expedition, under John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian. They, in 1494, discovered Newfoundland, and coasted it thence to Florida: thus acquiring for this country that tract of land now known as the United States.

tended with important advantages to all the nations of Europe. Navigation became less difficult and obscure; commerce was considerably enlarged; industry every where increased, and the arts were cultivated with considerable assiduity. The first settlement of the Spaniards in the New World was at Hispaniola; and convicts were despatched to people it. These, casting off all restraint, to the great grief of the noble-minded Columbus, committed the most barbarous atrocities on the inoffensive natives. When first discovered, in 1492, it contained nearly two millions of inhabitants; but Benzoni relates, that, in 1545, scarcely 150 remained alive. The massacres of those tyrants, whose delight consisted in witnessing excruciating torture, and who exulted with brutal gratification in the convulsive pangs of their fellow creatures, fade before the recital of the inhuman murders perpetrated by the conquerors of the New World. We have called the natives inoffensive, not upon our own authority but on that of Columbus himself, in a letter addressed to the Spanish Court, after having been unfortunately shipwrecked. He states that the whole of their property was saved and carefully guarded by the Indians, who sympathised in their loss, and rendered them every assistance. By the law of *repartimientos* the natives were distributed by lots to their future masters, who compelled them to dig in the mines, without rest or intermission, until their sufferings were closed by a welcome death. Those who used resistance, or attempted to escape, were hunted down with dogs, which were fed on their flesh. Neither age nor sex were spared: and, with frantic zeal and impiety, they called in the aid of religion to give a colour of sanctity to their atrocious depravity. Some compelled their miserable captives to wade into the water, where, after administering the baptism, they immediately cut their throats, to prevent apostacy; others bound themselves by oaths to destroy thirteen every morning, in honor of our Saviour and the twelve Apostles.

All this dreadful waste of blood was unattended by the gratification of the avarice which prompted it. Sir Francis Drake visited the island in 1585, and remarks, that the Spaniards had derived so little advantage from their situation as to be under the necessity of converting pieces of leather into money. In other parts, the immense treasure which had been amassed by such unjustifiable means, exposed them to continual depredations. A mere handful of Spaniards under Cortez had subjugated Mexico, and these in their turn would fly with trembling alarm from a few British seamen. —Though the English plantations did not produce gold, yet the cultivation of the soil amply repaid the industrious planter; and when we compare the conduct of Penn with that of the Spaniards in their new settlements, every Englishman

must feel a sentiment of honest pride. But the dark shade, which will ever remain as an indelible mark of disgrace on the New World, is the Slave Trade*.

Piracy had long been practised; and, after the discovery of the New World, which presented such temptations of wealth, assumed something of a systematic form. The origin of the Buccaneers, however, has not been clearly traced. They took their rise from accidental circumstances, when the Spaniards, jealous of their newly-acquired dominion, adopted every method, just or unjust, to prevent a participation. It is true, his Holiness Alexander VI. had drawn the famous line of *demarcation* from

* We have *witnessed* the horrors of slavery. We have seen the African on the shores of his home, in his native land. We have accompanied him across the wide waste of waters that divides the two continents. We have observed his pangs at the slave-mart, when sold and separated from the last remnant of his friends (a sister, a brother, or a parent), or when his heart has swelled almost to bursting at parting with the being whom he fondly, affectionately loved. We have beheld him under the hands of a brutal task-master, submitting with patient endurance to his toil, and not unfrequently smarting under the lash of the whip, without deigning to shrink, or betray a symptom of suffering. We have spoken to him with tender commiseration — have soothed his afflictions — have watched the unrestrained tears roll in heavy drops down his agitated face, and one act of sympathetic kindness has implanted a deep impression of gratitude in his breast. This is no romantic tale, no idle story, but plain matter of fact.—It was once the lot of the writer of this article to be on-board a small vessel, containing nearly 100 slaves; the whole (with the exception of five or six men) were male and female children, from four to thirteen years of age. These were confined in a small space, with scarcely sufficient height to sit upright; many of them labouring under disease, and their flesh (or rather skin, for flesh they had but little) rubbed into wounds with the motion of the vessel, and by lying close together on the bare deck. The men, observing the constant inebriation of the crew, planned to take the schooner from them; but they were too emaciated and weak by confinement and hunger to attempt it hastily. In a short time, they were observed to be considerably altered in their appearance, and to look much better. One night, when all the crew, but the man at the helm, were asleep, these desperate Negroes rushed on the deck. The sailors and captain were aroused—a scuffle of some minutes ensued, in which both parties were severely wounded, and ultimately the slaves were overcome. The following morning, the captain deliberately loaded his pistols, placed three of the poor wretches in succession outside the gangway, and, in the presence of the others, shot them with his own hand. On inquiring, it was discovered that these little half-famished children had daily supplied the men with some portion of their own scanty provision, to strengthen them for the enterprise.

the Arctic to the Antarctic Pole; but sailors are not exactly the class of characters to be intimidated by a Bull, though issuing from the Vatican; and Pope Alexander and Pope Joan are much upon a par in their estimation. The term Buccaneer was applied to the earliest French settlers at St. Domingo, who employed themselves in hunting wild cattle for the hides and tallow; but, on being driven by the Spaniards from their settlements, they entered into a league with English adventurers, and commenced a system of plunder, by way of retaliation; and, though their principal operations were directed against the Spaniards, yet they were frequently troubled with an imperfection in the organs of vision, which prevented them from distinguishing the flags of different nations. They seized the island of Tortuga, and fortified it, as a shelter and protection to their vessels, which, in the first instance, consisted of canoes and open boats. The numerous small islands (or keys) constantly afforded them a place of refuge in danger, and facilitated their projects; they likewise supplied immense quantities of turtle, which served them for food. The success of a few individuals prompted others to similar pursuits; and that which, by a decisive blow on the part of the Spaniards, might have been easily destroyed, soon spread to such an alarming extent, that the pirates became the sole masters of the sea.

It was not, however, till the taking of Jamaica, in 1655, that they assembled together in large bodies, and framed laws among themselves. This island was discovered by Columbus, in 1494. The court of Spain vested the sole property in him, and his son became the first governor.—The Spaniards built several cities; but, losing the spirit of enterprise and industry, they sunk into indolence, and contented themselves with a few plantations for their subsistence, and disposed of the surplus to ships passing the coast. In 1655, the English made a descent on the island, conquered the capital, and settled there. This new colony consisted of part of the puritanical militia who had fought under Cromwell; but they were soon afterwards joined by a number of royalists, who abandoned the country and cause they could no longer maintain. Here both parties hoped to enjoy tranquillity; but the spirit of discord which had excited so many quarrels in the mother-country, again burst out in their new settlement, and the scenes of blood and slaughter were renewed. After the Restoration, a civil government was formed, and every effort resorted to, that could tend to promote culture and industry, but without effect; for the Buccaneers, making it their principal resort, poured in such vast treasures, that the inhabitants amassed considerable wealth with little difficulty, and despised the more honourable occupations of honest labour. The popu-

lation rapidly increased, and in a few years amounted to 20,000, whose only source of subsistence was derived from the plunder of the Spaniards. Here the Buccaneers found a ready market for their ill-got spoils, and obtained such supplies of ammunition and stores as were requisite to ensure success in their hazardous undertakings. The boundless extravagance of these marauders soon reduced them to distress; and, after squandering away, with thoughtless profusion, their hard-earned prize-money, they were compelled to repeat their visits to the Spaniards. Under such circumstances it is not difficult to decide; the temptations were indeed powerful; and the Spaniards, by their ostentatious display, materially assisted in their own ruin; for instance—the city of Lima, in 1682, (when the viceroy made his entry), actually had the streets paved with ingots of silver, to the amount of seventeen millions sterling. What a pretty prize for a few honest tars! Then the splendour and magnificence of their churches, ornamented with immense gold and silver images, crucifixes, and candlesticks, and not unfrequently large altars of massive silver, became objects of a devout regard.

The governments of both England and France denied all understanding with the freebooters, though they secretly rejoiced at having so powerful a check upon the Spanish colonies. The Buccaneers themselves pretended to hold commissions from the French and Dutch; but the principal part of them possessed only that authority which sailors term "a commission from the Pope." Their first attacks were directed upon the shipping alone; till the Spaniards, weary of making so many valuable consignments to the hands of these desperadoes, shut up their ports and dismantled their vessels. This produced a contrary effect from what they designed; for the pirates now ravaged the coasts of the main, making descents upon the cities and towns, and plundering them of all the valuables they could conveniently bring away. In these enterprises they committed many disgraceful and barbarous acts; and, as the Spaniards, in their remorseless cruelty, had endeavoured to disguise their depravity under the cloak of religious zeal, so did these tarpaulin crusaders consider themselves instruments of retributive justice in the hands of Providence, and resorted to nearly similar means. Las Casas, speaking of the conquest of the New World, says—"I once beheld four or five chief Indians roasted alive at a slow fire, and as the miserable victims poured forth their dreadful yells, it disturbed the commandant in his siesta, and he sent an order that they should be strangled; but the officer on duty would not suffer it; but, causing their mouths to be gagged that their shrieks might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deli-

berately till they all expired. I saw it myself."—The pirates, in some instances, did the same by the Spaniards, to make them confess where their property was hidden, and often used a refinement in cruelty at which human nature shudders; but these acts were chiefly before the taking of Jamaica. When the English took the lead, and even freebooters began to get a little polished, their expeditions assumed an appearance of more honourable warfare, though often marked with brutal ferocity.

The discovery of the passage to the South Seas, through the Straits of Magellan, opened new sources of wealth; and Sir Francis Drake, whose inveterate hatred of the Spaniards prompted him on all occasions to wreak his vengeance on them, sailed on a predatory excursion, bearing however the royal sanction*. After committing numerous depredations on the western coast of America, he returned to England with considerable treasure; and his example operating on the romantic and daring spirit of the times, prompted others to pursue the same track; and thus the Buccaneering system became more strengthened and established.

Holland had long struggled for the mastery of the seas; and though her fleets sailed through the British Channel, and even up the Thames, with a *broom* at the mast-head, yet they were soon compelled to make a *brush* of it (as sailors say), and become literally flying Dutchmen. The sailors of the "olden times" were scarcely any of them seamen, and Columbus we may consider as the first deserving of the appellation; while in that recklessness of danger, that fearlessness of death, which characterized the Buccaneers, we mark the promise and foundation of those daring exploits, which, towards the close of the 17th century, were so powerfully displayed by the British navy. It may be asked, what is the difference between a sailor and a seaman? Any one who often goes to sea may be a sailor, but it requires years of intense observation and constant practice to become a seaman. Examine that beautiful structure, a ship of the line, equipped for sea, and ask a mere sailor, while pointing to the rigging, what this or that is?—he will answer, "ropes." Put the question to a seaman, and he instantly gives it a name, "shrouds, stays, lifts, braces, sheets," or whatever else your attention may be directed to. Both are arrayed in the "jacket and trowsers so blue," yet notice the

* As a specimen of the nature of his equipment, we need only say it consisted of five vessels, and that his own ship, the Admiral, was not bigger than one of our Newcastle colliers, and the smallest was only fifteen tons burden, not equal to a fishing-smack: yet with this insignificant armament he performed prodigies of valour. From one Spanish bark alone he took four hundred weight of Baldivian gold.

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manner in which these are worn. The sailor's have a certain stiffness about them approaching to the exact cut of the soldier. The seaman's, equally neat and trim, appear to be thrown on with easy negligence, as if he had just come down from reefing top-sails. The sailor displays a sort of unconcern in the hour of difficulty, but it proceeds from ignorance as to the extent of his danger; the seaman, fully sensible of it, watches with cool determination the eye of his superior—anticipates his orders, yet stands immoveable till the word is given, though life or death is on the event. To the sailor, all ships are alike; but a seaman is as much a part of his ship as Adam's detached rib was bone of his bone; there is a sort of affection and friendship which unites them: indeed, in more instances than one we have seen the hardy veteran, when discharged or drafted, even melt to tears. The seaman loves his ship, the trooper loves his horse, the foot-soldier loves himself. The seaman will never forsake his ship, while a hope of her safety remains; the trooper will share his last crust with the noble animal that bears him; the foot-soldier looks out for his billet, and takes care of his kit. Wherever a soldier marches, he is looked at with a sort of distrust; he places but little confidence in his comrade, who repays him in the same coin; unable, from the smallness of his pay, to entertain a friend, or enjoy a companion, he is lonely when off duty (though in the midst of his regiment), and when on duty, he is solitary, not unfrequently sad. When a land-battle ceases, the slaughter still continues, while the victorious army, pursuing the flying enemy, trample on the wounded and dying, regardless of their groans; they cut to pieces all that oppose their progress, for, while a remnant of the foe remains, they may rally again, and, chusing an advantageous position, bid defiance to their pursuers. When two fleets, or single ships of hostile nations meet, the principal dependence of their crews is in the gallant vessel that carries them: the seamen work at the same gun, and watch, with cool deliberation, the moment when they can pour in the most destructive fire to cripple their opponent: as soon as this is effected on one side or the other, the colours are hauled down, and animosity is over. In storms and tempests, the gallant ship sometimes rises on the topmost waves, and then plunges in the dark abyss of waters, that swell like mountains on either side: at such moments, it is the seaman's pride to see how she behaves—to watch her falling off, and coming up—to ease her to the seas, and tend her with the same care that a mother would her darling child.

The Buccaneers, in many instances, were a composition of all these characters, particularly in their land expeditions, under Sir Henry Morgan, and other leaders who came after him.

The first pirate, whose name became celebrated at Tortuga, was a native of Dieppe, called Pierre le Grand. This desperado, taking advantage of the dusk of the evening, with twenty-eight men, boldly boarded the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish flota; sinking his own boat alongside, as soon as they quitted it, that the pirates might have no place of retreat. Rushing into the cabin, where a party were assembled at cards, he commanded them to yield, an order which the astonished and terrified Spaniards immediately obeyed. They then proceeded to different parts of the ship, cutting down all that made opposition, and eventually gained possession of her. Pierre's success very soon produced a lively sensation in the island; every man became a pirate; and, treasuring up some of the property obtained as a common stock, a body of them were in a short time enabled to purchase two ships, in which they cruized against the Spaniards, and captured, among others, some large vessels laden with plate for the Caraccas. These were carried to Tortuga, and their cargoes sold to merchant vessels bound to Europe. The fame of such exploits, and the desire of sharing the spoil, brought out fresh adventurers; so that the number of vessels, in the course of three or four years, amounted to upwards of twenty. Another, and yet more daring attack, was made by one Peter Francis, who, having had a tedious cruise without success, ran down to the banks where the pearl-fishery was carried on by a number of vessels, with a man-of-war to protect them. In a boat, with twenty-six men, he dashed alongside the Vice-Admiral, of eight guns and sixty men; and, after a sanguinary contest, she surrendered. Flushed with victory, they now determined to attempt the man-of-war; but, by a sudden squall, they lost their mast, and in their turn became prisoners, and were compelled to yield up their prize, whose value in pearls alone was estimated at 100,000 pieces of eight.

About the same time, a Portuguese, in a boat with four guns and thirty men, engaged a large ship with twenty guns and seventy men, which, after a desperate conflict, struck to them. The pirate, in this action, lost ten of his crew: the remaining twenty endeavoured to carry their prize to a place of security, but, falling in with three other large ships, they were retaken, and carried to Campeachy, where the Portuguese was immediately recognized, and sentenced to suffer death, for the many robberies and murders he had committed on the coast. For the better security of his person (as he had made his escape when taken once before), it was deemed by the magistrates most prudent to leave him on-board, while they erected a gibbet for him on land. The prisoner, aware of their intention, and feeling no inclination for the exalted station they had assigned him, dexterously and secretly made his escape a second time, and

floated to the shore, with the help of two empty earthen jars, which supported him in swimming. After being nearly starved, and encountering severe hardships, he arrived, at the expiration of a fortnight, at a place about forty leagues from Campeachy, and once more joined the pirates. A fresh boat was now equipped, and, with twenty hands, the daring Portuguese returned to Campeachy, and, in the most undaunted manner, assaulted the very ship from which he had escaped, and once more became its master. Still, however, fortune persecuted him; for, in attempting to reach Jamaica, she struck upon the rocks, and was wrecked.

Cruel and desperate as these men had been, there was yet another leader capable of surpassing them in brutal malice and blood-thirsty villainy. This was a Dutchman, who had been driven from the Brazils and came to Jamaica. Here he joined the pirates, and served as a private seaman till one party separated from their old commander; and, chusing the Dutchman (whose name was Brasilano) for their captain, they set out on an excursion for plunder. In the course of a few days, they fell in with and captured a large ship, in which they found a great quantity of plate, and carried vessel and cargo to Jamaica. This action caused him to be much esteemed among his class, and equally dreaded by the Spaniards, several of whom he roasted alive upon wooden spits, and committed such other horrid cruelties as make us shudder at the state of depravity to which human beings may be reduced. Brasilano at last fell into the power of his enemies; but such was their terror of the pirates, that they feared to put him and his companions to death. These marine banditti were, therefore, released, (under an oath to forsake their nefarious mode of life,) and sent to Old Spain. The folly of binding men by oath who acknowledged no laws, either human or divine, was very soon evinced by their immediate return to Jamaica, where they recommenced robbery and piracy with their old activity and cruelty. The Spaniards, finding that neither mercy nor punishment produced the desired effect, refrained, as much as possible, from trade, under the hope of starving the free-booters,—but the latter, having increased in boldness and force, resolved on more daring enterprizes, and prepared to attack the cities and towns. The constant risks to which these water-rats exposed their lives, inured them to every degree of hardship and difficulty on their own element, and prepared them for more desperate undertakings on shore, while the Spaniards, rendered listless and effeminate by indolence and luxury, offered but feeble resistance. Though possessing the advantage in numbers, yet they wanted the essential requisites of determination and courage, and contented themselves under the idea that they were not conquered

by men, but by infernal spirits. The pirates now began to assemble in bodies, and to frame a code of laws to regulate their conduct towards each other, which was rigorously enforced. Their first plan was to victual their fleet, but they disdained to *purchase* provisions, as inconsistent with their character and degrading to their profession, particularly as the Spanish cattle and swine yards were always well stocked; sometimes, however, they were glad to content themselves with bœuf de cheval.* The immense herds of wild cattle also furnished them with food.

The first land invader was an Englishman of the name of Scot, who sacked and pillaged the town of Campeachy, and obtained a large ransom to prevent its being burnt. To him succeeded Mansvelt, who attempted to penetrate through Granada to the South Seas, but want of provision compelled him to abandon the enterprize. After him came John Davis, a native of Jamaica, a man endowed with uncommon prudence and valour. With eighty out of his ninety men in three canoes he landed in Nicaragua, and on the third night reached the city. The citizens, not expecting such unceremonious visitors, were quietly reposing,—and great, indeed, was their consternation at finding the Buccaneers in possession of the town, ransacking and plundering with incredible diligence. The pirates did not forget to rifle the churches of every thing valuable, and with the whole of their booty returned in safety to the ship. After this exploit, Davis was chosen admiral of the fleet, and pillaged St. Austin's, a town of Florida, notwithstanding it was strongly defended by a castle, garrisoned by two hundred men.

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* This trick of victualling at the expense of the Spaniards was not confined to former times, but actually carried on till the late revolution in the New World. One instance is within our knowledge. At the time the British fleet sailed up the river Plate, and lay before Monte Video, a Bermudian, commanding a little brig, (he is now captain of a Brazilian frigate,) was compelled by the Spaniards to collect bullocks at a distant station and transport them in his vessel to a bay near the city. This he complied with, and having received payment, gave information to the English Admiral where the cattle might be found, offering at the same time, if provided with an armed party, to re-ship them for the service of the fleet. His offers were accepted, and performed with such despatch, under cover of the night, that the whole were safely conveyed on-board, and proved truly acceptable to the seamen and troops after their long voyage. Of course, he received a second payment, and his vessel was hired as an armed transport by the admiral. Numerous licensed ships also were, till within these few years, pursuing a similar trade (though on a smaller scale) with the Buccaneers.

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About this time, a Frenchman, named Lolonnois, (born at Sable d'Olonne, near Basque Roads,) appeared on the scene of action. He had been banished when a youth, and sold as a slave in the West Indies; but after passing through various gradations in villainy, he was considered as qualified to superintend the rest, and, accordingly, was made governor of Tortuga. Still he continued his predatory excursions; but his ship being wrecked upon the Spanish main, his crew was attacked by the Spaniards, and the greater part of them killed. Lolonnois was severely wounded, and would have shared the fate of the rest, had he not smeared his face with sand, gunpowder, and blood, and concealed himself among the slain till the Spaniards, satiated with the work of destruction, quitted the field. When they were gone, he bound up his wounds as well as he could, and in a Spanish disguise entered the town of Campeachy. Here all were rejoicing for his supposed death*. Bonfires and fêtes abounded, congratulations were heard on every side for the defeat and slaughter of the pirates, particularly of their leader, who had the satisfaction of being an eye-witness of their exultation. By the agency of some slaves, who naturally disliked their condition, a canoe was procured, in which, with his sable companions, he reached Tortuga, and once more embarked in fresh designs; but having lost all his property when his ship was wrecked, he

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* We observe a similar and very remarkable anecdote of a pirate, in Captain Hall's very amusing and instructive Journal, written on the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820-21-22.

"The history of Benavides is curious. He was a native of Conception, and served for some time in the Chilian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the battle of Maypo, in 1818. He was of a ferocious character; and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders, he was sentenced to death, along with his brother and other delinquents. Accordingly, the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago, and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded, was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies, being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the gallinazos, a species of vulture. The sergeant, who superintended this last part of the ceremony, was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and, to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, and, while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also without flinching, and lay like a dead man amongst the others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a neighbouring cottage, the generous inhabitants of which received and attended him with the greatest care."—P. 283, Vol. I.

was obliged to be content with two canoes. With these, he took post on the north side of Cuba, for the purpose of intercepting the trade. The inhabitants of De los Cayos immediately gave information to the Governor of Havanna, who could scarcely credit the intelligence, believing Lolonnois to be dead; yet, as they strongly importuned him for assistance, he sent a ship mounting ten guns, with orders to the captain not to return until he had destroyed the pirates, (and for this purpose a negro was taken on board to officiate as executioner); Lolonnois himself was to be brought to Havanna to grace the triumph of the victor, and to suffer severer tortures. Nothing daunted this daring marauder; understanding that the ship lay at anchor in the river of Estera, he resolved to attack her. To effect his purpose, he seized some fishermen, and compelled them to pilot him in. On nearing the ship they were challenged by the watch, who inquired "from whence they came, and whether they had seen any pirates?" Lolonnois constrained the fishermen to answer, that "They had seen no pirates, nor anything like a pirate," which induced the Spaniards to imagine, that they had frightened the pirates away. But the next morning they discovered their mistake, for Lolonnois assailed the vessel so vigorously that, notwithstanding all the resistance they could make, they were compelled to surrender, and, one by one, suffered the fate intended for his crew. Among the rest, the negro hangman appeared, who begged hard for his life,—but, after gaining from him the intelligence of the whole affair, his head rolled after the rest. One only was reserved, to carry the tidings to the Governor of Havanna, with a note, telling him—

"That he (Lolonnois) had only retaliated the kindness which he had intended for himself and his friends, and that he hoped to execute the same sentence upon his Donship which he had designed for his (Lolonnois's) punishment; assuring him, that all the mercy which he should hereafter shew to any Spaniard whatever, that fell into his hands, should be, to give him no quarter."

Being now provided with a stout vessel, fit for his purpose, he steered for Maracaibo, and captured a large ship laden with plate and merchandize. With this he returned to Tortuga, and was received by the inhabitants with every demonstration of joy, as they well knew into whose hands his riches would soon pass. Elevated with success, he now contemplated greater projects, and designed to equip an army as well as a fleet, with every requisite to carry on his operations by land. In the course of a short time, eight vessels, with six hundred and sixty persons, were collected, and sailed for the Spanish main. In their passage they took two valuable ships, one

laden with money, seven thousand weight of powder, and a great quantity of muskets,—the other mounted sixteen guns, and became a formidable addition to their squadron. Maracaibo was fixed on as the place of their destination. This city was considered both rich and populous, containing between three and four thousand persons, of whom nearly one thousand were able to bear arms. Gibraltar was about forty leagues higher up in the country, with fifteen hundred inhabitants, including four hundred able to carry arms: both places were likewise defended by batteries. Setting the danger of the enterprize at defiance, the Buccaneers boldly advanced upon the city, and, after several hours' sharp contest, obtained possession; but the principal part of the inhabitants made their escape to Gibraltar, carrying the best of their goods along with them. The remainder were doomed to undergo the hellish cruelty of their conquerors. The rack and the flames were in constant requisition, and Lolonnois, whose demoniacal spirit did not fail to glut itself with blood, cut several to pieces with his own hand. After remaining fifteen days at Maracaibo, they determined to attack Gibraltar, where they imagined the Spaniards to have concealed their wealth. This place was now defended by several batteries and eight hundred soldiers, nor had any thing been omitted which was calculated to oppose the progress of the invaders. But nothing could daunt the spirits of the Buccaneers—they shook hands with each other, and solemnly swore to live or die together. A desperate battle ensued; the Spaniards fought with bravery, but were compelled, at last, to retreat, leaving behind nearly five hundred slain; while the loss on the part of the pirates amounted to eighty killed and wounded—of the last, not one recovered. The pirates entered Gibraltar, and commenced their system of plunder and brutality. Many of the prisoners perished through hunger and wanton cruelty; others were sacrificed to the caprice of their inhuman conquerors, who continued four entire weeks collecting the wealth of the surrounding country, and then demanded ten thousand pieces of eight for the ransom of the town. This sum not being immediately paid, they set the place on fire; but the Spaniards bringing the ransom, it was extinguished, after doing considerable mischief. With their booty they now returned to Maracaibo, and agreed to preserve the city for twenty thousand pieces of eight, which was accordingly paid, as well as a supply of five hundred head of cattle. They had now been two months in these towns, when, to the great joy of the inhabitants, they took their departure. On calculating the amount of plunder, they found in money two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, and vast quantities of plate, jewels, silks, and other articles,—most of which, in the course

of a few weeks, was expended on the rude pleasures of the pirate-sailor.

It would be a painful and disgusting task to follow this leader, further than merely to state, that his robberies and plunderings continued for some time, attended with acts of remorseless barbarity, (for instance, he cut open the breast of a Spaniard, and, tearing out the heart, actually gnawed it between his teeth with the savage ferocity of a wolf;) at last, he was himself taken by the Indians, and, with many of his comrades, burnt alive. The remainder were reduced to extreme distress,—some perished in the woods by famine, and the few who escaped were rendered incapable of further exertion through the remainder of their lives, and died, at last, of disease and misery.

Such was the commencement, progress, and termination, of the earliest among the Buccaneers. Men, whose extraordinary acts of valour excite wonder and admiration, while their abandoned villainies and atrocious cruelties fill the mind with horror and disgust. Yet even the lives of these desperate adventurers were not unproductive of advantages. The treasures they had from time to time obtained, began to spread over the West Indies, and laid the foundation of that prosperity which many of these islands afterwards enjoyed. Nor must we omit to mention another advantage derived from these pirates. To them, we are, in a great measure, indebted for the earliest of our discoveries in the New World, as the Spaniards, with their habitual jealousy, endeavoured to keep every nation in ignorance respecting its history and numerous productions. It is true, Sir Walter Raleigh sailed up the Orinoco, and signalized himself in his endeavours to obtain every information that could prove of service to his country, and promote the extension of knowledge. The Buccaneers, without being aware of the importance of their communications, were constantly spreading reports of the various places they had visited, and giving tolerably accurate descriptions of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, with the nature of the soil and the animal and vegetable productions of the country. There were but few spots left unvisited by them, either among the islands or on the continent.

The time of Elizabeth appears to have been the age of enterprize and heroism. The New World presented a vast theatre for bold undertakings, offering fame and riches to the intrepid mariner. The increasing greatness of England, as a maritime power, was viewed with envy by the other nations of Europe, and they would have gladly degraded her aspiring flag; but Elizabeth, aware how much the defence of her kingdom depended on its naval armament, liberally encouraged every

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attempt to increase its force, and promote navigation and commerce. Nor were her efforts confined to Europe alone. She fitted out respectable fleets to attack the Spanish colonies, and her example was followed by the merchants. Though no mention is made, in the history of the Buccaneers, of this queen, yet she was much concerned in their enterprizes, aiding the privateering expeditions, and sharing the spoils. It is a curious circumstance, and displays a striking picture of the state of religion among the Roman Catholics of that day, that in one Spanish ship, captured by White, an Englishman, there were found no less than two millions of papal bulls for granting indulgences to the Spaniards in their settlements. These were royal trade, and had been purchased by the King of Spain for three hundred thousand florins, *prime cost,* and by him designed to be retailed for five millions ;—indeed, the gross darkness in which the priests kept the people contributed, in a great measure, to the success of the pirates. The clergy rioted in voluptuous ease, and at the same time holding a powerful influence over the minds and actions of their flocks, they found it to their advantage to increase ignorance and encourage superstition ; nor was this confined to the earlier period of their missions to the colonies, it has continued, through succeeding generations, down to the very time of the late declaration of independence :—but more of this hereafter.

We now proceed to speak of the next leader among these lawless ravagers ; a man, whose very name spread such terror, that the old women frightened the children to sleep with it, and then lay awake themselves through fear. Henry Morgan was a native of Wales, and the son of a wealthy farmer, but having no inclination to pursue his father's occupation he quitted home and sailed to Barbadoes, where the captain immediately sold him according to the practice of the times. After serving his time, he obtained his freedom, and went to Jamaica. The temptations held out of valuable plunder, and the rapid acquirement of wealth, induced him to join the Buccaneers ; and such was his success, intrepidity, and judgment, that, in a short time, he was enabled, with his comrades, to subscribe to a joint-stock and purchase a ship. And so highly was he esteemed by his companions, that they conferred upon him the command, and agreed to submit to him as their captain. In this ship they cruized on the coast of Campeachy, and then returned to Jamaica with several rich prizes. About this time, Mansvelt, an old and daring chief among the pirates, was fitting out a considerable fleet, with a design to land upon the continent, and make booty of all that came in his way. He rightly judged that Morgan was a man of undaunted courage and ready skill, and consequently chose him for his vice-admiral. Fifteen

vessels of various descriptions, and five hundred men, were speedily collected, and sailed for the island of St. Catherine's, which they stormed and carried, together with a small adjacent island. Leaving a garrison in the castle, they continued their course to the main; but the Spaniards had received notice of their coming, and the whole coast was alarmed, so that they judged it prudent to return to St. Catherine's, which they found in a tolerable state of defence, and the small island so highly improved in cultivation as to be capable of victualling their whole fleet. Mansvelt once more bent his course to Jamaica, intending to raise recruits to fortify these islands, that they might at all times prove a refuge for the pirates; but not meeting with success or countenance, he sailed for Tortuga, where death put a period to his career, and the sole command devolved upon Captain Morgan, who endeavoured to forward the views of his predecessor; but, in the mean time, the Spaniards had regained possession of the islands, and defeated his projects. He now assembled his force in Cuba, and deliberated as to the place where they should exercise their profession. In two months, he had got together a fleet of twelve sail and about five hundred men, part English and part French. A council was called (for it is remarkable, that though they, in respect to all others, were lawless plunderers, yet, among themselves, they had councils and regulations that would have done credit to the most civilized establishment of the times) to determine on the enterprize they should undertake, which it was at last determined should be an expedition to Santa Maria; but a prisoner swam ashore, and gave intelligence to the town of the pirates' approach. All was immediately prepared to give them a warm reception, and the inhabitants removed their goods to places of greater security; but Captain Morgan, quitting the usual track to the town, cut his way through the woods, and came upon the Spaniards in an unexpected quarter. The Governor, heading a party of horse, charged them with great courage, but the pirates maintained their ground, and formed in such good order, that the Spaniards were compelled to retreat, leaving many dead (among whom was the Governor) behind them. As soon as this exploit was performed, the pirates entered the town, and locked up all the Spanish families in the several churches, where the greater part of them died of hunger. They now collected the pillage that appeared most desirable, and proposed a ransom for the town; but receiving intelligence that the Governor of Saint Iago was approaching against them with a body of troops, they deemed it inconvenient to remain any longer, and therefore departed with a supply of five hundred oxen, killed and salted down. From thence they sailed to their rendezvous, where a general partition took place, which, to their great mortification, proved

insufficient to pay the debts they had contracted in Jamaica, so that it was proposed to execute some other enterprize previous to their return. But dissensions had arisen between the English and the French, and the latter separated from the main body, determined to carry on their depredations alone. The departure of the French considerably weakened Morgan's force, though his was not a spirit to be cast down by accidents. The fame of his actions had excited so much confidence that it was not long before another powerful company mustered under him. In a few days, he gathered a fleet of nine sail, manned with four hundred and sixty pirates, and sailed with the intention of attacking Porto Bello. This city was considered the strongest place possessed by the Spaniards in the West Indies, except Havanna and Carthagena. It was defended by two castles, almost impregnable, that were situated at the entrance of the port, so that not even a boat could pass in or out without permission. The garrison consisted of three hundred soldiers, and the town was inhabited by four hundred families; but the principal merchants resided at Panama, and made Porto Bello a general store, where they warehoused their plate and goods for the purposes of trade. All these particulars were well known to the Buccaneers, and Morgan, who was acquainted with the avenues to the city, stimulated his men with the hope of the vast riches it contained, telling them, "that though their number was small, their hearts were great, and the fewer persons the more union, and the better shares they should have in the spoil."

About midnight they landed, and advanced to the outposts of the city, where they seized the sentinel before he could give an alarm, and obtained from him intelligence respecting the state of the town. They next surrounded the castle nearest the city, and charged the garrison to surrender at discretion, or receive no quarter; but the Spaniards opened a galling fire upon them, and alarmed the country. Nothing intimidated, these dauntless spirits assailed the castle at all points, and after a gallant resistance on the part of the governor and his troops, succeeded, when they immediately fulfilled their threat by confining the whole of the prisoners in one room, and, firing the magazine, blew up the castle and every Spaniard within it. Flushed with this victory they rushed upon the city, which was unprepared to resist them; and the inhabitants fled in all directions, casting their money, plate, and jewels into wells and cisterns, or concealing it in places underground.

"The Governor of the city, finding he was not able to rally the citizens, retired into the remaining castle, and thence fired upon the pirates that were hard at their devotions. Thereupon they ceased from their

present employment, and turned all their fury upon the castle and the governor, who defended himself so bravely from break of day till noon that the captain began to despair of the enterprize. In the midst of these doubts, finding another lesser fort taken by another party, he resolved not to be braved, and therefore causing four broad ladders to be made, he constrained the religious people, as well nuns as friars, to fix them to the walls,—nor would it serve them to plead that they knew not what belonged to these things. All this while the Governor, valuing his honour before the lives of the mass-mumblers, spared none that approached the walls. The friars and nuns besought him by all the saints to save his own and their lives; for as godly as they were, they loved this world much better than the other. But neither prayers nor tears could prevail, so that many an *ora pro nobis* was sent to purgatory before they could finish their work, which, being at last effected by religious hands, the ungodly mounted up in swarms with fire-balls and pots of gunpowder in their hands; so that the Spaniards, no longer able to resist, flung down their guns and cried for quarter.—Only the Governor would neither receive nor give; for quarter being offered him, he replied, he would rather die like a valiant soldier than be hanged like a coward, so that they were enforced to kill him, notwithstanding the cries of his wife and daughter, who begged him upon their knees to desire quarter and save his life."

As soon as the pirates had possessed themselves of this castle they secured all their prisoners, and placed the wounded in an apartment by themselves, without rendering them the smallest assistance. This done, they gave themselves up to every species of debauchery and excess, so that fifty resolute men might easily have retaken the city. Such was the terror of the Spaniards, that the pirates remained unmolested. On the next day, having plundered without mercy, and destroyed many of their prisoners on the rack and in other cruel fashions, they prepared to remove the treasure on board their vessels, which was accomplished in about fifteen days, after losing many of their party by intemperance and the unhealthiness of the country. A ransom was demanded for the town, to preserve it from destruction, of one hundred thousand pieces of eight; but the President of Panama, with a considerable force, marched against them, purposing to sweep them away by one decisive blow. Morgan, fully aware of his movements, and acquainted with all the passes of the country, sent a hundred men to a narrow way which the Spaniards were compelled to pass, where the President was totally defeated, and his army put to the route, so that the inhabitants, to save their city and their lives, gathered the required contributions. This action of the Buccaneers amazed the President when he considered, that four hundred men had taken a large city with many strong castles, particularly as the pirates had no opportunity of erecting batteries, and knowing that the citizens of Porto Bello were always reputed good

soldiers and brave men. He therefore despatched a messenger to Captain Morgan, desiring him to send a pattern of the arms wherewith he had performed such a desperate attempt.

"The Captain, having civilly treated the messenger, gave him a pistol and some few bullets to present to the Governor, whom he desired to accept that slender pattern of the arms wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and to keep them for a twelve month, at what time he promised to come to Panama and fetch them away again.

"The Governor, having well viewed the pistol and bullets, and heard of the message which was brought him, to save the Captain a labour sent him forthwith his pistol and bullets again, thanking him for his favour to lend him those arms of which he had no need. Withal he sent him a gold ring with another message, desiring him not to give himself the trouble of coming to Panama, where he was not like to speed so well as he had at Puerto Velo."

Morgan dismantled the forts, took some of the best artillery on board his own ship, and then returned to Jamaica. The amount of their spoil in money alone was computed to be two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, besides plate, jewels, and other rich effects. This immense treasure, however, lasted but a very short time; and the seamen, in the course of a few weeks, were utterly destitute, while, through their means, money became more plentiful in the island than ever it had been before.

By the time the Buccaneers had got rid of their cash a fresh expedition was in preparation, and great numbers flocked to the rendezvous, near Hispaniola. Morgan's force daily augmented, till he mustered nearly one thousand men, and fifteen vessels, the largest mounting thirty-six guns. This last blew up, during a debauch of the Buccaneers, and upwards of three hundred perished.—Still, however, his force increased to its original number; and having laid in provisions, he determined to attack the unfortunate city of Maracaibo, having now recovered its opulence from the previous plunder of Lolonnois. This place, as well as Gibraltar, were again sacked, and the wretched inhabitants underwent again the most cruel tortures; but, in the midst of their ravages, intelligence arrived of a Spanish squadron having anchored at the entrance of the lake in which their vessels lay. The largest of Morgan's ships mounted only fourteen guns, the rest were mere shells. The Spaniards had one fine ship of forty guns, one of thirty, and one of twenty-four, all well manned, and, besides these, they had fortified the great castle which guarded the passage. The pirates were in the greatest consternation; but Morgan, with desperate resolution, sent a message to the Admiral, threatening to destroy both towns and all his prisoners if he were not permitted to pass with-

out molestation. The Admiral refused the application, and Morgan prepared to force the passage. For this purpose, they placed their male prisoners under a guard in one boat by themselves; the females, with their richest treasure, occupied another; a third was laden with the choicest bales of merchandize. A fire-ship was also fitted up with combustibles. On the first of May, 1669, the action commenced, which terminated in the destruction of the great Spanish ships, and the capture of the small one. Naval history does not record a more daring and successful battle. The pirates, though their floating enemies were defeated, had yet to escape the castle; and they had already lost thirty men in attempting to storm it. In vain Morgan threatened the lives of his prisoners. The Governor persisted in the discharge of his duty; and the Buccaneers returned to Maracaibo. Here they collected a ransom of twenty thousand pieces of eight, and the usual demand of five hundred cattle, ready salted; but the Captain would not deliver the prisoners, according to stipulation, as he hoped by exposing them on his decks to induce their countrymen at the castle to refrain from firing. In this, however, he was disappointed, for the Governor sent him information that it was his determination to destroy the pirates, and nothing should divert him from his purpose. Finding neither threats nor force would avail him in his difficulty, Morgan had recourse to stratagem. He made an equitable division of the spoil, in case his efforts should fail, and then dropped down out of gunshot of the castle. Here he filled the canoes with men, ordering them to row ashore, as if they had designed to land; and as soon as they had got under cover from the castle, the men laid themselves down in the bottoms of their boats, leaving apparently only two or three in each to conduct them on board again. This was repeated several times, to the great amazement of the Spaniards, who concluded that the pirates meditated a night attack, for though they could see the men as they went ashore, yet they were unable to discover them, on their return, from their concealment in the boats. The fear of this attack caused the Spaniards to remove their canoes to the land side of the castle, and to fortify that part with their main body, leaving the side towards the sea almost destitute of defence. The night was beautifully moonlight and clear; the pirates tripped their anchors, and floated down with the ebb tide till they were near the castle, when they spread every stitch of canvas, and, favoured with a fair wind, passed by before the Spaniards could again transport their guns. As soon as they had cleared the castle, the fleet hove to, and Captain Morgan saluted the Governor with seven guns, which the haughty and mortified Don refused to answer.

Jamaica was once more benefited by the profusion of the

pirates, who seemed to have no other motive for risking their lives than to satisfy the rapacity of its inhabitants. The Buccaneering system had, by this time, increased to an amazing extent, the whole force consisting of nearly 4000 men, and upwards of 2000 of these were under the orders of Captain Morgan; indeed, his reputation became so great, that many young men of family quitted Europe, and accepted commands under him. He divided his fleet, of thirty-seven sail, into two squadrons, and appointed officers to each division, with commissions from himself (though purporting to be in the name of the king of England) to commit hostilities against the Spaniards, declaring them enemies to the British crown. They retook Saint Catharine's, and the small island, which was fortified with no less than nine batteries well manned; but, previous to its surrender, they were so much reduced by hunger and the inclemency of the weather, as to consume a wretched half-dead scarecrow of a horse which they found in the fields, and many could not get a morsel even of this. The city of Panama was at this time considered the richest of the West, and thither Morgan, agreeable to his promise, directed his course by the river Chagre. He sent 400 men, under Captain Brodley, in advance, to take the castle, which was effected, though with considerable loss, from its obstinate defence. The whole fleet then anchored in the river, and the commander-in-chief selected 1200 men to cross over the Isthmus of Darien with him, for the purpose of taking Panama.

Our limits will not admit of a detailed account of the proceedings, or the severe hardships they underwent—sometimes they were in such a state of starvation (for the supplies they expected to find in the villages had been removed by the Spaniards), that a stray horse or an ass became a delicious banquet, without the trouble of cooking; and when, at last, they fell in with a herd of cattle, and some droves of asses, their hunger was so excessive, that they scarcely restrained themselves till it was cut up, but gnawed it, raw as it laid, with their teeth. Their road lay over rocks and mountains, and through morasses, that were almost impassable; and they were, likewise, obliged to fight their way through an army, placed in the most difficult part to oppose their progress. On the ninth day, having gained the summit of a lofty mountain, they obtained a view of the South Sea and the Bay of Panama, which filled them with such extravagant joy, that they sounded their trumpets, threw their caps in the air, shouting and dancing, as if they had already obtained a victory. The Spaniards were not idle, but made every preparation to repel the invaders. The following morning, the pirates advanced upon the city, and the President, with two squadrons of horse, and four regiments of foot, came

out to meet them. In addition to this force, the Spaniards had collected an immense number of wild bulls, which were driven in their front by several hundred Indians and Negroes. The Buccaneers, now reduced to less than one thousand, beheld this enemy from the brow of a hill, and their courage began to waver; but Morgan put fresh vigour in their hearts by his gallant conduct. Two hours' desperate conflict ensued, which ended in the defeat of the Spaniards, after they had lost six hundred killed, and nearly double that number in wounded and prisoners; but the Buccaneers were too much weakened and wearied to pursue their advantage immediately; therefore, they halted to rest, and then undauntedly continued their march, under a heavy fire of cannon, charged with every kind of destructive missile, which swept down great numbers of men. Another contest of three hours took place, without intermission (neither party giving or receiving quarter), when the Spaniards were compelled to yield, and the Buccaneers entered the town, which, unfortunately, took fire, and continued burning for several days, though every exertion was made to stop it. The monasteries, churches, and nearly 7000 houses, chiefly built with cedar, were entirely consumed.

Morgan remained here one month, loaded 200 beasts of burthen with treasure, and then took his departure, returning down the river Chagre, where, having blown up the castle and fortifications, he once more sailed for Jamaica, leaving most of his companions in a very miserable plight. This daring marauder returned to England, and was well received. He became a commander in the naval service of this country, and obtained the honour of knighthood.

Hitherto the Buccaneers had prosecuted their adventurous schemes without a check from the British government; but Charles the Second, through the representations of the Spanish court, despatched a man-of-war to supersede the governor of Jamaica, and convey him home to answer the charge of aiding and abetting the pirates in their plunders. The new governor was furnished with authority to suppress the outlaws, and even to execute any one found committing an act of piracy. He was, likewise, directed to employ every method in his power that was best calculated to turn the attention of the inhabitants to more honorable pursuits. This was wise and politic; for Jamaica possessed a great capital, and only wanted a judicious and active promotion of agriculture and commerce, to render it the most flourishing of the British colonies. How far this plan succeeded, must be obvious to every one. It is a remarkable fact, that this country is indebted to the Buccaneers for the possession of Jamaica, as well as the means which has elevated it to its present opulence and prosperity.

XUM

Neither the new order of things in the West Indies, nor the rigid and active operations of the governor, could wholly put a stop to the proceedings of the pirates; and, though they never assembled in such large bodies as under Morgan, yet their numerical force was undiminished, and their plunderings greater than before. Driven from Jamaica, the other small islands constantly afforded them protection and refuge, till a fleet of men-of-war took its station, as cruizers, to support the trade, and they were compelled to seek their desperate fortunes on the western coast of America; passing round Cape Horn, and then circumnavigating the globe, those whose lives were spared once more reached their native land. History affords no parallel to the Buccaneers; — men, who were a pest to society, and yet produced beneficial results of the most remarkable kind. In their actions, we find a mixture of the most opposite feelings and principles: undauntedly brave, and cowardly brutal; full of justice and honour to each other, and yet a remorseless banditti; governed by wise laws among themselves, and indulging in every intemperate passion. But, let us look at them as we will, justice compels the acknowledgment, that they were the basis of our naval glory.

It would be almost an endless task to enumerate the various acts of the intrepid men, who followed the career of Morgan. The Isthmus of Darien became a path to the South Seas, where persons of all nations were constantly crossing, and by that means the ships were perpetually supplied with men, many of whom were intelligent and scientific, compelled through poverty, or prompted by a roving disposition, to risk their lives for the acquisition of gold or fame.

We have already, in a previous number, mentioned some of the later transactions of the Buccaneers, who kept the Spanish settlements in continual alarm. The prizes were, however, then sent to England, instead of Jamaica. It is not many years since that the plunder of the Spanish churches afforded our tars a characteristic source of amusement; and, on their touching at St. Helena, in their passage home, it was by no means uncommon to see the Virgin Mary, or one of the Apostles, disposed of in exchange for a bottle of rum or a pound of tobacco.

Before closing our article, it may not be amiss briefly to contrast the prosperity of the British and Spanish settlements in America. Both were first peopled (or nearly so) by the dissolute and abandoned; but the Spaniards, yielding to that worst enemy of liberty, priestcraft, were not able to emerge from the dark obscurity of ignorance and bigotry. The country they had conquered, luxuriant in the productions of nature, abounded also with mines of precious metals, while the numerous herds

of wild cattle were a never-failing supply of food. Fish, flesh, and fowl, of the most delicate nature, were easily obtained, and the most delicious fruits grew spontaneously. Literature was almost wholly unknown, and religion consisted of pompous ceremonies and splendid pageantry. The arts and sciences remained in a state of contemptible degeneracy; and, though possessed of a land teeming with the richest profusion in the animal and vegetable creation, yet natural history continued as uncultivated as their soil. Thus it has remained, till within these few years, that the light of knowledge has dawned upon them. The mind has shaken off its fetters, and the hands have freed themselves. British America possessed but few temptations beyond the fertility of its soil; yet this, in itself, when under the hands of perseverance and industry, became a source of wealth, far surpassing the gold mines of the Spaniards, and produced a much more substantial good; for, while Spain revelled in the produce of her colonies, and sunk into indolence and enervation, the enterprising sons of Britain were stimulated to active exertion in the cultivation of the arts of agriculture and commerce, which rendered them more brave in the defence of their territory, and procured them those blessings which are alone worth defending.

ART. VIII.—*The Works of* William Drummond, *of Hawthornden. Consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which were designed for the Press. Published from the Author's Original Copies. Edinburgh: printed by* James Watson, *in Craig's-Closs,* 1711. Folio.

The Poems of William Drummond, *of Hawthornden. London:* E. Jeffery, *Pall-Mall,* 1790. 8vo.

We have given the title-page of the folio edition of Drummond's Works, out of respect to our antiquarian and bibliographical readers, and because we shall have occasion, frequently, to refer to it; but, as we mean to limit our notice to his poetry, decidedly the most valuable part, the later and less expensive edition will be quite sufficient for the purposes of the general reader; and, though comparatively modern, it is old enough for half the original works, contemporary with it, to have sunk into "dumb forgetfulness," and to have done their better service at the trunk-makers. Neither is the folio always to be met with, should the reader be desirous of procuring it. We know not, indeed, how to account for its extreme rarity. We sought for it at more than a dozen book-

sellers without success; nor is it to be found in the British Museum, or any other public library in London.

Drummond, of Hawthornden, is a name familiar as a "household word" to most men; but, from our little experience, we are inclined to believe that, to the great majority, he is nothing but a name. He has been adduced as evidence, and cavilled at—rated high, and, to use the word more familiarly, rated soundly—just as it suited the purpose of critics and commentators; but, reading him, without reference to what he has been made to say for and against Ben Jonson, seems to have been out of the question. This appears strange to us. Wherever his name has been dragged forward, it is necessarily coupled with the circumstance of Ben Jonson's admiration of his genius; probably with the current tale of the latter having travelled on foot to Scotland, out of love and respect for him; and, surely, the man that Jonson valued so highly, could not deserve to be altogether forgotten. But, is it not the fact, that Jonson himself is very little known? The modern edition, with the consequent notice in the reviews, "Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all," may and does make people talk of him;—some of his plays, too, still keep possession of the stage;—but, of any knowledge beyond this, can it be said that the public generally have it? The current opinion of the man, and of his genius, are proofs to the contrary. With some few exceptions, even in our literature, the warm-hearted humanity of his disposition, and the *delicacy* of his writings, have been unnoticed. But, as far as his *literary* character is concerned, we hope shortly, if any of our readers have taken it on trust, to satisfy them of their error, by a notice of his minor poems; than which none more delicate, more harmonious, or more simply beautiful, are to be met with in the language. If, however, the greater works of Jonson have slept in comparative quiet, Drummond has no right to complain. His learning, natural and acquired, his power, his sense of the beautiful, his delicacy, his imagination, were altogether inferior: but, though second to Jonson, he was no ordinary man, and few second-rate poets are more deserving an attentive consideration. Before we enter into a particular notice of his works, we must say something of the man, without which the key to his poetry would be wanting.

Drummond was the son of Sir John Drummond, of Hawthornden, in Scotland, and born in 1585. It was intended that he should follow the civil law; but, either the necessity ceasing, or the study not agreeing with his disposition, he abandoned it on his father's death, and retired to his paternal estate. He seems to have been all his life of a delicate constitution, and of retired and studious habits; and the death of a

lady, to whom he was on the point of being married, the day having been fixed, so shattered his nerves, and depressed his spirits, that he abandoned not only his home, but his country, and travelled abroad for several years. To his passionate remembrance of this lady, we are indebted for some of his most delicate and beautiful poems. It has been said by a living critic of great ability, but a dear lover of a startling assertion, that poets and painters owe their genius to original poverty of spirit and weakness of constitution. This is not true; but it is much nearer the truth than the world will readily admit: it is a key to the mystery of precocious talent, and the nothingness of head boys, Prince Henries, King Edwards, and *in a degree* to the poetry of Drummond. After some years spent in travel, he returned home; and, in 1630, married* Margaret Logan, a grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan, by whom he had several children. He seems afterwards to have rarely left home; and if, indeed, a voyage were necessary, he was not likely, holding it, as he says in a letter to one of his friends, to be "a part of Noah's judgment, and no small misery, that us islanders cannot take a view of God's fair and spacious earth, without crossing the stormy, braking, and deceitful seas." From the same letter we collect, that he delighted in chess above all other games; and he is said to have been fond of, and well skilled in, music.

Although he rarely visited England, he was known here, and in correspondence both with Drayton and Ben Jonson. The tradition runs, as we have before observed, that the latter had so high a respect for his ability, and so earnestly desired to see him, that he set off, as it were, on an intellectual pilgrimage, and walked to Hawthornden. There is something delightful in this story, which, if true, would do honour to both men. It sheds a lustre round genius, like the halo of religion. But we question if there be not something of the "high fantastical," in talking, as Mr. Godwin does, of the passion that "soothed his uneasy steps, and beguiled the weariness of the way." That Jonson walked, is certain: that he walked, because he preferred walking, there can be no doubt; he was never in better circumstances throughout his whole life than at that particular time; he gave Taylor, the water-poet, whom he met accidentally at Edinburgh, "a piece of gold of two and

* The life prefixed to the later edition, says in 1620; but this is evidently an error. The folio, published in the life-time, and with the approbation of his son, says, he loved her for some resemblance to his first mistress, and married *after he was forty-five years of age.* It could not, therefore, have been before 1630.

twenty shillings value to drink his health in England," as that grateful man has left on record. This looks very little like necessity; for, though Jonson had the very soul of liberality, "two and twenty shillings" were, in those times, a largess out of all reason from a man that walked on foot to save expenses; which, by the bye, to any but a downright pauper, walking on foot will not do. The fact we believe to be, that Jonson, who was naturally a powerful and robust man, with a constitutional predisposition to scorbutic diseases, who had been, in early life, subject to privation, and accustomed to great bodily fatigue, and was now distinguished, as he himself notices, by "a mountain belly and a rocky face," felt not only great intellectual enjoyment, but increase of health and strength, from bodily exertion, and the bracing freshness of the country; and he intended, in his excursion, to unite all these, and afterwards, as Drummond mentions, "to write his foot pilgrimage, and to call it a Discovery."

So much for his "uneasy steps," and the "weariness of the way." Now, for a word or two on the "passion" that "beguiled" him. That Jonson went to Scotland solely, as the tale would lead us to believe, or principally, out of respect and reverence for Drummond, we think extremely questionable; that he went to see Drummond at all, we have never seen proved, or proof offered:—no one, indeed, seems to have questioned, what, in plain truth, we know no other authority for believing, but that it is so stated in the life prefixed to the folio edition of Drummond's works, published more than sixty years after the death of both parties. Jonson, be it remembered, had many friends in Scotland: it is on record that he had; and it is impossible but that the greatest genius then living should have: he was many months in Scotland; and it was to be expected, that during his long sojourn there, he would become personally acquainted with Drummond; but Hawthornden looks little like the shrine to which he bent his steps, when we know it was *the very last place he visited in Scotland,* and that he remained there but two or three weeks altogether. The very address, which accompanied the song sent by Jonson to Drummond, immediately on his return, affectionate as it is, breathes too much of respect, to lead us to believe in any long standing acquaintance, even if its language were less conclusive.

"To the honouring respect
Borne
To the friendship contracted with
The right virtuous and learned

Mr. William Drummond,
And the perpetuating the same by all offices of love hereafter,
I, Benjamin Jonson,
Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called His,
Have with mine own hand, to satisfy his request,
Written this imperfect song."

Another circumstance strongly confirmative of this conjecture is, as we believe, that there is no poem addressed to Drummond, or commendatory of his genius, nor a single letter from either party, of an earlier date than this visit. As to Jonson's enthusiastic admiration of Drummond's genius, perhaps, the reader will take Jonson's own words, in a criticism given to, and recorded by Drummond himself. "His opinion of my verses," says Drummond, after quoting Jonson's opinion of others, was "that they were all good, especially the Epitaph on Prince Henry, save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times: for a child, says he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verse in running; yet that he wished, for pleasing the king, that piece of *Forth Feasting* had been his own." Truly, if this be admiration enough for a pilgrimage, and by such a man as Jonson, there is much less enthusiasm wanting on such occasions than we have heretofore imagined. The highest commendation is, that his verses are good; much less he could not say to a kind host, with whom he was happy and delighted; and yet this he qualifies, and only desires to be the author of a solitary poem; and why of that?—"for pleasing the king." It is, indeed, a very elegant poem, and likely to "please the king," being written expressly in compliment to his majesty, on his visit to Scotland.

In political principles, Drummond was "right royal;" and he is said to have been so "overwhelmed with extreme grief and anguish" at the beheading of Charles the First, that it carried him to his grave in the December following. But neither his habits nor disposition stimulated him to action; he wrote, but did not fight in favour of royalty. But it must not be forgotten for Drummond's honour, that, although passionately, as well from personal feeling as principle, attached to the king, he saw clearly the errors of his government; that, though confident and fixed in his own opinions, he was tolerant towards others; and, when we remember how little the right of the liberty of the press, and of conscience, was then understood, even by theorists, and that Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophecying*, is believed to have been the first that advocated the latter, in 1647, we think, the following extract, from what Drummond calls an Apologetical letter, written some years

earlier, and, probably, on occasion of Laud's persecution of Prynne, Bastwick, and others, will do honour to his memory, and excuse its length.

"What a noise hath been raised in this country by prosecuting a piece of writing, supposed to be derogatory to the honour of the king's majesty! Whatever advice hath been given for putting of libellers to the extremity of law, I would say (with all humble respect to grave statesmen) that, in a matter of calumny and reproach with subjects, a prince can do nothing more fitting his own fame and reputation, than to slight and contemn them, as belonging nothing to him; and that it were better to neglect, than be too curious in searching after the authors.

* * * * * *

"Writings, we scorn and make none account of, themselves vanish and turn into nought. If we chafe and fret, it would appear, that we have been therein touched, and vively see in them our own faults and misdemeanors taxed and laid open.

* * * * * *

"If these papers for the king's honour were not to be seen and read, or if they derogate to the fame of the nobles, why were they not suppressed and hidden? But is this the way to suppress and hide them?—To imprison, arraign, banish, execute the persons near whom they are found? Or is it not rather to turn them a piece of the Story of the Time, to make such a noise about them, and by seeking to avoid the smoke to fall into the fire? What we would most evite and shun, to be the authors to bring upon our own heads?

* * * * * *

"What gained Queen Elizabeth the twenty-three of her reign, by cutting off the hands of Stubbs and Page, on the scaffold, for writing that book against her marriage with the Duke of Anjou, save that out of horror of that new and unpractised punishment, the people acknowledged her to be the right and not uncertain daughter of King Henry the Eighth, and she began to be feared, where before she was beloved of her subjects?—Whom a people fear they hate, and whom they hate they wish taken away.

* * * * * *

"No prince, how great soever, can abolish pens, nor will memorials of ages be extinguished by present power; the posterity rendering to every one his due honour and blame.

* * * * * *

"Sometimes it is great wisdom in a prince not to reject and disdain them who freely tell him his duty, and open to him his misdemeanours to the Commonwealth, and the surmises and umbrages of his people and council for the amending disorders and bettering th

form of his government. As if a man should tell King Charles, that there is none in all his kingdom here can reckon himself Lord of his own goods amongst so many taxes and taillages, so much pilling and polling. So that substance is daily plucked and pilled from honest men to be lashed out amongst unthrifts, that as Thucydides writes of the great plague in his time at Athens, men, seeing no hopes of safety, spent all they had in one night. So the uncertainty of enjoying and holding what they have for the present, draws the thrifty and unthrifty to one end; for no man being sure of lands, less of moneys, every man is turned in a desperate carelessness of his estate.

* * * * * *

"A prince should be advertised that the hatred and distates of men's present estates and fortunes setteth them on work, and maketh them exceeding earnest to seek novations; for, finding themselves plunged in the misery of a beggarly estate, as many do believe, it turneth them not base, nor keepeth them under, but raiseth in them a mad desire to change their fortune; and this hath been the ensign of malcontents, to attempt and enterprize dangerous matters; for it hath often been found, that nothing hath sooner armed a people than poverty; and poverty hath never so often been brought upon a nation by the unfruitfulness of the earth, by disasters of seas, and other human accidents, as by the avarice of the officers and favourites of princes; who are brought foolishly to believe, that by tearing off the skins of the flock, they shall turn the shepherd rich.

* * * * * *

"Ye will then say, the case of princes is pitiful if writers of infamous libels be not rigorously punished; without all question, the law is just and necessary against them. But, in some cases, good princes never follow the rigour and extremity of punishment set down by their laws; no, not against the naughtiest subjects, and, especially, when the case concerneth their own particulars. There is much to be considered in the convoy of such libels: *if they contain truths*, there is small wrong in such papers, as to call *Mary Magdalen* a sinner, *Matthew* a publican, *Thomas* a misbeliever, *Paul* a persecutor, *Peter* a denyer of his master, and the rest fugitives from him, and these are to be slighted and past over: *if they contain mixed truth and apparences they may be neglected; if they admit no interpretation but true and flat railing, then is a prince's patience to be tried, and the libel to be scorned. If they propound novelty and causes of sedition upon apparent grounds, they are to be answered, and by good reason to be overthrown.*

* * * * * *

"They who set their prince on work to follow and pursue such an idle piece of paper, if they had fair judges and powerful enemies near the court, may themselves be brought within compass of that same punishment which they would have laid upon others; as Perillus was brought to take an essay of his own brazen bull: for no better are they which relate, divulgate, and are occasioners to have infamous libels

published, than they which wrote them. And these men have done what in them lay to make that paper public; and have recorded in the Annals of this kingdom, to all ages, what should have been smothered in the darkest pits of oblivion. They have often assembled the King's Majesty's subjects to the great charges and vain attendance of many noblemen and barons to see their passions put forward. They have busied the prince to condemn others by power (a minister of their attempts), and not purge himself to posterity; *for such a paper should have been answered by a pen, not by an axe.* There is no prince living, no, nor dead, but subjects have and do both write and speak of after their fantasies. * * * * * * * *

Wise Princes have never troubled themselves much about talkers; weak spirits cannot suffer the liberty of judgments, nor the indiscretion of tongues. To strive to restrain them is the work of busy bodies, who would fain have somewhat to do, but know not what, nor how to help Domitian to kill gnats with his dagger; having won points and conclusions heretofore in the state beyond their hopes, they begin to foster great and shameful hopes beyond the reach of all obtaining."

We must now, however, come to the more immediate purpose of this review, the poetry of Drummond. Jonson's judgment, which seems to imply that he confined himself too closely to an imitation of the ancients, we cannot think altogether just; and we incline to believe that Jonson thought rather of Drummond's opinions than of his works, given probably in conversations at Hawthornden, and as we collect them from a very clever letter addressed to his "much-honoured friend Arthur Johnston, physician to the King."

The character of Drummond's poetry is various, consisting of Sonnets, Madrigals, Epigrams, Epitaphs, religious and other Poems. The Sonnets and other minor pieces, wherein he bewails his lost mistress, we are inclined to think the most beautiful; and some of them are, indeed, in the highest degree beautiful. The great excellence of Drummond is unaffected feeling, and unaffected language;—conceits and crude thoughts could have no mastery over him, without his ceasing to be: and though he could not live in the age without some touch of its corruption, the simplicity of his own feeling has more frequently beautified and ennobled the vice, than the vice destroyed or corrupted his better nature. It will be evident to the reader, that Milton thought as highly of the following sonnet as we do:—

> "Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends,
> Ere that the blushing morn dare shew her light,
> Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
> (Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
> If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,

Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight;
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sigh'd forth, I love, I love."

The next, we acknowledge to believe one of the finest in the language:—

"Now, while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rouzing with her from Thetis' azure bed,
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And, looking pale from height of all the skies,
She dyes her beauties in a blushing red;
While Sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice;
I wake, I turn, I weep, oppress'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain."

Drummond loved the country with that deep and placid love which a calm and contemplative poet alone feels. He had suffered deeply,—he possessed a rich store of learning,—he had a wise and thoughtful turn of mind,—and, feeling a lively relish for all the charms of nature, he indulged his genius in poetico-philosophical reflections upon life, its vicissitudes, hopes, sorrows, and vanities. To one of this mood, no form of poetry is so admirably adapted as the sonnet; the entire, the unique, the harmonious, the dignified sonnet, that little poem, big with one fine sentiment, richly adorned and delicately wrought, never-tiring,—never-flagging,—which bursts forth with an organ-like peal, and proceeds in a sustained and majestic march, until the soft and melodious close sweetly and gently winds up the whole. When a silver voice takes its course through a fine sonnet, like many of those of our author, we listen to it as to an oracle; when the sound ceases, we feel as if a revelation had been made, and the very silence becomes musical. No poem leaves the mind in a finer mood than the

grand and solemn sonnet.—Such a one is the following, albeit turning upon the vulgar and trivial passion of love:—

" That learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the after world Divine, doth tell
That all the time when first our souls are fram'd,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that Eternal Light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height,
Not toil'd with aught 'gainst reason to rebel.
It is most true, for straight at the first sight
My mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw th' idea of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Since I her lov'd ere on this earth she came?"

In another fine sonnet, our poet expresses the natural disgust of life, that sickness of all mortal joy, which grief never fails to inspire. His is no feigned satiety; we perceive the dismal and dreary livery of wretchedness in every line:

" If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays."

The next is a sonnet of sound,—not, however, merely of sound. Drummond, as well as Milton, knew, that the glorious march of fine names did something more than please the ear,—they recal a crowd of the finest associations of history, poetry, and romance.

" Nor Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whose streams

He fell who burnt the world with borrow'd beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked Seine,
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor she whose nymphs excel her loved Adon,
Fair Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander,
The flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
Nile, that so far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,
As Ora where this northern phœnix stays."

The following is one of the earlier sonnets, written before the loss, which he, in other places, so feelingly deplores—

" I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas, I both must write and love."

This is again the topic of another sonnet—

" Ah me, and I am now the man whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at Love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy's abuse,
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove:
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind unto a better course to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power; but what is that to me,

Who ever think, and never think on aught
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought?"

Of all the numerous addresses to sleep, there are few finer than this—

" Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death."

The solitude which he loved with all his heart is often very delightfully eulogized—

" Dear wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts."

The pleasures of a lonely life in a rural retreat are contrasted with those of a court, with considerable force—

" Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.

O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights."

The sonnets, which dwell upon his own afflictions, are to us very affecting, and as full of true feeling as poetic beauty:—

" Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
Neglected virtues, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

" What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or the moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?

" My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

O! It is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou shew'st thy golden face;
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case."

Though joyless, forsaken, and deprived of all that put a spirit into life, he finds consolation in the powers of thought that remain to him.

" As when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who both by sword and flame himself instals,
And shameless it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combin'd,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcendent rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings."

The opening of the following song, we also think, has great beauty; and the idea, towards the close, " Night, like a

drunkard, reels beyond the hills," has something more than beauty:—

" Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,
Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead,
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearls thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And Fates my hopes betray),
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But shew thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns which shine as clear
As those when two thou did'st to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that, ye winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay,
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are;
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night, like a drunkard, reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.

The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue.
Here is the pleasant place;
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!"

Feeling, as we have before observed, is the very essence of Drummond's poetry; where he did not feel, or where he affected to do more than feel, he not unfrequently fails altogether. His ode on the *Death of Gustavus Adolphus* is of this class; and the madirgals and epigrams, beginning at page 99, are the worst part of the volume. *Tears on the Death of Mæliades** are infinitely better. There are a great many well-measured and high-sounding lines which, *after poetry*, are the next best thing; but of poetry itself,—of that holy and consecrating essence, which gives life and beauty to the "meanest flower that blows;" (and in proof of what we mean, we offer the "young eye-speaking lovers" in this very elegy;) which ennobles the lowest, and neither seeks, nor needs, the majesty of language, though enriched by it, to give it universal currency, or to touch the heart, there is very little.—That little,

Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flow'r that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,

it is probable that the young Milton remembered when he wrote *Lycidas*. One other whole poem we must extract;—it is full of imagination and delicacy, and the recurrence of the same rhymes throughout, we *feel* as making more touching its subdued and quiet feeling:—

"Sith gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
That clear'd my life's dark sphere, nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon;
What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain—
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun—
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiss the moon!)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

* Miles á Deo—an anagram chosen by Prince Henry, and used by him in his martial sports.

While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus' treasure
Thou need'st not envy—nor yet the fountain,
In which that hunter saw the naked moon;
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
And I remain, like marigold, of sun
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, shewing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet sylvans, and the wond'ring sun,
Whene'er you gather flow'rs about this fountain,
Bid her farewell who placed here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon,
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos' mountain;
Or when she views her silver locks for pleasure
In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure:
Such was my fair, when she sat by this fountain
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprived is the moon;—
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or, wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart; eyes, shun the sun;
Tears be your treasure, which the wand'ring moon
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale, and fountain."

We feel it to be particularly difficult to do justice to Drummond by extracts. Many of his poems are admirable for what we may, perhaps, be allowed to call the stately march of language and thought; but without any of those brilliant passages that enchain the fancy and delight the reader. Others, in which the most exquisitely beautiful passages are to be found, are, by length, or other circumstances, unsuited to our purpose. "Forth Feasting," which Jonson commended, is one of these. The opening, spoken by the River God, is, however, as good as laureate poems usually are.

"What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my wat'ry court?
What melody—what sounds of joy and sport,

Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring ?*
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land ?
Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight ?
* * * * *
Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain ;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun doth roll :
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights
Far Helen's brothers shew their cheering lights :
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods ;
The feathered sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky ;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave ;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time,
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
* * * * *
To virgins flow'rs, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main ;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return."

We know not well how to close this volume, there are so many passages and poems that we have marked, as deserving particular notice ; but we feel that we have already brought forward enough to awaken an interest in the reader to procure the work itself, and we will not, therefore, too far abridge the pleasure of its perusal.

One word at parting.—It is impossible but the reader must have observed, that Milton was an early and attentive reader of Drummond ; and it is probable, that his opinion first directed the attention of his nephew and scholar to our author. Phillips is generally believed to have been assisted by his uncle, or to have benefited by his judgment, in the *Theatrum Poetarum*

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* The folio, which professes to have made many corrections from a MS. of Drummond's, here reads "*neighbouring* spring ;" but this is so wretchedly common place, that it is impossible to believe it other than a misprint.

Anglicanorum; and it is not impossible that we may collect something of Milton's opinion of our author, from the Preface to the edition of 1656, written by his nephew, then a very young man. If this conjecture should be true, it would, indeed, be highly complimentary. "His poems," says Phillips, "are the effects of a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scotch nation produced. If I should also affirm, that neither Tasso, nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge any advantage above him; it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves. And for his history, had there been nothing else extant of his writings, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is—consider the order, and the prudent conduct of the story, and you will rank him in the number of the best writers; and compare him even with Thuanus himself. Neither is he less happy in his verse than prose; for here are all those graces met together, that conduce any thing towards the making up a complete and perfect poet; a decent and becoming majesty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit so flowing, that Jove himself never drank nectar that sparkled with a more sprightly lustre." There is also, among the commendatory poems prefixed to the folio, probably from the same work, one by the same writer; and as the reader may be anxious to see a poem by the nephew and scholar of Milton, we shall close this review with it, upon the incomparable poems of Mr. William Drummond.—

"To praise these poems well, there doth require
The self same spirit, and that sacred fire
That first inspired them; yet I cannot chuse
But pay an admiration to a muse
That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,
From climes so near the Bear, so bright a worth;
And, I believe, the Caledonian bow'rs
Are full as pleasant and as rich in flow'rs,
As Tempe's ere was fam'd, since they have nourish'd
A wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd;
There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,
Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
But such an ardour as creates the spring,
And throws a chearfulness on every thing;
Such a sweet calmness runs through every verse,
As shews how he delighted to converse
With silence, and his muse, among those shades
Which care, nor busy tumult ere invades;

There would he oft, the adventures of his loves
Relate unto the fountains, and the groves,
In such a strain as Laura had admir'd
Her Petrarch more, had he been so inspir'd.
Some Phœbus gives a smooth and streaming vein,
A great and happy fancy some attain,
Others unto a soaring height he lifts;
But here he hath so crowded all his gifts,
As if he had in one design'd to try
To what a pitch he could bring poetry;
For every grace should he receive a crown,
There were not bays enough in Helicon:
Fame courts his verse, and with immortal wings
Hovers about his monument, and brings
A deathless trophy to his memory;
Who, for such honour, would not wish to die?
Never could any times afford a story,
Of one so match'd unto great Sidney's glory;
Of fame so well divided, as between
Penshurst's renowned shades, and Hawthornden.

EDW. PHILLIPS."

ART. IX—*La morale Pratique des Jesuites oú elle est representée en plusieurs Histoires, arrivées dans toutes les Partiés du Monde.* 2 tom. 1683.

Histoire impartiale des Jesuites depuis leur établissement jusqu' á leur premiere Expulsion. 2 tom. 1768.

Our object, in this paper, will be, to inquire into the conduct of the Society of Jesus, from its foundation to the end of the sixteenth century, to ascertain, as far as possible, the cause of the powerful resistance which was made to its establishment, and to examine into the truth of some of the accusations laid to its charge. That the introduction of a religious order should be opposed in countries acknowledging the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, sanctioned as it was by his authority, whilst other orders were admitted, not only with facility, but with approbation, must either be attributed to something peculiar in the laws or doctrines of the Society, or

in the conduct of the people who composed it. In all controversies, whether political or religious, with which the tranquillity of the world has been disturbed, there never were witnessed any in which so much virulence was displayed, so much of that consuming zeal with which disagreements on unimportant and trifling points of religion have generally been accompanied, so much of calumny and misrepresentation as those in which the Jesuits have been engaged.

Never was a period more favourable to the foundation of a new order, than the middle of the sixteenth century,—the leaven of heretical opinions had excited the reverend old ladies of Rome into a dreadful fermentation,—the lazy monks were unfit soldiers to oppose the formidable enemies of the church, armed, as they were, with reason and common sense, which had long been banished the cloisters, if, indeed, they were ever found there, —new continents had been discovered,—costly merchandize and glittering ingots had followed the discoverers into Europe, and larger expectations had been awakened in the adventurous and the avaricious. Some of the mendicants, in their pious and disinterested zeal for the good of the church, had already been induced, in despite of their natural inactivity, to pass the seas, in order to ascertain the verity of the marvellous reports which had been diffused of the transmarine treasures. In this state of excitement of the inhabitants of different countries in Europe, whilst adventures and undertakings of various kinds were proceeding; when new fields of exertion had opened to the professors of Christianity, the Jesuits arose, and certainly, unless some very powerful motives had influenced the other members of the same church to their prejudice, their establishment would have excited no attention, and encountered no opposition. From what causes, then, sprung their hostility to the new order?—We think we shall be able to afford a solution of this question, in pointing out the difference between the constitution and government of this Society and those of the other orders, over which the former undoubtedly possessed a singular advantage.

And first, with respect to the absolute power of the General, to whom the whole Society vowed a blind submission, on whom, as we have shewn in a former article, they absolutely depended, and who was the sole executive who directed the motions of his subjects. The constitution of their order was such—the authority of the General so complete, that room was hardly left for the operation of individual interest; whilst, in the other orders, the General had a less extensive authority; the other superiors preserved a more direct controul over their immediate subjects, and being elected by the Society at large, and changed at given periods, they were less dependent

on their General. Hence, schemes and intrigues for promotion were more common, and jealousy and envy and ambition more busy amongst them. Another advantage which the Jesuits possessed over their brethren, was the power which they retained of dismissing such of their novices and members as were considered unfit, either from want of talent, want of discretion, or want of knowledge for the services of the Society. With such a power of selection, they insured agents, upon whom they could place implicit dependence for secrecy, talent, and despatch. And, lastly, they possessed an immense advantage in their exemption from the performance of the public offices of religion; for the monks were engaged from "morn to dewy eve," in mumbling Latin prayers, and performing other offices of monastic obedience, which was brought to such perfection, that it is related of an eastern ascetic, that, being summoned in the usual way to some pious exercise whilst he was in the act of writing, he had brought his habits to such a mechanical precision, that he actually left a letter half-formed to go to it. From all such useless duties, which neither made the agents wiser nor better, but which, on the other hand, disqualified them from attaining anything useful in knowledge, or executing anything beneficial to their species, the Jesuits were exempt. They were only bound to perform them when their other avocations would allow; in other words, at such times as suited their own convenience, or forwarded their views. How differently the Jesuits employed their time, is apparent from the result of their different exertions; whilst the Jesuits have produced a great variety of valuable works in science and elegant literature, all the other orders put together have hardly produced a work whose very name has not sunk into the mass of things forgotten. The vow of obedience to the Pope, too, although taken by other orders, was, from the nature of their government, carried further by the Jesuits, and became, indeed, their peculiar characteristic;—they carried into execution that vow, which, in the others, was merely formal. Their superiority gave them a great preponderance in society—a superiority allowed by the laymen, but denied by the ecclesiastics: the Dominicans and others, who had been the supporters of the Papacy, considered themselves still equal to its defence, and they were indignant at the intrusion into their province, of men, to whom so much consideration was attached, and to whom they could not help feeling themselves inferior. These things, while they account for the opposition which was made to the Society, by the monks, explain, also, the cause of their success. The foundation of the hostility of the bishops and dignified clergy and of the Universities we shall investigate when we come to the recep-

tion of the Society in France, and shall now proceed to the consideration of some of the charges brought against them.

The great subjects of reproach against the Jesuits may be classed under these heads,—the vows which they pronounced and the casuists they have produced—the crimes they have caused and the privileges they have obtained; which have been ramified into an infinity of accusations, some trifling, some absurd, and some most atrocious. The vows of poverty, chastity, and humility, were common to all the religious orders; but the Jesuits have, in a particular manner, been reproached for the absoluteness of their vows of obedience.—"Be," says their maxim on this subject, "in the hands of your superiors, like a stick in that of an old man, whom it supports." But obedience, in point of fact, is the very essence of monachism; all orders are founded upon this very maxim, which caused so much alarm when it was pronounced by the Jesuits. The same thing may be said of their casuists; all orders have produced similar authors. Is it credible, that the Jesuits should, as imputed to them, seriously set about organizing a plan to corrupt the morals of the whole world, to sap the foundations of that Society on which they themselves depended. Have they had more complaisance for the peccadilloes of the great and noble than other ecclesiastics?—Have the clergy of our days shewn less indulgence for the failings of their rich patrons?—But if they had had such a design, was this the right course to accomplish it?—Is the great mass of mankind pleased with a lax system of morality?—The contrary appears from the history of this very period. Multitudes, at this time, deserted the masses and absolutions of the Pope for the harsh and crabbed sermons of Calvin,—the brilliant ceremonies and paintings and carvings of churches and cathedrals, for the plain offices and unadorned walls of the conventicle. Nobody can deny, that their books of casuistry abound with subtile distinctions, inconsequential reasoning, and erroneous conclusions,—with discussions, not only useless in themselves, but offensive to decency; but the other monastic orders were no more free from this most just accusation than the Jesuits; the only difference between them is, that the Jesuits put a finer edge on their dialectics, and that they published them at a time less auspicious for their quiet reception. Good Catholics suffered preceding casuists to misemploy their own time, and publish, for the misemployment of the time of other people, whole reams of cases of conscience, without suspecting any evil in them, and, most probably, without attempting to find any. But when the Jesuits appeared upon the stage, the reason of mankind, after a sleep as long as that of the seven sleepers, suddenly awoke, to the astonishment and dismay of good mother church, who was totally unable to

endure the investigations of this all busy and meddling faculty. It is probable, therefore, that the Jesuits owed both the success they met with and the hatred they experienced, to the circumstances of the time which saw their birth, and which scrutinized their actions with an interest and acuteness, that had never been applied to the reverend fathers of other establishments.

In answer to the articles exhibited against them at the bar of reason, the Jesuits alleged that their books of casuistry were written for the use of their confessors, in order that they might be always ready to apply a remedy to their penitents in every sort of emergency. This, in point of fact, is no justification at all for giving birth to such a foul brood of prurient imaginations; matters like those to which we have alluded, ought never to be voluntarily presented to the mind, either of the confessors themselves, or the persons confessing; to nicely balance the distinctions in the shades of vice and impurity is unworthy of the character of Christian teachers; they had better rest in undistinguished abhorrence, than be multiplied, to afford excuses for having committed crimes, or pretences for committing them. This censure, of course, only applies to the most pernicious of these childish abuses of talent and of religion. After all, however, it must be allowed, that these fine-spun subtleties of monkish brains were rather the result of perverted reasoning than of corrupt principles; for the correctness of their manners has never been questioned; they are allowed, on all hands, to have been sober, discreet, and even rigid in their demeanour,—answering, in all respects, to the directions of their founder. The mode adopted by them of treating the subject of morals, by first considering the abstract nature of actions, and then, in relation to the various circumstances accompanying them, has certainly put a dangerous weapon into the hands of their enemies; for example, if the question be—"Can one man lawfully kill another?" the simple answer will be—"Yes." Now, if the question and answer only were cited, what would be the impression upon the mind of a person reading them?—What else could it be, than that the author was teaching a most corrupt and dangerous rule of action? But if the reader, as he went on, found it laid down that its legality depended entirely upon the circumstances connected with the action,—as that a man may lawfully slay his enemy who attacks him, in order to save his own life,—as a soldier in war, &c. the first impression would be effaced, and he might probably only conclude, that the man was an ingenious trifler. We do not mean to say, that all their questions and solutions were equally simple or innocent; but, undoubtedly, the partial manner in which the opponents to the Society have cited their books of casuistry, has made them appear

in a much more atrocious light than in fair and impartial history they ought to do. That most ingenious and triumphant satire—"*Les Lettres Provinciales,*" is no more to be considered as a just representation of the Jesuits, than the description of the Yahoos of Swift is of the British nation.

The very year of the death of Ignatius, the society was refused admission into Flanders, and a partial opposition was made to it in Spain by the archbishop of Toledo, who had formerly condemned *the Spiritual exercises,* and was by no means satisfied with the consecration, with which the approbation of the successor of St. Peter had favoured them; and by Melchior Cano, a Dominican, who has rendered his name immortal by his furious zeal against the Jesuits. The Society was engaged in a continual struggle, for many years, before it gained a settlement in France. Various attempts were made for this purpose, and it was at length accomplished in the following manner:—Laynez and Salmeron having insinuated themselves into the favour of William Duprat, bishop of Clermont, obtained from him a college at Billom, a small town in Auvergne. They arrived at Paris in the year 1549; but they were unable to obtain favour, or even to command attention. Duprat having, at his death, left them a legacy, which, as aliens, they could not enjoy, they commenced a law-suit, under the pretence of substantiating their claim to it. As this suit, they were aware, must be decided against them, unless they could interest the higher powers in their favour, they appealed to the Pope, who applied to the Cardinal Lorraine to espouse their cause—an application which proved successful. This churchman obtained letters patent for the delivery of the legacy, and for the building of a college. At this appearance of favour to an obnoxious body, the Parliament (in which the affair was discussed) the bishops and the parsons, with one common voice, loudly declared their disapprobation of the society. The legacy was in consequence refused, and the college was not built. In the following year, the fathers obtained second letters patent, which met with the same resistance, and shared the same fate as the first. A third time they appeared with letters patent in their hands, and the Parliament, at length, thought it necessary to consult the Doctors of the Sorbonne. These learned theologians,

> "With eyes that only serv'd at most
> To guide their master 'gainst a post,"

on the 1st Dec. 1554, after due preparation, pronounced their judgment, in which the Jesuits are accused of presumptuously assuming the name of the Society of Jesus, of licentiously admitting into their order all sorts of persons, however wicked

or infamous they might be; of using none of the religious observances which distinguish other orders; of having privileges injurious to the bishops, against the rights of the universities, and against secular and ecclesiastical superiors: for these reasons, and, as the decree expresses, "many other besides," these illuminati, who were afterwards distinguished for their complaisance to the Jesuits, pronounced the society "extremely dangerous in what concerns Faith, an enemy to the church, fatal to the monastic state, and born for the ruin rather than the edification of the faithful." The decree was also published in Spain, where the society was excommunicated by its ancient enemies.

This sentence, which is, in point of fact, the foundation of all the charges since brought against the society, is sufficiently explanatory of the motives which led to this anathema against it. As to the arrogance of the name, the doctors seem to have forgotten the Trinitarians, the Daughters of the Holy Sacrament, and the Daughters of God; all of which savour more of pride than that of the Society of Jesus.—The charge of admitting licentious persons into the society is an absolute calumny. The head and front of their offending, in fact, is this: they were exempt from tithes, which was a convincing proof to the parsons, who had a right to receive them, that the institution must be contrary to religion; they were obnoxious to the bishops, for they were declared exempt from their jurisdiction—a demonstration that they were inimical to the Divine will; they were detested by the universities, for they also had the privilege of teaching—an unanswerable argument to shew that they must be enemies to the diffusion of knowledge and good morals: the Jesuits *gave* that instruction which the universities sold—the forms of the schools of the latter were deserted for the colleges of the Jesuits; the universities were therefore driven, by the principle of self-preservation, to exterminate these wicked and ignorant intruders into their peculiar province; and, as they had no just charge against them, they were compelled to resort to calumnies. With regard to the active part which the Parliament took, in opposing the introduction of this order, if it were not chiefly influenced by the rival orders, by the secular clergy, bishops, and universities, it rested upon much better reasons; the Jesuits derived their origin from Spain, were most of them Spaniards, and were in a peculiar manner devoted to the Pope, by whom they were not only exempted from taxes, but from temporal jurisdiction; and were not, in fact, amenable to the laws of the country in which they were domiciled—an anomaly which it is highly impolitic in any kingdom to tolerate in its own territories. But the adoption of this principle, in its full

extent, would have put an end altogether to the unnatural and unprofitable state of monachism.

Laynez, who had, on the death of Ignatius, succeeded to the office of general, feeling deeply the vast importance to the order of obtaining a footing in France, solicited and obtained permission to be present at the "Colloquy of Poissy," (a sort of national council for the settlement of religious differences), where he acted his part with so much zeal and discretion, that the society of Jesuits was ultimately admitted into that kingdom, and the letters patent duly registered by the Parliament. The condition on which their admission was allowed was a fatal one to a privileged order of the Romish Church, to which none but the Jesuits would have consented, and which probably none but they would have dared to have broken—it was, that they should renounce all their privileges, and submit to the laws of the kingdom. But although they assented, or seemed to assent, to this condition, they were at this time secretly receiving from the Pope more extensive privileges and larger powers. They manifested equal want of good faith in the manner in which they contrived to gain permission to open a college at Paris, a measure which was effected by the aid of Julian de St. Germain, the rector of the university, who, without the authority of that body, and without saying a syllable to any one, delivered to them letters, empowering them to open a college in that city. At the expiration of the rector's office, his successor summoned the fathers to answer for their surreptitious intrusion into the privileges of the university. This jealous body instituted a law-suit, in order to determine the question, whether the Jesuits ought to be received into France and the University of Paris, a proceeding which, by the great exertion and interest of the society, terminated without any absolute decision, although the termination was virtually in their favour, for they were allowed permission to open a college for teaching youth, without being incorporated with the university, or having any dependence upon it.

The society now began to receive various favours, to gain a great increase of revenue, and considerable accession of power. The Council of Trent having been resumed, Laynez there made himself conspicuous by his zeal for the Pope. It is worthy of observation, as shewing the spirit of the order, that the Council having, amongst other regulations, granted to the mendicant orders the right of possessing landed property, the Capuchins, the friars minors, and the Jesuits refused to participate in this concession; but the next day, Laynez, having considered the affair, wished, like the rest, to be authorized to possess landed estates, "in order," he said, "that having the power of profiting by this permission, and not availing themselves of it, his society might have more merit before God."

XUM

The society was established, in 1508, by Pope Pius V., at Avignon, whence they had been driven away on suspicion of a design to establish the Inquisition; and two years afterwards, he gave them one of the most considerable colleges at Rome, together with the Penitentiary, to which were attached immense revenues.

The hatred against the order in France had ceased to agitate the public mind, but had not ceased to exist, during the commotions caused by the league—that unhallowed Holy Alliance, that execrable combination against religious liberty, in which the zealous Catholics of France, excited by their priests, and sanctioned by the Pope, engaged for the defence of religion, or, in other words, for the extermination of the Protestants; but no sooner had the violence of the league ceased, than the old cry was renewed against the Jesuits, reinforced by new accusations drawn from the part they had acted in this horrible conspiracy. They were boldly charged with being the sole instigators of it, the promoters, nay, the authors of all the crimes by which it had been disgraced.

> "For none but Jesuits are allowed here
> To propagate the faith with powder,
> For what can serve their purpose better
> To prove their church derived from *Peter*."

The university renewed its ancient hostility, and its ancient law-suit, and the advocate, Arnaud, was employed to consume them with the blaze of his eloquence. The Jesuits were, no doubt, highly criminal in the part they took in the league; they deserve our execration for converting the temples of religion into forums of sedition—for unloosing the bond of fealty, and instigating their fanatical auditories to the deposition of the king, instead of teaching them to love their neighbours as themselves—for preaching war and slaughter, instead of peace and good-will to man;—and ought not the same thing to be said of those who assisted them in this holy crusade against heretical opinions, for holy it was then considered by the university? Undoubtedly; if any were so wicked as to join them in so infamous a business, for infamous it was soon afterwards considered by the same university. The pope sanctioned it, and excommunicated the Prince of Navarre for being a heretic and a supporter of heretics, and Henry III. for seeking a reconciliation with that prince of heretics. Nor were the Doctors of the Sorbonne inactive or silent; they erased the king's name from their liturgy, and sixty of them declared that the people were released from their oath of fidelity, and that it was lawful to make war against the king for the defence of religion:—yet the

Jesuits were the sole abettors of every thing dangerous and criminal! Amongst the most zealous preachers, who recommended the sentiments of the league from the pulpit, were two Jesuits, one bishop, four priests, one Benedictine, and two Franciscans: and yet the obloquy of the whole proceeding, from its commencement to its close, has rested upon the Jesuits. Frequent instances of the activity of the other orders occur: for example—when Henry III. returned to Chartres, a miserable procession was invented by the master agents of the league to draw him from his retirement, founded upon his well-known attachment for similar exhibitions; but the chief actors in this religious farce were not Jesuits, but Capuchins: there were other processions, too, performed by different orders, Franciscans, friars minors, begging friars, and all the rabble rout of *monkery:* and yet, nothing of all this is recollected—nothing but the devoted Jesuits, and their offences. No small clamour was made with respect to the scheme of Barriere to assassinate Henry IV., which was positively alleged to have been planned by them; nay, within the very walls of their college, and which Arnaud makes a leading subject of his celebrated declamation. The justice of such a sweeping charge will be seen by a slight investigation of the fact: the truth is, that Barriere, having determined to murder Henry IV., first consulted, not a Jesuit, but a Carmelite a grand vicar at Lyons, then a Capuchin, and other priests, who confirmed him in his pious design. On his arrival at Paris, still wavering in his intention, he applied to a minister of the name of Aubri, who took him to Varade, the rector of the Jesuits, and then, for the first time, did a Jesuit interfere in the affair. Both the Christian minister, and the Jesuit rector, used their utmost endeavours to remove the poor wretch's remaining scruples, and they succeeded better than he did in his nefarious attempt.

Nothing, indeed, can be more uncandid in statement, more unsupported by facts, than Arnaud's oration; it is a violent and calumnious tirade against the Jesuits in an exaggerated strain of rhetoric; but he was an advocate employed on one side, and therefore in some measure excusable: what is to be complained of is, that other persons should cite and rely upon his declamations as demonstrations clear as proof of Holy Writ. The following is an instance of the sort of disingenuousness of which Arnaud is guilty:—In speaking of the execution of Parry in England, he says, that he (Parry) "declared that Palmio, a Jesuit, had given him to understand, that it was lawful to kill all kings and princes excommunicated by the pope; but, having communicated with another learned priest, called Vates, he assured him that the proposition was false, and

that he would be damned. In this uncertainty Parry confessed to Codreto, a *Jesuit*, at Paris, who assured him that he could not do a more meritorious service," &c. Arnaud takes care to shew emphatically that the first and last who counselled the act were Jesuits; but the other, who so strongly denounced the attempt, was merely a learned priest. Would any body suspect that this learned priest was a Jesuit? and yet such he was in fact. In truth, that doctrine was not held by the Jesuits alone; it was, indeed, so far from being uncommon that the University itself was, during the existence of the league, infected with it; and when Philip II. had set a price upon the head of the Prince of Orange, a young man, who had thoughts of assassinating him, was assured by a *Dominican* that he might, in conscience, kill a heretic king, if he did not do it through avarice, and had only the glory of God and the service of the kingdom in view. So that the Jesuits were not the first to prophane the "divinity that doth hedge a king;" although they were as bold assertors of the doctrine as their brethren, they were not the only persons who asserted it.

The same sort of petty cunning distinguishes that part of his harangue which accuses the society of exciting a revolution in Portugal (an accusation totally unsupported by facts); he always mentions the bastard as King Antonio, without ever adverting to his defective title to the throne. And so, indeed, he proceeds throughout his speech, perverting one fact and concealing another,—heaping up false accusations, and, as the spider sucks poison from flowers, extracting calumnies from their very virtues.

The speech of Arnaud was received with the strongest demonstrations of approbation; but the defence of the Jesuits was, like most of their defences, a weak and powerless effort.—The University, however, had conceived some apprehension, either from the weakness of their cause or from the talents of the society, for they made all the booksellers and printers, over whom their rector had a right of inspection, swear not to assist, in any manner, in publishing any defence of the Jesuits. Notwithstanding the flaming oration of Arnaud, and the inferiority of their own advocate, the cause had the same termination as the former, and the society still retained possession of their college.

What, however, the influence of a powerful body, assisted by powerful friends, could not effect, the conduct of a single individual was the means of their accomplishing. John Chatel, a young man of dissolute habits, a student in the college of the Jesuits, excited by his own weariness of life (for he had, it is said, endeavoured to get himself accused of a disgusting crime, punishable with death), and recollecting the promises made,

during the fury of the league, of remission of sins and the enjoyment of paradise to the perpetrator, conceived the project of murdering the magnanimous Henry IV. He made the attempt, and perished. As soon as it was known that Chatel was a pupil of the society, a violent clamour was raised against the whole order: their papers were ransacked, and amongst those of Guignard were found reflections on the King and other European Princes that cost him his life. He was hanged; and the Jesuits were, after all their pertinacious struggles, banished the kingdom of France.

Passing over the progress of the Jesuits in Poland, where they became very powerful; and in England, which will form the subject of a separate paper; we will take a brief survey of their missions in other parts of the world, during the transaction we have been discussing, and which have also been made the subject of various accusations against the society. Scarcely had the order been confirmed before the King of Portugal demanded missionaries for the East Indies. Xavier was the person fixed upon for this office, and he departed from Lisbon in 1541. To this voyage the historian of the Jesuits, the title of whose work is affixed to the head of this article, attributes the first origin of missions, although the mendicant friars had preceded them in Asia and in Africa. St. Francis himself had undertaken a special mission to preach the Gospel to the Sultan of Egypt, where his office was so far mistaken that he was suspected to be a spy; but the Sultan perceiving that he could not be a very dangerous one, charitably sent him home again. The failure of this stout wrestler with the devil cooled the ardour of his disciples, until a new stimulus was given to their exertions by the appearance of the rival Jesuits. Xavier, on his arrival at Goa, the richest settlement of the Portuguese in the East, found that, however qualified he might be by his zeal to teach the doctrines of a new religion, there was a slight impediment to his immediate success—namely, that he was ignorant of the language of the country,—was, as he himself expressed it, like a statue among infidels, without the power of speech. To make up for his inability to preach his own religion he determined to shew his detestation of theirs; and for this purpose he began, under the protection of the viceroy's soldiers, to demolish their altars and their temples, and instead of them built churches for the use of his proposed proselytes. As an additional spur to their conversion, he solicited the power of enforcing the doctrines of love and charity by punishments. He established the inquisition at Goa.

But notwithstanding these soft persuasives to Christianity, his success was by no means answerable to his expectations;

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and after wandering from place to place, in a restless and inefficient manner, he determined to try his fortune at Japan. He assumed the habit of a native priest, and called himself a Bonze. But he found that he had not the gift of tongues; and his discourses, one would suppose, could not be very intelligible, although he had brought with him a Japanese, who had formerly left his native country to seek his fortune amongst the Europeans. Wonders are, however, related of the miracles he performed, the conversions he made and the number he baptised; the latter amounting to three thousand within the first year. He got into disputes with and gained triumphant victories in arguments over the Bonzes; but all the charming prospects which this success opened to him did not induce him to stay, and he resolved to embark in another enterprize. He departed for China, in order to plant the cross there, being called, as he said, by God to that great enterprize; but Xavier was in error, for he died by the way, and became a saint in the Roman calendar.—The enterprise which he contemplated was afterwards accomplished by other missionaries of the society, who successively prospered, quarrelled with the Dominicans, and were persecuted by the Chinese.

Xavier, on his departure from Japan, left his brethren there, who obtained from one of the petty sovereigns of the island the possession of a small town, which the Bonzes, out of jealousy, set fire to, and reduced to ashes. But the failure of St. Xavier, and their own misfortunes, at length taught the Jesuits a more effectual mode of conciliating the Japanese. The Portuguese carried on a considerable traffic with the island, and the petty chiefs were frequently jealous of each other having the advantage of dealing with the foreign vessels which arrived. The Jesuits were either interested in the cargoes, or they prevailed upon the captains to barter only with such persons as they pleased; by which means they became masters of the commerce of the Japanese, whom they only allowed to purchase merchandize, on condition that they received a Jesuit into the bargain. The fathers, as might be expected, did not speak in a very low strain of the power they had obtained and the influence they exercised, but they did more—they determined to prove it. They accordingly deputed four persons of distinction (as they alleged) as ambassadors to Pope Clement XIII. The ambassadors arrived in Italy in 1581, and were met by all the cardinals, who conducted them, with great ceremony and magnificence, to the Pope, to whom they presented their letters, composed by the Jesuits in Japanese and translated by them into Italian, in which sufficient honor was done to the vicar of Jesus Christ, and not a little to the reverend fathers of the society of Jesus. This gra-

tifying embassy was duly remembered in the epitaph of his Holiness, whilst the real service he did in correcting the calendar was forgotten.

Whilst St. Xavier was so zealously engaged in wandering about in the Indies, the founder, in 1549, dispatched missionaries to Congo, in Africa, to search for proselytes, whilst the Portuguese resorted to the same place to search for slaves and gold. A Jesuit protested to the King against the sale of his women, by which he was accustomed to replenish his exchequer when it was exhausted;—he even recommended him to reduce his seraglio to one woman. The docile monarch complied; but still the Jesuit was not satisfied,—he wished him to put her away too, for he had discovered that she was a relation of his Majesty in a prohibited degree. This was too much for the new disciple, who became angry, took back his wives, and drove the Jesuits from the country. In the same year the society attempted to introduce Christianity into Brazil, where they at least did something towards softening the ferocity of the inhabitants, who had been driven into the mountains by their European invaders. A mission into Ethiopia was still more unsuccessful; and one to Malabar still more reprehensible. A Portuguese Franciscan had already preached to the Christians of the very ancient church in Malabar the necessity of obeying the Pope, and believing that their Patriarch Nestorius (considered as a heretic by the Western Church) and all their bishops were damned—a doctrine which sounded a little harsh to a church which had subsisted in India for many centuries, unconnected with the rest of the Christian world; and as the Franciscan had nothing but his zeal wherewith to enforce his arguments, he met with no great encouragement. Next came the Jesuits and built a college, considering they should, at least, secure the rising generation; but this process was not quick enough for them. They, therefore, persuaded the Viceroy of Goa to seize the bishop of Malabar, and send him to Rome. At Rome he was carefully examined as to the extent and particulars of his power and the tenets of his church, and finally compelled to renounce his own church, and swear obedience to the Pope: they conferred ordination upon him in the European fashion, and sent him back a recreated bishop. He soon, however, forgot his duty to the Pope, in spite of the vigilance of the Jesuits, and commotions and intrigues became rife in Malabar. At length the good bishop died; and at the close of the sixteenth century a Jesuit placed his mitre on his own head.—Nothing, surely, more atrocious than these proceedings was ever acted "by Pope, by Jesuit, or by Devil;" anger rises in the throat at the recital of them; and one cannot help uttering a curse on such meddling churchmen.

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So far the conduct of the Jesuits appears to have been less superstitious than the other religious orders, but equally criminal; more enlightened, but also more dangerous to temporal governments: the good they proposed to do seems to have been overbalanced by the evils they actually did; and the spirit of Christian charity to have been obscured by their bigoted attachment to an intolerant church. But at the same time that they are branded with the marks of a just indignation, it is our duty to hold the scales with a steady and impartial hand; and as the weight of their actual delinquencies has been considered insufficient to crush the viperous brood without the addition of offences of which they never dreamed, and crimes which they never committed, we must, on the other hand, retort the charge of wilful calumny against their accusers.

But there is at least one part of the labours of the Jesuits on which the eye of the philanthropist can rest with pleasure;—from which the missionary may learn patience and charity and wisdom in his calling;—the statesman draw valuable conclusions in colonization and government;—and in which the imagination of the dreamy platonist may find wherewith to nourish his hopes of an Utopian commonwealth. What the mind of genius in its prodigality hath imagined of visionary peace and happiness and joy, was almost realised in the simple-hearted, kind, and unambitious inhabitants of Paraguay. The Jesuits here acted a part suitable to their religion, and honorable to their humanity.—They appeared in the true character of Amphion, and even assumed the type of his humanizing power: they ventured, single and unarmed, amongst the natives, who had fled from the swords of the Spaniards for shelter amid the rocks, and who had been rendered ferocious by the inhumanity of their oppressors;—they descended the rivers, playing on the violin or the flute, and they excited their wonder;—they shared their dangers, learned their language, and settled their differences, and they obtained their confidence;—they preached religion, charity, and concord, and they gained their love. The numbers they thus collected they associated, by teaching them the value of living in communities, and imparting a knowledge of the useful arts; and they united them by their impartial and enlightened government. These wise legislators began by furnishing their new subjects, gratuitously, with various domestic instruments, and instructing them to build houses, and then formed them into parishes, called reductions. From the simplest arts of social union they advanced to those of greater refinement;—they taught them to make bricks and lime, and brought lay-brothers from Europe to teach them the art of architecture, which was carried to considerable perfection in their churches. The founders, however, of the most singular govern-

ment that ever existed since the Jewish Theocracy, in this the most innocent, the most honourable, and most successful of all their undertakings, have been branded with undiscriminating censure. They have been accused of ambition and avarice; of ambition in establishing a government which would admit no strangers within its territories, and which it was pretended (although their subsequent conduct amply disproves the charge) they wished to render independent of the mother country; of avarice in selecting the richest countries for the scene of their labours, and in seeking to enrich themselves by assuming the commercial character. But in settling in Paraguay the Jesuits could hardly be influenced by this motive,—it was a service of considerable danger, in which they must necessarily be subject to great privations and hardships, and there were neither mines of gold nor mines of silver within their province. It is true that they acted as the factors of one, and only one part of their subjects, established a depot for their merchandize at Lisbon, and made the productions of the province contribute to its own security, and, perhaps, to the power of the order; but the history of this once happy and since ill-fated government deserves a paper to itself; and we shall close the present article with one more observation—namely, that assuming that this charge be correct—that the Jesuits were intent on increasing the wealth of their order, they conferred peace and happiness and security on their subjects in return for it; whilst the other governors of the new world, having the same object, and realizing immense treasures, gave in exchange oppression, misery, and death.

END OF VOL. IX. PART II.

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